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# MUSIC

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## A Monthly Magazine

Devoted to the Art, Science, Technic and Literature of Music

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W. S. B. MATHEWS, Editor and Publisher

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## VOLUME I

November, 1891, to April, 1892.

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CHICAGO  
Published at 240 Wabash Avenue (Room 33)  
1892



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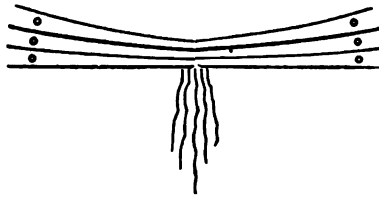
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VOL. I

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# MUSIC

## A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

W. S. B. MATHEWS, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

DECEMBER, 1891

**ILLUSTRATIONS:** Portraits of Wm. Mason, Carl Reinecke, Mme. Albani, "Wahnfried," Wagner at Home, Jean and Edouard De Reszke.

The Musical Department of the Newberry Library. By GEO. P. UPTON

The Old and the New Masters. By EDWARD BAXTER PERRY

The Ritter Vom Geiste. By EMIL LIEBLING

Acoustic Relations of the Minor Chord. By JOHN C. FILLMORE

Wanted: The True Art of Piano Practice. By W. S. B. MATHEWS

Vocal Method at the Italian Opera. By FREDERIC W. ROOT

The Story of an Artist. By ELIZABETH CUMINGS

Lullaby. By MIRIAM E. PRINDLE

What Is Musical Life? By WILLIAM L. TOMLINS

Music in the Columbian Fair. (II. Science)

A Musical Editor in Europe. From a new book by L. C. ELSON

Harmony Lessons to a Child. (I.)

**MUSIC:** Pippa's Spring Song. Music by JULIA LOIS CARUTHERS

**CURRENT TOPICS:** The Abbey-Grau Opera Company—The Brothers De Reszke—Music of the Indians—Library of Prof. Ritter

**THE PRACTICAL TEACHER:** Music Teachers as Missionaries.

**REVIEWS AND NOTICES:** Mr. Henderson's Preludes and Studies—Mr. Krehbiel's Wagnerian Drama

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## MUSIC FOR JANUARY

Will be published in time for the holidays, and will contain several interesting features, in addition to the varied miscellany already illustrated in the two issues of which this is the second. Among the articles which will find place are the following :

**MRS. THEODORE THOMAS** will write concerning "The Chicago Amateur Musical Club." This large and influential organization is one of the most successful and useful musical societies in all this country. Mrs. Thomas has been connected with it from the start, and has been indeed one of the active spirits in it. Her account, therefore, will be full and authentic, and will afford practical suggestions for similar undertakings elsewhere.

**MR. CARL BELLING**, doctor of philosophy and of philology, will present an elaborate review of "Plato's Position with Reference to Art, and to Music in Particular." Dr. Belling has in preparation, to be published early in 1892, a complete history of "Plato's Philosophy," and the article above announced is specially prepared on account of its interest and appropriateness to the pages of *MUSIC*.

**MR. CALVIN B. CADY** has in preparation an article on "The Legato, and the Use of the Pedal."

**MR. EMIL LIEBLING** will conclude his brilliant and readable "Ritter vom Geiste," which will be duly followed by other papers from his pen, equally illustrative of his wide reading and intelligent sympathies.

**MR. LOUIS ELSON'S** "Musical Editor Abroad" will be continued, with extracts of especial interest, connected with music in the French Exposition, and a number of additional illustrations will be given.

The serials now in course, "Story of an Artist," "Harmony Lessons to a Child," and "Practical Teacher," will be continued.

**MR. JOHN S. VAN CLEVE** has in preparation an elaborate article on "The Relation of the Study of the Pianoforte to Musical Progress."

**MR. JOHN S. DWIGHT** has been very ill, and therefore unable to complete the article promised for this number, on "Certain Phases of Wagnerianism." As soon as his strength permits, however, he will duly complete it, and it will find place in *MUSIC*.

The holiday number of *MUSIC* for January will contain portraits of a considerable number of the leading musicians of Chicago, forming an album of Chicago musicians. Similar albums of other leading cities will be given, as occasion warrants.

To his many friends in the editorial and musical professions, the editor begs to return his thanks for their handsome recognition of the importance and significance of the present undertaking, and to assure them that the high standard of seriousness and freedom from personality, together with the practical flavor of adaptation to every-day needs, which have characterized the first two issues, will be maintained to the end.

## LETTERS OF COMMENDATION.

The reception of the first number of *MUSIC* was extraordinarily favorable. Out of a large number of favorable notices from the press and individuals, the following are taken as samples:

The *Chicago Herald*, November 8, 1891: The present year will ever be a noteworthy one in the artistic annals of Chicago. The musical life in this city has received an impetus that has resulted in the immediate establishment of magnificent enterprises on an unprecedentedly grand scale. No other city can boast the complete organization and equipment of such a body of musicians as the Chicago orchestra, with such a leader as Theodore Thomas at their head. As a rule societies of this kind are the result of long and slow growth. Not less significant is the selection of this city for the opening of what promises, so far as *personnel*, at least, is concerned, to be one of most remarkable opera seasons ever witnessed in this country. To these enterprises is now added a third, which, while of proportionate dimensions in its own field, has the distinction of being unique in this country. Last week there appeared in this city the first number of a new monthly magazine called *MUSIC*, edited and published by the well known contributor to musical literature, W. S. B. Mathews.

\* \* \* \* \*

It would indeed be surprising if this magazine, whose contents are of a very high order, and whose appearance, typographically and otherwise, is all that could be desired, did not immediately receive throughout the country the recognition and the support it so richly deserves. Such articles as John S. Van Cleve's "The Dignity of Music" or Calvin B. Cady's "Music and the Individual" will open up a new world of thought to many amateurs, as well as to professional musicians. Emil Liebling's contribution, "The Ritter vom Geiste," written in a delightfully terse and direct style, is thoroughly entertaining. Perhaps the most important article in the number, both on account of its timeliness and its suggestiveness, is that by the editor, on "Music at the Columbian Fair." The question, one of the most difficult that has presented itself in connection with the arrangements for the world's fair, is thoroughly and ably discussed and viewed in every light, the writer evidently desiring to suggest every possible phase in which this department can be made useful, instructive and entertaining.

The *Chicago Evening Post*: Too much praise cannot be bestowed upon W. S. B. Mathews' new magazine venture, *MUSIC*. It will be issued monthly, and music students, music *litterateurs* and cultivated people generally ought to have it at their elbows. It is in appearance a reproduction of the *Forum*, and its ninety-six pages of matter afford delightful reading to every one interested directly or indirectly in musical art. \* \* \* A magazine of the kind has long been needed. It is so superior to the usual run of musical literature that it will be a surprise, indeed, if its success is not phenomenal from the start. Mr. Mathews deserves much credit for his enterprise, and the public will not be slow in showing that they appreciate his labors. It is a publication for the musical *connoisseur* as well as the musician.

From the *Chicago Times*: The first number of the most pretentious periodical ever devoted to music, in this country at least, has just been published in this city. It is called *MUSIC*, is in a form somewhat resembling the *Forum*, and is edited by W. S. B. Mathews, one of the most widely known musical writers in the country. The first, November, number contains ninety-six pages, and is a credit to its projectors in respect of the ability displayed in its different articles,

and in the general make-up of the magazine. The editor calls attention to the fact that no high-class periodical has been devoted to music, while many other interests have such expositors, especially general literature. Those who are old enough remember that periodical literature traveled a long and painful road to get where it is now, and are inclined to tremble for the fate of the new comer, and tremble regretfully, too, for it deserves to be liberally sustained. There is a thoughtful paper on "The Dignity of Music," by John S. Van Cleve, an able, though rather transcendental discussion of "Music and the Individual," by Calvin B. Cady, the opening paper of a series on "The Ritter vom Geiste," by Emil Liebling, who promises to touch some vital questions before the series ends, Thomas Topper discusses "Pedagogic Needs in Music," and the editor gives more space and brains to "Music in the Columbian Fair" than the subject merits from an artistic point of view, and there is much other matter of great interest. There is great promise of usefulness in such a magazine—ample reason why it should exist—and it has at least the hope of all lovers of high musical culture for its prosperity.

From the *Chicago Inter Ocean*: A monthly magazine, entitled MUSIC, has just made its appearance in this city, and in high standard, style and subject matter is excellent—a credit to Chicago and all concerned. It is edited and published by W. S. B. Mathews, favorably known as a fluent writer and a critic of long and varied experience.

From the *Congregationalist* (Boston): MUSIC (W. S. B. Mathews, \$3), edited by its publisher, is a new magazine. It is substantial and handsome. Its purpose is to furnish a medium of communication between eminent thinkers on musical themes, and between them and the great but non-expert musical public.

\* \* \* \* \*

The contents are well chosen, and touch upon current and helpful themes.

From the *Morning Star*, Boston: "The first number of MUSIC, a monthly magazine, presents a very inviting appearance. In its size and cover, it looks much like the *Forum*. For a monthly of so large size and excellence the price is very low. The frontispiece is "Albertype of Ignaz J. Paderewski," and a sketch of his life is given. The editor and publisher, W. S. B. Mathews, has cherished the hope, which he has begun to realize, of giving a monthly worthy of the thinkers in music and of those desiring thought upon music. Some of the papers are, "The Dignity of Music," "Music in the Columbian Fair," "Music and the Individual," "Some Pedagogic Needs in Music," "The Ritter vom Geiste," etc. The editorials are on "Theodore Thomas," "The Practical Teacher," etc. A leading feature of this issue is the five chapters of "The Story of An Artist," by Elizabeth Cumings. This monthly is a great credit to the editor and publisher, and deserves a generous support.

From Arthur Foote, Boston: *Dear Mr. Mathews*.—The copies of MUSIC arrived to-day, and I will put them about where, in my judgment, they may result in subscribers—neither you nor I can hope to get so very many here (the Chicago imprint is in its favor, we will say, west of Rochester, and the reverse, I am ashamed to say, east of it), but I shall do my level best to interest those whom I can reach. I am especially glad at the just, as well as needed, article about Thomas; that the man who has done more than any ten others for music here should not have been retained in New York by main force seems to me shameful, and all the more a pride to you in Chicago, that you have him there. And if he is given his swing with the music in '98, I, for one, have no fear for the result. The magazine is so good that it ought to make its subscribers.

From James M. Tracy, Boston: *My Dear Sir*.—Your monthly magazine, MUSIC, is at hand, for which accept my thanks. Such a magazine is much needed in our musical world, America. The contents of the first volume are excellent, and well worthy to command

respect and support from the profession, as well as all others who are in any way interested in musical matters. I earnestly hope you will make it succeed. Can I aid you in any way? Have it on sale at some music store here, for many will buy single copies who don't feel able to subscribe.

From G. Schirmer, Esq.: The magazine has come to hand, and I compliment you on its general appearance and attractive contents. I have no doubt of its ultimate success too, as a financial venture. It seems to me there is a large field for an independent publication which will rise above the plane of prejudice and petty criticism.

From Julius Klauser, Milwaukee: *My Dear Mr. Mathews.*—Three cheers for your new magazine. It is earnest and dignified in purpose, style and content, it is gotten up in a first-class manner, and this unique periodical should be read in every family where music is studied and loved. Please put my name on your list of subscribers, as also a few other names which I inclose; more to follow soon. Congratulating you on the first number of *MUSIC*, and feeling sure of its success, I am, with kind regards, Yours truly, JULIUS KLAUSER.

From Albert R. Parsons, vice-president of the Metropolitan College of Music, of New York city: *Dear Mr. Mathews.*—Pray accept my sincere compliments on the appearance of your new monthly, *MUSIC*. Doubtless music existed before the invention of the principal forms, as we know them, but doubtless the invention of the contrapuntal, symphonic and dramatic forms reacted powerfully upon the development of the musical contents. In like manner, it seems to me, we may look for a great stimulus to the literary treatment of musical subjects in consequence of the appearance of your new magazine in the dignified form almost universally adopted by the standard reviews and quarterlies of America and Europe. I inclose, herewith, my subscription for the year, with the hope that in your brave venture, which you are so eminently fitted to conduct to a successful issue, you may find yourself generously supported by all who are in earnest with musical art.

From Thomas Tapper, Boston: *Dear Mr. Mathews.*—I could write you forty pages of praise for the new magazine, and yet I have only glanced through it. You have decidedly filled a want, and filled it well. Of course I am a subscriber; will you send me some subscription blanks? and I will use them.

From Johannes Wolfram, Canton, Ohio: *My Dear Mathews.*—Thanks for kind letter and *MUSIC*. You have in a superb way anticipated the "notorious" need and the most sanguine hopes of the thinking portion of the profession. After removing the cover I held the copy in my hands—breathlessly excited. It was almost too good a boon to trust my eyes. What you—in Chicago—won't dare!! Depend upon me supporting this enterprise *con amore*. This afternoon I secured for it six subscribers, who will make use of your \$3.50 offer, thus securing also your splendid history.

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Within this brief compass the author has managed to include the essential facts and the more significant illustrations of the large histories, together with much original matter. This work was originally undertaken as a text book for the use of the Chicago Musical College, occupying an intermediate position between the very long histories in four and five volumes, and the mere skeletons of the smaller histories then before the public. The work grew in writing, and illustrations were freely added, so that the result is what is confidently offered as the best popular history of music yet written.

Among the many notices which this work has received there has not been a single one unfavorable. The following are extracts:

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# MUSIC.

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DECEMBER, 1891.

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## THE MUSICAL DEPARTMENT OF THE NEWBERRY LIBRARY.

It is fortunate for the musicians and musical students of Chicago and of the west that a liberal portion of the munificent bequest for the endowment of the Newberry Library, left by the late Walter L. Newberry, has been applied to the equipment of its musical department. It is equally fortunate that the administration of this noble trust was placed in the hands of two gentlemen, Mr. E. W. Blatchford and Mr. W. H. Bradley, both of whom realize the importance of this department, and share a mutual pride in its almost phenomenal development. Again, it is fortunate that the accomplished librarian, Dr. W. F. Poole, though his favorite studies have led him in other directions, is ambitious to place this department in the front rank, and has given to it special as well as expert consideration. To these concurrent circumstances is due the fact that the Newberry Library to-day boasts the largest, richest and rarest collection of musical scores, periodicals and literature, to be found in the United States, though it is still incomplete, and only the nucleus of what is destined to be one of the finest libraries in the world, if nothing intervenes in the policy which has been marked out. Unstinted generosity on the part of the trustees, valuable suggestions by the librarian, and outside expert services in making the purchasing lists, all three factors working harmoniously together,

(1)

have conspired to bring about this happy result. Already the fame of this musical collection has transcended local limits, and made it known among the scholars and *connoisseurs* of Europe. It is a pleasant incident of this musical literary development that it occurs at a time when Chicago is enjoying a genuine musical "boom" under the auspices of the new orchestra organized by the eminent conductor, Mr. Theodore Thomas, the powerful influences of the Apollo Club, and the impressive musical scheme of the World's Fair. In this gratifying and healthy condition of musical progress, the musical department of the Newberry Library is destined to play no unimportant part.

The original list of the books needed for the library was begun nearly a year before its organization, and was prepared after a careful catalogue and bibliographical research among the publications of all countries. When completed it was submitted to music scholars in this city for suggestions, and then was sent to Theodore Thomas and Professor John K. Paine, of Harvard College. They not only enthusiastically approved it, but the latter wrote to the librarian: "That is the best list of musical works I have ever seen. If you get them all, you will have the best musical library in the country. I find absolutely nothing to be added to it, but I find a number of books in it which I should like to see Harvard Library get." Mr. Paine's condition has been more than satisfied, for the original list not only has been secured, but numerous others have since been filled. Three or four libraries have been bought entire, and scarcely a week passes that new and valuable invoices are not received from the buyers in London, Paris, Vienna, Leipsic and Berlin.

The contents of the library may be generally classified as follows: Scores of operas; oratorios; cantatas; symphonies and chamber music; psalmody and hymnology; biographies; histories; dictionaries and lexicons; science and technic; instrumentation and history of instruments; literature; songs and ballads; letters and collected writings of composers; theme catalogues, periodicals and papers; librettos; special and first editions; rarities, curiosities and miscellany.



To make anything like a detailed enumeration of the works in these various sections would far transcend the space at command in this article. The writer can only hope to call attention to a few of the more notable titles in each, which may serve to indicate the general extent and richness of the library.

The gem of the collection is the original edition of Jacopo Peri's opera, "Euridice," printed at Florence in the year 1600—the first opera ever publicly performed in the world. Three years prior to this, the same composer wrote the opera of "Dafne," set to a poem by Rinuccini, and written in what was believed to be the style of the ancient Greek tragedy. "Dafne," however, was performed only in private, but its success was so great that the composer was induced to write the music for Rinuccini's poem "Euridice," and it was publicly performed upon the occasion of the festivities attending the marriage of Maria de Medici, of Italy, to Henry IV, of France. There is every reason to believe that this copy is unique. Burney, in his history (1780), speaks of seeing the first edition of this opera in Florence (where this copy was purchased), and expresses his belief that it is the only one in existence. If the edition owned by the library is not the one seen by Burney, there may be another in existence, but its locality is unknown. There was a second edition printed in Venice, in 1608, of which the British Museum has a copy, and other examples of it are known, but we are warranted in believing that the copy of the original Florence edition of 1600, acquired by the Newberry Library, is the only one in the world that is known to-day. It is a matter for congratulation that this prize was snatched away from the British Museum, which was in negotiation for it, and was secured by the enterprise of Chicago business methods, as compared with the slow processes of English transactions in library purchases. The opera is bound in vellum, and is in an admirable state of preservation. Accompanying it is "a book of the opera," containing Rinuccini's poem, which is also in perfect condition, and, with its careful printing and artistic embellishment, puts to shame the cheap and tawdry librettos of the

present day. As befits such a rare treasure, it is preserved in an elegant case, specially made for it, and is kept in a secure repository. It may be seen by any one, however, upon special application to the librarian. As a matter of curiosity, I make the following extract from the poet's dedication to the queen :

"It is generally imagined that the tragedies of the ancient Greeks and Romans were entirely sung; but this noble kind of singing had not, till now, been revived, or even attempted, to my knowledge, by any one; and I used to think that the inferiority of our music to that of the ancients was the cause; till hearing the compositions of Jacopo Peri to the fable of 'Dafne,' I wholly changed my opinion. This drama, written merely as an experiment, pleased so much that I was encouraged to produce 'Euridice,' which was honored with still more applause when sung to the music of the same composer, Jacopo Peri, who, with wonderful art, unknown before, having merited the favor and protection of the grand duke, our sovereign, it was exhibited in a most magnificent manner at the nuptials of your majesty, in the presence of the Cardinal Legate and innumerable princes and nobles of Italy and France," etc.

Peri himself in his preface, after giving the list of eminent personages present at the performance, and the list of those who sang, informs us that "behind the scenes Signor Jacopo Corsi played the harpsichord; Don Garzia Montalvo the chitarone or large guitar; Messer Giovanni Battista dal violino, the lira grande or viol de gamba; and Messer Giovanni Lapi a large lute." These four were the entire band, the pioneers of three centuries of opera performances. That the only copy left of the original edition of the music they played for the marriage of their most sacred majesties, 291 years ago, should have been preserved so long, in the fair city of Michael Angelo, Dante and Savonarola, and then by a happy chance have found its permanent resting place in this new city of the west is certainly matter for congratulation. It was one of its earliest acquisitions, being part of the library of Count Pio Resse of Florence, which was purchased entire, and here it is destined to remain to tell the story of the genesis of opera.

There are many more rarities in this remarkable library, a few of which may be enumerated. The veteran of the collection is the "Musica" of Boethius, the learned musical writer of the Romans, born about 475 A. D., and put to death in 525 by Theodoric, the Arian, upon suspicion of being one of the orthodox adherents of Justin. A man of profound learning, great scientific attainments, thoroughly versed in language, philosophy and logic, he was also one of the most scientific writers on music of his time, and his work, based on the system of Pythagoras, contains the most valuable exposition of the music of the ancients in existence. This volume was printed in 1491. Other curious works are the sacred songs of Francesco Soto, the friend of St. Philip Neri, the founder of the oratorio (1588); the madrigals of Alessandro Spontone, chapel master at Bologna (1585); the three most important treatises of Zarlino, the great musical theorist of Chioggia, whose works are now very rare and costly, viz.: "Dimostrazioni Armoniche" (1571), "Le Institutioni Armoniche" (1558), and "Sopplimenti Musicali" (1538); the canzonets and madrigals of Brunelli, chapel master to the duke of Tuscany (1614); the canzonets of Cazzati, chapel master of San Petronio at Bologna (1668); the motettes of Cifra, Palestrina's pupil, of whose music Milton was so fond (1638); the canzonets of Giovanni Battista, of Gagliano (1623); concerted pieces with organ, by Vincenzo Pellegrini (1619); the great work of Meibomius, "Antiquæ Musicæ Auctores Septem Græce et Latine" (1652); beautifully preserved originals of the famous Jesuit, Athanasius Kircher's, works, the "Musurgia Universalis" (1650), and the "Phonurgia Nova" (1673); a quaint and rare little brochure, the "Ars Magnetica" (1641), containing the music popularly supposed to be an antidote for the bite of the tarantula, which shows that the therapeutic value of music, now so generally discussed, was practically considered centuries ago; the "Tesoro Illuminato" of Aijquino Bresciano (1631); the "Historia Musica" of Andrea Angelini Bontempi (1692); "Canto Harmonico," by Andrea da Modena (1690); Padre Martini's "Storia della Musica" (1757), dedicated to Maria Barbara, queen of Spain,

and his "Essempolare di Contrapunto" (1760), works which are fairly sumptuous in the matters of typography and artistic embellishment; a fine original of Mozart's and Haydn's text book, Fux's "Gradus ad Parnassum" (1725); the violinist Tartini's "De Principi dell' Armonia Musicale" (1767); Rameau's "Génération Harmonique" (1738); Gerbert's famous "De Cantu et Musica Sacra" (1774), and "Scriptores Ecclesiastici de Musica Sacra" (1784); and a magnificent vellum edition of Marcello's settings of the Psalms, issued in Venice in 1803, besides the Milan five-volume edition of the same work with Mericke's piano accompaniments, revised by Cherubini.

In scores, the library is peculiarly rich, as its collection includes all the important operas of the English, French, German, Italian and Russian schools, with orchestral scores of the best known; both the piano and orchestral scores of the Wagner music dramas; all the principal oratorios and cantatas; the standard symphonies (this list having been revised by Theodore Thomas); the publications of the Bach-Gesellschaft, the English and German Händel societies, and a complete set of the Breitkopf & Härtel editions; the nineteen volumes of the English Antiquarian Society, which are rich in old English music; the "Musica Antiqua," compiled by George Third's organist; the "Publikation Älterer Praktischer und Theoretischer Musik Werke vorzugsweise des XV und XVI Jahrhunderts," issued by the Gesellschaft für Musikforschung in Berlin, and many others. The editions of piano and organ music, and the collections of songs and ballads are also very complete.

The science of music is represented by the works of Marx, Lobe, Richter, Helmholtz, Ouseley, Jadassohn, Hauptmann, Taylor, Cherubini, Berlioz and numerous others. In the bibliography of church music will be found the standard works of Wackernagel, Clements, Gévaerts, Winterfeld, Hercules and others. There is an unusually full line of biographies, as well as the collected writings of Berlioz, Cherubini, Wagner, Liszt, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Hiller and other composers, besides their letters. Histories in the ancient, and in nearly all modern languages,

are numerous represented. Works treating of instruments and their manufacture and use, many of them sumptuously illustrated, abound on the shelves. The collection of dictionaries and lexicons is unusually large, embracing the works of such famous compilers as Busby, Rees, Moore Hiles, Smith, Jousse, Stainer, Brande, Browne, Grove, Rousseau, Choron, Fétis, Escudier, Coussemaker, Castil-Blaze, Forkel, Reissmann, Koch, Ambros, Riemann, Gerker, Bernsdorf and Mendel, besides those of many of the most eminent Spanish, Portuguese, Italian and Flemish lexicographers.

The periodical collection of any musical library is one of its most important features, both from the historical and critical point of view, as it must contain the current records of the condition and progress of the art, and thus becomes the authoritative source of original research. In this department of the library, therefore, unusual care has been devoted with reference to making it thoroughly representative and cosmopolitan. It includes complete files of the "Allgemeine musikalische Zeitung," Chrysander's "Jahrbuch für musikalische Wissenschaft," Eitner's "Monatshefte für Musik Geschichte," the "Signale für die musikalische Welt," the "Bayreuther Blätter," the "Berliner Allgemeine musikalische Zeitung," Schumann's invaluable "Neue Zeitschrift für Musik," Hiller's "Wochentliche Nachrichten," the "Musikalisches Wochenblatt," Scudo's "L'Année Musicale," Escudier's "L'Art Musicale," the "Harmonicon" (the most scholarly of the old English musical magazines) the London "Quarterly Musical Magazine," the London "Musical World" and "Musical Times," the "Gazette Musicale," founded by Ricordi, of Milan, in 1845, the entire Hofmeister series of catalogues, Dwight's "Journal of Music," the "Musical Herald" of Boston, Wilson's valuable "Year Book," and a large collection of analytical programmes. In addition to these and others, subscriptions have been made for all the best periodicals in various countries, and also for numerous publications which may not be classed as strictly periodical.

The summary which I have made is far from being exhaustive. It represents but a few books in each department,

but it may serve as an indication of the extent and quality of the library. The ample endowment and the generosity of the trustees in its application have been of special service to its phenomenal growth by offering the opportunity to acquire several libraries entire, thus securing a great number of rare and valuable works at one purchase, instead of waiting years, perhaps, to trace out and find each individual work—a process whose tediousness is well known to all book hunters. Among libraries obtained in this manner the most valuable was that of Count Pio Resse, of Florence, Italy. Though it contains but a few hundred volumes, each one of them is rare and famous, and several of them it would be difficult to duplicate. Another exceedingly valuable library is that known as the Main collection, which includes a complete chronological list of psalmody and hymnology, beginning with Ravenscroft, Sternhold and Hopkins, and other psalm books brought over by the Puritans, and coming down to the present time. The library of Dr. Julius Fuchs, recently of Chicago, has also been secured, and is of special value, as it includes a large number of rare scores, with the addition of the individual parts for orchestra, and a specially good collection of recent German and French works on the science of music. Still another excellent collection of vocal music is the library of the defunct Beethoven Society which, by the intervention of Mr. Carl Wolfsohn, its leader, and Mr. John G. Shortall, was donated by the Public Library to the Newberry. Negotiations are in progress for other private and public collections. There is not a week, indeed, in which large orders are not sent out to the buyers, and meanwhile every work, as soon as published, is added to the already large catalogue.

It is not idle boasting to claim that the musical department of the Newberry Library within a very few years will be one of the richest in the world. It is already superior to any in this country. When the new library is finished, it will have rooms to itself, and they will be provided with musical instruments of various kinds, and with all the equipment necessary to lectures and class study, as well as private investigation. All this wealth of learning is open to the free

use of scholars and students at the library, under very mild restrictions, for whatever period their line of research may require; so that it is now possible to study musical history from its original sources in nearly every department, without crossing the ocean, or even approaching the seaboard. And all this has been accomplished in a city scarce half a century old, in little more than two years of time! Here is certainly an occasion for local pride and congratulation. To the student of music and to all interested in the divine art, it offers an inviting field for research. To the trustees and librarian it must be a gratifying and satisfying achievement.

GEORGE P. UPTON.

## THE OLD AND THE NEW MASTERS.

Who is not familiar with that tone of unqualified and exclusive reverence, that final falling inflection, in vogue with musicians and laymen alike, when speaking of the "old masters"? As if, forsooth, they were the only masters; as if these ancient and venerable apostles of music had reached and exhausted the highest, the ultimate possibilities in her service, and all their successors were necessarily but feeble imitators, or impertinent innovators! What justification is there, if any, for this prevalent impression, thus finding unconscious utterance?

With all due respect to the abilities and attainments of our predecessors, and all proper gratitude for their labors and achievements, we cannot but know, if we will look about us impartially, and think candidly, that the world moves on, in art, as well as in ethics, philosophy, science and mechanics. History may, indeed, repeat itself in seeming, but though it appears, at a casual glance, to be traveling eternally the self-same circle, a closer examination shows it to be a steadily if slowly ascending spiral.

In every age of the world's history, and in every department of its productive activity, whether material or spiritual, there always have been and always must be the old and the new masters; the new rapidly becoming the old, as those still newer press to the van of progress, and gradually crowd into the background their predecessors. Each class is precisely as good and great as the other, and for precisely the same reasons. Each represents the best of its time and generation. Neither made its epoch, but was made by it. Every manifestation of what we call genius, whether it be in a single meteoric flash of isolated power, or come with the collective luminosity of a constellation of brilliant planets, as in the first quarter of our own century, is the embodiment



of a new revelation; or, more strictly speaking, is the personified evidence of a new step in human evolution. It marks a stage of development always a half century or more in advance of the mass of mankind, but which the race, or at least the struggling, progressive part of it, slowly climbs to, passes and leaves behind; as a bright sea shell is tossed high upon the beach by some taller-crested wave, and lies gleaming there for a little space, far in advance of the foam-flecked waters, till others of its kind are flung beyond it by the ever climbing billows, reaching and whelming it from sight.

Where are now, for instance, the gifted and famous minnesingers, or traveling bards of the Middle Ages; Horand, the harpist, Volker, the fiddler of Alsey, Tannhäuser, Walther von der Vogelweide, with a host of others, at once creative and interpretative artists, known, admired, beloved, throughout the length and breadth of Europe, as Patti, Rubinstein and Sarasati are to-day? Mere empty names to the few ears that ever hear them. The very gods they served and sang of are vanished into the mists of an obsolete mythology. They were great and worthy men in their time, as earnestly devoted to their work, and as useful in preserving and promoting true musical art, as any of their successors. The music they made would undoubtedly seem to us childishly simple, pitifully primitive, but it was the best then known. It marked the then high-water line of progress, and these early minstrels were no doubt soundly abused by the conservatives of their time as unwarrantable modern innovators.

Every strongly original writer has this to meet. He comes as a radical, a revolutionist, a destroyer of precedents, a foe of established orders. He resolutely insists upon, and finally, if strong enough, compels the recognition of a new point of view, considerably beyond the conservative, hitherto orthodox horizon. And that horizon, perforce, though reluctantly, expands to include it. At first he is opposed, abused, condemned, as an irreverent, impertinent, altogether dangerous crank, then slowly he finds appreciation among a few advanced spirits, and later with the rank and file,

becomes a favorite and representative man of his time, the popular idol—this latter usually just after his death—and finally the venerable classic for a following generation. But the race and the art move on. His works are crystallized, they cannot expand, or advance to meet changing conditions, and before very long they are fossilized and laid on the shelf, as valuable historic studies, but interesting chiefly to the antiquary.

The conservative school in every age reaches always backward, clinging with desperation, as needless as it is vain, to the manifestations of former greatness, as if antiquity were the chief criterion of worth; despairingly assuring us that art is degenerating, dying, because the old-time favorites are falling into neglect. As well tremble for the life of the forest, when the venerable but decrepit oak, which was the pride of former centuries, falls, to make room for the younger, healthier growth. Trees come and go with their generation, each has its day, flourishes and perishes, but the forest's life is perennial, eternal. Its surge-like harmonies will make response, in undiminished grandeur, to the Titanic organ peal of ocean, so long as breezes blow and billows roll. So the vitality of art is perennial, eternal. It is a fundamental, indestructible element in human life. The love of beauty, the craving for sympathy, the desire for self-utterance, the longing to perpetuate our fleeting feelings and experiences in fitting and enduring forms, will last as long as there are hearts to feel, brains to conceive and hands to execute. And art will echo nature, as the forest echoes ocean, and will have its few active and its many passive devotees, precisely as to-day, long after the most aggressively modern champions of the advance movement in our time have been forgotten, as completely as are now the composers and compositions of Athens.

Palestrina was a revolutionist in his day, but is now virtually obsolete, even for the severest classicists. Gluck was as radical an innovator as Wagner, yet it is only occasionally and with difficulty that one of his works can now be briefly recuscitated. Beethoven was a madman, even to many of the best musicians, as late as 1805, when, as that musical

veteran, Prof. Haupt, himself told me, the fifth symphony was rehearsed in Berlin for the first time, and the musicians in the leading German orchestra dashed the music from the racks, declaring it was crazy, and could never be played. Now this same fifth symphony is considered a model of form, of symmetry and lucidity, and its composer is the cherished idol of conservatives and classicists.

It is not unreasonable to assume that our children will live to see Chopin and Schumann studied as antique models of classic form; and that theirs may hear the orthodox conservatives bewailing the decline of Wagner's popularity, as that of a dear, safe old master, the representative of that better time gone by, when clarity of outline, logical thematic development, and intelligible harmonic progressions were considered of more importance than the feverish striving after a fictitious originality of "these moderns."

"Other times, other customs," says the German proverb, and fashions change in art, as in dress, but it is, and must be, after all, the human form which is clothed, in the bodily or spiritual sense, and to which the new habiliments must fit themselves, with more or less appropriateness and grace.

This leads me to a brief consideration of that much vexed question of form. The late Eugene Thayer, in one of the last of his able contributions to the *Etude*, asserts that "a good gavotte is better than a poor sonata." I would go a step farther, and maintain, that so far as the mere form is concerned, it is precisely as good as a good sonata. Who shall dare say that any one form is better than any other? Form is but the outward dress of an idea, and the best form is always that which best expresses that which it is intended to convey. We may have our individual preferences, based upon temperament or training, but all we have really the right to demand of any production is that it shall be a good specimen of its kind, and shall clearly, adequately embody the thought of the composer. You may have personally a passion for old armor, but it is, for all that, the most ridiculously unsuitable apparel for a dryad or a mermaid. Just so, you may have a fancy for the fugue

form, but if you are wise, you will hardly use it for a love song or a serenade.

Many forms have had their time of being fashionable, and because that time happens to have been a hundred years ago, instead of to-day, does not establish any superior claim to our reverence. Neither does a great name, when in a sense identified with a certain form, bestow upon it any pre-eminence of intrinsic merit. Horace wrote odes, Tasso is noted for his sonnets, and Shakespeare achieved his greatest triumphs in his tragedies. But that does not in the least tend to demonstrate that either the ode, sonnet or tragedy, is the only perfect, or even the best form of poetical utterance.

It would be as absurd for men of letters to dispute about the relative excellence of the epic and the drama, as for farmers to quarrel over the comparative value of the horse and the cow. Each has its place and uses, and must be judged by the criterion of its own particular species, and its fitness for the purposes which it is intended to subserve. Bach wrote fugues, and Beethoven sonatas, partly because they chanced to be most in vogue at the time, and partly because they happened to prefer them, and to express themselves most easily and effectively through them; not because they are in any respect superior, as mere modes of expression, to the ballade, the fantasie, and the other more modern forms of later writers.

There is much talk nowadays, among a certain class of musicians, about the "purity of classic form and the model structure belonging to the classic composers." I am always inclined to suspect a certain lack of real discrimination in persons adopting this tone aggressively. The attitude of unquestioning reverence, with hats off, before a long established authority, is a very safe and decorous one, for those consciously deficient in independent critical judgment.

Strictly speaking, there is no such thing as "classic form," in the sense in which that term is usually understood. There is a hazy idea in the minds of most students and many musicians, that the fugue and the sonata are eminently classic, whatever may be the diversity of opinion about

appears that audiences in different parts of the world demand different things of them. In Italy, a conventionalized style of singing finds favor ; and operatic performers there who can flavor their singing with the prevailing *vibrato-colorature* and a certain dramatic exaggeration may make dreadfully uncouth tones, and yet find favor. In this country the taste is not so *blase* in these matters, and however confused it may be as to details, it measures singing more nearly by the standard of nature. However, there is no fixed standard, even of nature.

One who has been cast in the molds of French public opinion is likely to display a degree of intensity and fervor in performance which to many Americans of Yankee phlegm and matter-of-fact temperament, seems to be a travesty of expression. I recall the cases of three Frenchmen, who in the course of the past decade have sung before our public with great fire and intelligence, after the manner of the best artists of that nation, who were condemned out of hand by our press ; the brief comment "bawling" is the reward of such efforts. It seems difficult for most of those who comment upon singing, to separate the mannerisms of a singer, from the meritorious features of the method, weighing each justly. For instance, one of the lesser stars of the present constellation, the tenor Giannini, gets little else than condemnation from those of our people who hear him. He at times affects an open tone, brought very far forward in the mouth, which gives the voice a thin, unexpressive sound, at high pitches sometimes mistaken for falsetto. Now this singer uses this affected tone far less than he does a well placed, resonant tone, good in quality, accurate in pitch, and displaying great flexibility. He produces an inferior tone which either tradition or convention or fashion sanctions in another country, instead of the excellent one which he has at command, and which would meet with favor here.

He does not know his public in this country, and his public fails to appreciate him. It is very shallow criticism to apply the epithet, "bad" or "incorrect," without qualification to any singer able to hold a principal part in a company like

this, under the management of Messrs. Abbey & Grau. Yet this is frequently done in the case of Giannini and others.

Edouard De Reszke seems to have pleased the public more completely than any of the other artists of the company. He has great power, which is the most captivating attribute of voice to a popular audience. And with this he has flexibility and refined quality of tone, and his style of singing is full of graces in phrasing, which basses usually are unable or disdain to exhibit. Considering the noticeable disposition to criticise adversely, which appears, it is surprising that nothing has been said of the fact that this singer uses open tones to his highest notes, wherever the vowel will admit of it. The nobility and breadth of a fine bass voice is usually because such a voice can place the tone higher, as the expression is, or cover it more roundly than others. If those who were accustomed to hear Mr. M. W. Whitney sing should hear him take E flat above with an open tone, they would pronounce it shouting. Yet De Reszke does this frequently, and nobody seems to object to it. By this action he increases the carrying power of his tones; and such is his good taste and the excellence of the vocal organ, he does not offend by this unusual feature of a bass' method. Criticism of this artist seems to diverge upon the question of whether he is properly a bass or a baritone. Certainly his low notes are not very full, but that may be partly owing to the fact that he uses the clear timbre so exclusively in his singing.

It is, after all, the mind that does the singing, and both Edouard De Reszke and his brother impress one as well endowed mentally by inheritance, breeding and education. Eames, too, is a type of which Americans may be proud. She shows what one of Howells' characters would call "perspective." This is in striking contrast to some others who appear with them, to whom the epithet might be applied which my professor in Italy once applied to a young baritone, who took his lesson just before me. This man had a fine voice, and sang his *roles* with great vigor. But one day after he had just gone out, the *maestro* turned to me with a shrug of his shoulders, and remarked, "*C'est un homme du peuple.*"



*Emma Albani*

*From "One Hundred Years of Music in America."*





If it had not been known that Jean De Reszke had sung baritone before he took to the tenor part, I doubt whether any one would have found fault with his high notes. He sings to *a'* at least with entire solidity and security ; and the listener is not impressed with the idea that he is straining to do a difficult thing. One does not miss any of the fine shading which is expected of a tenor ; neither is there lacking a sympathetic *mezza-voce*, which should be a strong point in a tenor's method, although in this country it is often misunderstood by the critics, who pronounce it falsetto, and condemn it. Still there are two things in this admirable tenor's singing that give a shadow of truth to the criticism upon him. One who sings baritone habitually holds his larynx a little lower in the throat than does a tenor ; and De Reszke, in taking a high note, does not give the larynx the position that a Ravelli or Campanini would. So, if one watches and listens closely, there is absent in some tones a little of the gloss which it is possible to put into them. The other point refers to the spasmodic, aspirated ending of every phrase which he sings *forte*. This may be only a mannerism—it is a common fault ; but it leaves in the hearer's mind something of an impression of effort.

The contralto, Giulia Ravogli, is found fault with because of the clear *timbre* which she uses in the middle of her compass. I do not think that it is an agreeable quality, although at times it has a degree of dramatic truth which justifies its use. Her somber voice in the middle register is very mellow and fine, and it also has good carrying power, as was seen in the *ensemble* of the first act of "Lohengrin," where she makes these tones distinctly heard under circumstances that would give no chance to an ordinary voice. Much should be forgiven a woman who must make powerful tones in the middle register of her voice, where nature has afforded so few facilities for the purpose. She has but two alternatives, neither a satisfactory one ; namely, to force her chest register beyond its proper limit, as Scalchi does, and so make the voice uneven, develop a hard *timbre* throughout its compass, and impair the upper tones ; or, to do as Ravogli and nearly all sopranos do—bring the middle notes forward

for power. The latter alternative is less objectionable, as it keeps all the rest of the compass in good shape for effective work. This fact came out in Ravogli's case, when in the character of Ortrud she made a climax at about  $a''$  above the staff. Her tone at that point is marvelously fine in power and quality. The demands of modern opera make it necessary in the training of a light voice, such as is possessed by most young sopranos, that the method should, as it were, focus in the attribute of resonance. To resonate a voice, the muscular action at the larynx must be brought to a high degree of tension. This contradicts the popular notion upon the subject, which assumes that for voice production there should be no effort in the throat.

The throat is a tube of some degree of length, a part of which must act with great muscular vigor, if a tone is to be brought to its maximum resonance. This action is in the line of contraction at the lower throat. Naturally the principle of sympathetic muscular action asserts itself here; and the upper throat, that part of the vocal machinery which shapes the tone, cannot be held as open and give the tone as much depth, as would be possible if there were less of the resonating effort amid muscular tissue close by. In a bad vocal method, this proper contraction at the lower throat is attended with a degree of sympathetic contraction above, which is unjustifiable; then the voice is said to be throaty. Eames and Van Zandt are illustrations of the resonant method in its best form. Their voices are very telling and clear, marvelously flute-like upon the high notes, but they have had to dispense with a certain mellow fullness which, in the young voice, at least, is incompatible with the degree of resonance which they must aim at. Their singing displays numberless graces of execution and phrasing, but always in the way that these would be done upon an instrument—with one unvarying quality of tone. Shades of emotion do not show in the sound of their voices. Their voices may be likened to a beautiful face, which it is a pleasure to look upon, but which exhibits very little change of expression.

It would be incorrect to say that these artists do not sing with expression, for there are other means of expression open to dramatic artists, besides the coloring which they give the tones of voice. Eames opens her mouth but slightly during the emission of all but her highest tones. This is one of the means of resonating the voice. In putting her throat in condition to resonate a tone, she seems to gauge the effort with a view to a strong breath pressure; and when the breath pressure is not strong, that is, when the tone is sung *piano*, she is, much of the time, a shade below the pitch. But when the most is said that can be adduced against the method of these artists, one who knows anything about the subject must still concede that they are great singers; and standards of criticism which pronounce otherwise should be revised.

Certain features in the method of certain singers at the opera should be continuously and unsparingly condemned; and our critics certainly do this duty in cases of extreme *vibrato*, which finds friends nowhere. When a singer allows himself to spoil a beautiful *ensemble* by making his voice shake so that the pitch is uncertain, as did the baritone Coletti in "Lohengrin," there should be no dissenting voice in condemnation of that feature of his method.

These comments are written at the outset of the season, when some of the prominent artists have yet to appear, and while there is still time for those here referred to to show their abilities in new lights.

FREDERIC W. ROOT.

## THE STORY OF AN ARTIST.\*

BY ELIZABETH CUMINGS.

"I expected the concert would be postponed," said Dr. Forbes to his mother, as they walked homeward from the opera house, where the only entertainment had been a long-winded speech from Mr. Peters. "I was, however, determined not to miss it, if she gave it. I shall go to-morrow night, madam mother, if I go on one leg and half the town are dying."

"You weigh too much, Eben, to go on one leg, though you are not fat, by any means," said Mrs. Forbes, who often found it hard to understand the hyperboles and exaggerations of her forty-year-old son, "And if you neglect your patients, it will be something new, moreover it would be sinful. Young Dwyer may have good intentions, but what are they beside a sick bed? A good many people may be going to Spicer, but if sugar pills and water are medicine, then what is the use of going to college, and even to foreign parts, as you did, to learn the business? As for Garlock, with his everlasting calomel, I think he is a dangerous man."

The doctor laughed, as he often did at the mother whom he adored, and who, if she had small knowledge of his work, bestowed upon him abundant sympathy. Then he gave her a brief history of his meeting Miss Goulding.

"I can't see what you find so wonderful in her staying till you came," exclaimed the old lady, unconsciously jealous and resentful of her son's interest in this young stranger. "She certainly could not have left a dying woman."

"True, mother," assented the doctor, knowing he was confronted by impossible explanations. "But it is

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harder for some people to do things of that sort, than for others. I only hope Mrs. Garnett will know enough to give her the care she needs."

"She won't," said Mrs. Forbes, promptly. "Mrs. Garnett hasn't any more sympathy than a clothes pin. But you act, Eben, as if you were bewitched, and so does Mr. March. I believe you have both fallen in love with this girl."

"March!" cried the doctor, with unnecessary heat, "When did you see him, and what makes you think such a thing?"

"I saw him this afternoon, and I think it because I think it is just like men to want what isn't good for 'em, and is no ways suitable."

## CHAPTER VI.

Persons mellifluously described as "serious minded," often found Mr. Fultz incomprehensible. So when he attempted to bring about a compromise by which he and others, who were regular attendants upon the Thursday evening prayer-meeting, could attend Miss Goulding's recital, he was, as a matter of course, misunderstood. It was very cold. The casual attendants, and the worldly-minded were at home, or at the opera house. The few in the chilly prayer room were the faithful, correctly described as "habitual attendants." The wind was in the west, and drove much gas and smoke down the chimney, which was what Wilbur Calikins, the builder, called "a native idee." Calikins had offered to do the brick work cheaper, if he should be permitted to introduce such "native ideas," as he thought best. He said he was full of them, and they almost knocked him over at times. With the fatuity that governs most church undertakings, the trustees accepted his offer, believing he could not get in enough "ideas" to hurt, and that in church building at least, a penny saved is a penny earned. Into the chimney in question he had introduced so many novelties that it almost failed to do the work required of it.

"Of the twenty here, six beside the pastor belong to the Kalamatheon society, and four belong to the Musical club," began Mr. Fultz. The people had not yet taken their places, and were standing near the stove, wiping their eyes, and coughing and shivering. "This meeting is supposed to last an hour, but it usually lasts two, so that all the slow coaches may arrive. Now in view of the fact that at least half of us are very anxious to hear the concert, which will be only for to-night, while we can come here every night in the week for the rest of the winter, and choke beside this miserable chimney, I suggest that this meeting be closed promptly at eight o'clock."

Deacon Yates considered these remarks personal. He rarely arrived at the meeting before eight o'clock. His grocery, or, as the sign-board read, "Emporium of General Merchandise," did not close till the last shop on the street was shut up. His prayer, partly from habit, partly from a desire to set before the Lord a *resume* of the meeting, and what he held to be the principal events of the week, he always reserved till as near nine as he deemed safe. He knew the value of last impressions, and secretly believed that his petitions had caused nearly, if not all, the conversions in the church since he had become a member of it. "I'd like to know what 'll become of us if we f'sake the house of God f'r every show that comes to town," he snapped, looking about him fiercely, and stroking his bristling moustache.

"I never heard of puttin' off meetin's," said Mr. Barnes. "I was born in a town where there wa'n't no religion to speak of, but everything gave way to meetin's, leastways with church folks, when 'twas a reg'lar pintment."

"If Miss Goulding had known how much we want to hear her, and that to-night is our regular meeting night, she would not have stayed with Mrs. Hulett yesterday afternoon, I'm sure," said Mrs. Fultz, in her delicately modulated staccato. "She might have sent for the committee appointed to visit the sick."

"There's small use in getting folks to change what they call their minds," said Adam Hollis under his

breath to Deacon Fultz. "Tell about the Medes and the Persians!"

"I feel, that is, I am certain, that, under the circumstances, and considering my position, I hadn't ought to stay away from the recital," said Mr. Peters, anxiously. "I see a point, the point in question, but when duties get mixed, which is, of course, confusing, I suppose a man ought to do what seems like the first thing. I should like it, though, no one better, if we could all be accommodated."

"Yes," assented Mr. Dulcimer, a pleasant-looking man, who stood apart from the rest. "It would be better."

"We ain't often accommodated in this world," said Mr. Gregg, a square-headed, thick-set man, with broad jaws, and a bilious complexion. A corn dealer, he possessed a good deal of influence by right of his money, but he was prone to take a melancholy view of things, and was usually on the negative side of questions, save when his so being might depress the price of corn, and his supply of that grain was large. "Now my opinion is, if this is a prayer-meeting, it is one, an' ought to be held. If it ain't one, it ought not to be held, an' that's all I have to say." After this avowal Mr. Gregg thrust out his under lip, and looked about him with the air of a man who considers his opinion final.

"M'yes," assented Mr. Dulcimer. Mr. Gregg stood very near him, and evidently expected his concurrence. "Still, I like to see every one accommodated."

"Eight is the hour of dismissal," said Mr. Fultz in a voice he usually reserved for the court room. Then with a sudden effort he wheeled about and went to a seat.

"Brethren," said Mr. March, who had remained by his table, apparently absorbed in meditation, "let us begin the meeting."

It is difficult to believe that an irascible little man, given to emphasizing his opinions by violent gestures and glaring eyes, may cherish a hope that he is not far away from the exalted, though to most of us somewhat vague

state known as "the higher life" or "sanctification," and that in all the important undertakings of his life he is guided by the Holy Spirit. Yet Deacon Yates cherished such a hope. Had he been born 300 years earlier, he would have gone to the stake, singing psalms (as his voice permitted), and holding his irritable, ill-balanced nerves in check for the Master's sake. But living in an age demanding less heroic, though not less difficult virtues, it must be admitted he was often a sore trial to his friends, and a root of bitterness in the church. He had the not uncommon fault of believing that his notions were the leadings of Providence, and his small world had discovered it. So when at half-past eight he closed a long prayer, and the meeting was dismissed, human nature being weak, even in deacons, Mr. Fultz paid no attention to his request that the church officers remain and pray for the south mission. Deacon Yates, on the other hand, though at heart desiring the best things, glowed with an anger altogether unrighteous, when he found himself deserted, save by the pastor and five brethren, not one of whom held office.

When Mr. March turned off the flickering lamps, the clock in the tower struck the half hour. It was half-past nine, and Miss Goulding's recital was over.

"I p'sume you wanted to go to the concert," said Adam Hollis, who had lingered at the door to walk home with him.

"Yes, it is a disappointment. Mrs. Hulett's funeral is at the hour appointed for her *matinée* on Saturday."

"I don't know much about music," said Adam, reflectively. "But to them that do, I 'magine it must be a means of grace. The noises were first heard by another soul like lovely voices, and when they are played, they speak to other souls, like a laugh, or a cry. That's the way I figure it, though as I said, I don't know the first thing about reg'lar music."

"You are very catholic, Adam," and March laid his hand on the blacksmith's arm, the better to adjust himself to the latter's long, swinging step. "It is said in high quarters that catholicity is a sign of weak convictions, or a lack of strong ones, just as one chooses to put it."



"Folks are too fretty about the ark, and too eager to stiddy it," said Adam, gravely. "But, to change the subject, I never heard anything that touched me more than Miss Goulding's bein' with that poor Mrs. Hulett. Dr. Forbes' horse, Wildfire, cast his shoe when he came back, and while he was havin' it fixed he told me about her. It' fine, seems to me, for a woman to have a trade. Many's the time I've been beat out a-thinkin' on women folks' patience, waitin' round on the men and the children. Nothin' in life gives me finer pleasure than doin' a good job, an' except for their bakin', and mebbe a bit of sew-in', the women don't have trades to speak of, an' 'tain't likely all of 'em take to just them two things."

"They must do the work that falls to them in the divine order."

"Well, since the Fall, I s'pose the divine order ain't allus so clear as it might be to us," said Adam. Orthodoxy and life were full of problems which he never tired of turning over and over in his mind, believing they held something precious, if only he could get at their ultimate secret. "My mother-in-law says that the best things are not in the market, and that women's work in the home is the top of the heap. It is pretty certain that we men, with all our smartness, would be dreadfully put to it without it."

"I think you must believe in love."

"Believe in it!" Adam's voice showed much astonishment. "Why, who don't! You don't know a man till you love him. He's just a riddle to ye."

"Suppose you should love some one who does not love you?"

"I'd wait. The feeling does not come for nothing." Adam hesitated a moment, and his voice grew tremulous. "If it was a woman, I'd do more than wait. The best of 'em need a good deal of courting."

"It is growing colder," said March, as he stopped before his own gate.

"Yes," said Adam, "and I don't like it. The weather gives me something to grumble about most of

the year. It's allus *too something*. I'm sorry you was disappointed. Miss Goulding must be a grand young woman, I judge, by the doctor's talk about her."

Under some circumstances, forty may seem an advanced age to thirty-four. David March lay awake far into the night, saying angrily to himself that Dr. Forbes was a conceited old fool, to imagine that a young girl would pay the slightest attention to him, much less fall in love with him.

## CHAPTER VII.

"Ole Miss Tarbox died las' night at two o'clock, an' the fun'ral's nine o'clock Sat'dy mornin', for'm to start on th' 'spress for Springfield, Ill'noy," cried Tommy Garnett, all in one breath, as he burst into the Fultz dining room, where the family were at breakfast. Pug, who had bestirred himself to take a morning walk, and had waddled in, breathless, at Tommy's heels, gave his opinion of this announcement by a melancholy whine. "Don't you go an' p'tend you hain't had no breakfus'," said Tommy, giving him an affectionate slap. "You eat so much you'll have to be hooped. He ain't a-cryin' fer Miss Tarbox," and Tommy turned to Mrs. Fultz, and winked expressively. "She called him a 'filthy critter.' Alice calls him a 'beast.' My! Don't he dust when he hears her a-comin'! You know your friends, don't ye, Pug?"

Pug rapped his sleek tail on the oil-cloth, and gave as loud a bark as the state of his breath would allow, while Mr. March asked with a great show of indifference, when Miss Goulding was going home.

"Monday," said Tommy. "I like her, an' she likes boys. She don't draw up her dress and talk about awful feet when I come around. She plays nice things for me, and she knows bully stories, and," he looked about, and gave an expressive shake to his curly head, "Dr. Forbes likes her as well as I do."

"You are a wise boy, Tommy," said Mr. Fultz. "I'll teach you to be a lawyer when you grow up," and he laid down a nickel, which Tommy speedily pocketed,

dimly conscious that he must be behaving better than usual.

"Something ought to engage you to-night," said Mrs. Fultz, smiling at March, who was disconsolately stirring his coffee. "You seem fated to be occupied all the time Miss Goulding is here."

"I take tea with Deacon and Mrs. Yates."

"Just like 'em!" cried Mr. Fultz. "Envy on two legs! Don't tell me! They were not invited to Baxter's spread, that's the secret." His eyes fell upon Tommy's parted lips, and he paused.

Coloring violently, Tommy looked into his cap, perhaps for counsel. Several times, at Sunday school, Deacon Yates had pinched his ears past forgiveness, and he was resolved to be revenged as soon as he was big enough. But his quick wits told him he would hear no more, and with deep regret he told Pug he must "start up," and bolted out of the door with the same explosive haste which had marked his entrance.

Deacon Yates was envious, but he had sore trials. The thinness and grayness of his whiskers, the bald spot that would come on the top of his head, and the necessity he was under of using glasses, or of holding his book a yard away, were matters his neighbors did not consider enough when they criticized his acerbity of temper. Stepping on a pin may alter the facial expression of a king. These trials were so many pin pricks to Deacon Yates. It also exasperated him to be shut out from gatherings of young people, and when possible he invaded their church meetings in the spirit of an angry wasp. That Mrs. Baxter had not invited him to her reception, he bitterly resented, though pianoforte music was to his ears a noise little removed from that produced by saws and steam whistles. Craving some balm for his wounded pride, he had invited the minister to tea. If he could not go, he would keep some one else from the company, who would be missed. He had just received two long letters from a cousin, a missionary in India, and though they contained little save family matters, and vague conjectures about the fate of the lost

tribes of the children of Israel, Mr. Yates reasoned that a pastor interested in what he ought to be, would prefer hearing these epistles, to listening to inane chatter at the home of a worldly family, whose head wrote poetry upon love, and bought pictures in which there was a great deal of flesh painting.

Mr. March never declined a parish invitation that he could meet at any cost to himself. He was, too, well aware that "Windy Yates," as the deacon was called, from a defect in his throat which made his voice a loud, whistling whisper, must not be offended. Even Mr. Fultz, who would have promptly refused the invitation for himself, said Mr. March must accept it. But he was determined also to keep his engagement with the Baxters, and at half past seven rose to go.

"Well! well! you ain't a-goin'!" exclaimed the deacon, in tones that denoted temper. "I hain't read you my cousin's letters yet. An' they're interestin', if a man is interested in the Cause. If he ain't, why—I s'pose he'd like worldly talk better. Cousin John's a great preacher. He says't the Lord fills his mouth. He don't study none. Can talk as well after thinkin' a minit, as an hour. An' his elocution is splendid. I know. There probably ain't no better judge of that than I am. I studied a good deal on it myself, till I lost my organ," and he pointed to his scraggy throat.

"I'll stop some time next week, and hear the letters," persisted Mr. March, in a conciliatory voice.

"It'll be too late next week," snapped the deacon. "I'm goin' to send 'em to-morrow over to brother Jacobs, of Mound City. He says the minister there says, missionary letters are 'manna to his soul.' I thought mebbe you'd like to hear 'em fer next prayer meetin'."

"Let me take them, and I'll return them in the morning at eight o'clock."

"It don't matter," whistled the deacon. "The writin' 's peculiar. You couldn't make nothin' of 'em."

Quivering with a fierce desire to shake the deacon, Mr. March sat down in a very straight-backed chair, and said resignedly, "I suppose I can wait half an hour."

"You needn't if you are in a hurry, an' I s'pose you be," said Mrs. Yates, who could no longer contain her pent-up feelings. "I s'pose you are going to Baxter's. They come to I-oway because they failed up, down east. I often say to Mr. Y., 'Husband, we won't ever be anybody till you fail up.' But Mr. Y. ain't that kind of a man."

It was ten o'clock when Mr. March bade this worthy couple adieu, but even then the deacon was not satisfied. "March is worldly," he said to his wife. "I think he's too lit'rary. What we want in Chester is a spiritual man to build us up. Half the folks in our church ain't good fer nothin', but ter hold the seats down Sunday mornin's."

"I guess you're right, Caleb," said Mrs. Yates plaintively. "But Mr. March has a nice way of shakin' hands."

"Shake a fiddle-stick!" snarled the deacon, extinguishing his wife. "He's worldly-minded, that's what he is."

Having a well sounding adjective in which to voice his half dislike of his pastor, Deacon Yates indulged it more. If the Rev. David March paid more attention to worldly matters than to the growth in grace of his flock, he was a subject for criticism, and, in a way, a poor investment for money, very difficult to collect.

No one seemed to think that Mr. March could have any interest in the star of the evening, who was, so to speak, surrounded by the entire Musical club. Mrs. Baxter monopolized him for a time, then Mrs. Garnett laid a detaining hand upon his arm, and questioned him at length about Mrs. Hulett's death, though she had heard the story a dozen times. Meanwhile all he could do was to enviously watch handsome Alic Dulcimer vying with grave Dr. Forbes to win Miss Goulding's attention. At last, greatly to his relief, she went to the piano. No one could appropriate her there. The stirring strains of Tannhäuser March gave him courage to break from his elderly tormentors, and somehow he gained the player's side. Why, he asked himself, should he not win this woman, the

loveliest he had ever seen? The piece ended, Huldah intoxicated him with a smile and a pretty bow.

"I'd like to hear the songs you promised," he said, bending over her.

"I will play 'My Heart Ever Faithful,'" she answered, and then turned pink, even to the fine white parting of her hair. But the dainty measures of the Bach prelude, in C sharp, was what she played first. Then she swept into the sparkling fugue that follows it. Applause broke forth the moment she paused, and Dr. Forbes requested an immediate repetition of "that piece." But she shook her head, and softly played that song, among all songs one of the sweetest, "My Heart Ever Faithful."

"You'd better not meddle with the dominie," said young Dulcimer, nodding at the doctor. "He knows how to please himself and everybody at the same time."

But Miss Goulding had begun again, and there was immediate silence. Tones full of solemn tenderness, yearnings as from an overflowing heart, rose, then died away. If Dr. Forbes was the only one present who recognized it to be Schubert's "Der Wanderer," and who alone knew the rare and delicate perception the player brought to Liszt's arrangement of the song, the melody and the art of the player appealed to the dullest, for one may have a vague, mysterious pleasure in what one does not comprehend, and at the close there was a hush of expectation, while Dr. Forbes bent forward and asked in a low tone for "Der Erlkönig."

"I do not think I can do it to-night," she said, with a little shake of her bright head. "My imagination has, for some reason, weary wings."

"I say," interposed Mr. Peters, who felt that he had somehow fallen into a subordinate position, and resented it. "Don't let us tire you out, Miss Goulding. Whenever I see any one doing anything like that, all as slick as falling off a log, you know, I know it costs, though the cost is all out of sight."

"You're quite right there, Peters," said young Dulcimer, unconsciously irritating the older men with his

youthful self-consequence and good looks. "Folks think a man can sing as easily, as—er—well, as a rooster can crow."

As Alic's delight in his own voice was, even to an unimaginative mind, suggestive of chanticleer, smiles which he received as complimentary, greeted this sally, and caused him to giggle off his eye-glasses, an accident which always made him silent and uncomfortable, for without them, he had no idea what was going on about him.

"We are to have Miss Goulding for three recitals next November," said Mr. Fultz, when he had cornered his pastor in a spacious bay window, "And I fancy if Forbes has his way, she will come here to live for good."

The light that came into Mr. March's dark eyes caused the acute lawyer to chuckle. "I thought I'd tell you," he went on. "Not that I am particularly interested in either pianoforte music, or the doctor."

An instant later he had darted across the room, and returned with Huldah. "Here," said he to her, "is the dominie, and of course he cannot fib, even when it is polite to do so. He will tell you how glad we are, that you are to visit us again."

Not all tempers could endure Mr. Fultz' teasing serenely, but Huldah took it with a quiet smile. "I hope," she said, "you will not induce too many people to express delight to me."

"In that case would it lose all charm, and become a sort of preparation?"

"Exactly. You see, I want to believe you are pleased. I never had so warm a social reception in a little place before."

"We call ourselves a city," interposed Mr. March. "We have a mayor, a public library, and a gas company, an indication that in time we shall have gas."

"And we have many societies," added Mr. Fultz.

"The ladies run them, for the most part," said the minister, with a retrospective sigh. "Your sex have a wonderful genius for detail."

"Detail enters into all work, great as well as petty." Huldah was very much in earnest now. "Women with

something serious to do, learn to economize time, and rarely run societies."

"I do not like to think of women being calculating about their time," said Mr. March; "it somehow does not accord with my conception of their place in the world's economy."

"Your conception may be mistaken," said Huldah, with unruffled composure. "I certainly should not like to take life as does our dog Ginger. He gives himself to his friends unreservedly. Grandfather says he is extremely well bred. But self-sacrifice has its limits, it seems to me. However, I do not know how to argue."

"You are doing very well," said Mr. Fultz, who had been meditatively stroking his beard. "But tell me why you do not care to argue."

"Because I fancy that people have to grow into opinions and ways of thinking. I shall always remember the first time I saw the top of a certain dressing table at home. It was after an illness, and I made many discoveries. About things I do not understand, I have often the feeling that I am yet short in my mind, and have imperfect glimpses, as I once had of that table. I know I have grown into the knowledge of many things."

"And is that the way you have become a musician?" asked Mr. March. Mr. Fultz was gone. The two were for an instant alone.

"In part," said Huldah, slowly. "Music itself teaches the finest touches in technic, when it has real hold of you. But I have not grown into a knowledge of it as of other things. It has been here—the voice that sings—always." She put her hand upon her heart. "Dr. Miller would laugh at me if he heard me," she went on, with a light laugh, after an instant's pause. "He would say, it is all German blood and good training."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)





## LULLABY.

The sky is a curtain, baby dear,  
With holes for the moon and  
stars, I hear;  
The sun is in front through the  
daytime bright,  
He rolls back behind it in the  
night;  
And through the star-holes he  
will peep,  
While my little baby is fast  
asleep.

The sky is a garden, baby dear;  
The stars are the blossoms, too,  
I hear;  
The gentle moon is the gard'ner's  
maid.  
She tends the flowers with a silver  
spade,  
And o'er the garden she watch  
will keep,  
While my little baby is fast  
asleep.

The sky is a pasture, baby dear,  
The stars are the sheep and lambs, I hear;  
The gentle moon is the shepherdess.  
She loves her lambkins to caress,  
And tenderly watches her dreamland sheep,  
While my little baby is fast asleep.

The sky is a curtain, baby dear,  
With holes for the moon and stars, I hear;  
Through which our heavenly Father bright  
Watches the world through the long, long night;  
O'er you and me He watch will keep.  
While my little baby is fast asleep.

—*Miriam E. Prindle.*



great institutions find that if they wish to keep the musicians from starting for the New World, they must give pecuniary inducements to stay in the Old. I had some charming glimpses of the home life of Kapellmeister Reinecke, as he took me from the conservatory to his modest quarters in the *Querstrasse*, somewhat nearer the sky than some of our less learned native composers dwell. A number of charming young ladies of assorted sizes greeted my view in the drawing room, and I was presented, one by one, to the daughters of the kapellmeister. Astounded at the rather numerous gathering, I ventured to ask whether any had escaped, and was informed that some of them had—into the bonds of wedlock. The sons, too, seemed especially bright, and the wit and badinage around the dinner table was something long to be remembered. Reinecke has not got the American fever to any extent, and a very short sojourn showed me why he is not anxious to change his position for one in the New World. It is true that he has not a salary such as our directors and conductors of first rank obtain, but on every side were tokens of friendship and homage from the greatest men and women of Europe, and when, the next day, he took me to his *Kneipe* near the conservatory, I noticed that every one in Leipsic took off his hat to the simple and good old man; every one, from nobleman to peasant. It counts for something to be thus honored and beloved, and perhaps a few thousand dollars would not compensate for the loss of such friends. How kindly and paternal Reinecke is, may be clearly shown by relating the origin of the beautiful violin part to the song 'Spring Flower.' He had composed this without any violin obligato whatever, and it was to be sung by a young lady at her *debut* in a *Gewandhaus* concert. The evening before the concert the artist came with a decided fit of the 'nerves' to Reinecke's home, and in trembling and tears expressed her forebodings for the *debut* of the morrow. The good-hearted composer sat down to think matters over, and then exclaimed, 'I will give you some extra support for the voice, so that you cannot fail,' and then wrote the violin part, which is so tender and characteristic. Immediate rehearsal followed, and thanks to the

autograph of the former owner upon it—'Carl Maria von Weber.'

"A pleasant half hour of study of the composer's recent orchestral scores followed, during which he explained to me the intention of many of his effects of instrumentation. I was especially struck with the wealth of fancy displayed in his 'Zorahaide,' a Spanish tone picture in which he has caught the true Spanish and Moorish spirit, although he has never been in Spain. The subject is taken from Washington Irving."

Bayreuth, very naturally, was one of the objective points of the errant pilgrim, the year being that in which Wagner's "Meistersinger" was first produced there. Passing over the usual incidents of the new-comer, such as the assignment of lodgings by municipal coöperation, the difficulty of finding persons and places by the aid of a cabman, himself a new-comer in the little city, and the trifling swindles of every sort, which go to keep the traveler upon his mettle, we come to something out of the ordinary:

"I put in a part of the morning in a call on Mme. Cosima Wagner. I scarcely dared hope that at such a busy time she would receive me, and the stately butler bore out this impression by saying: 'The gracious lady may perhaps see you next Tuesday evening, but not now'; but took in my letter and a greeting from Mr. Emil Mahr, our Boston correspondent, as he over the conservatory, spite of the evidently pressing duties, and explained to me the system, also inquiring as to the status of teaching in the United States. He was astounded to hear of our vast conservatories, and of the progress we were making in music. Of our composers he knew but very little. He wished that he were younger, that he might visit America. 'Now I must wait for a still longer journey,' said he, sighing. The good old man has since gone on that journey. He has fought the good fight bravely, and fairly outlived those who called him 'Mrs. Mendelssohn.' He was very busy then with the final examinations of the school year, and showed me some of the papers, with evident pride in the standing of his classes in composition. He expressed a wish that he might

half understood,' she said, 'and then it will grow.' She spoke of America as a great field for such work, and hoped that it might be cultivated properly. She was delighted when I told her of what had been done there by lecture and essay. She inquired after American friends, and particularly Mr. B. J. Lang, and was interested in Mr. Gericke's Wagnerian labors among us. She said that Mr. Anton Seidl, of New York, was a worker whose labors would bear fruit for the cause, and his letters to her gave her ground to hope for a spread of the appreciation of her husband's music. In all the interview, while never becoming excited, she impressed me as a woman who is terribly in earnest, and who lives, like the great Clara Schumann, to glorify her husband's memory and fame. She was not entirely satisfied with the number of rehearsals which had preceded the festival. 'We have been at work steadily for three weeks,' said she, 'It ought to have been six, but the singers could not leave their theatrical engagements. It is true that many of them have sung "Parsifal" before, but "Parsifal" is an opera that needs to be studied over anew every time it is performed. "Die Meistersinger" is easier, but that also cannot have too much rehearsal.'

"She then asked if there were many Americans in the city. 'Every year they say a great many are coming, but when one counts them up they scarcely number a score.' I hastened to assure the gracious lady that I knew personally of some fifty who were coming, and that I had no doubt the number would reach 200 or more, at which she expressed hearty gratification, as also at the fact that the nobility were coming in great numbers. 'One wants the people, but it is gratifying to have an audience of exceptional rank on such an exceptional occasion.' She hoped that my stay would be prolonged over her reception evening on the following Tuesday, and gave me a cordial invitation to call again before leaving the city.

Our conversation was in German, but I understand that the daughter of Liszt has all the linguistic abilities which her father so richly possessed. The resemblance of Madame Wagner to her father, Liszt, was more marked than ever

as she grew animated. Our interview soon drew to a close, as both of us had to prepare for the festival. A short visit to the grave of the great master followed. It is a broad slab of stone, simply set in a wide mound, which is covered with ivy and is at the rear of the house—the Villa Wahnfried. I recalled a visit to that grave, when Madame Wagner had not yet taken up the noble mission which now causes her to live and to take interest in life. It was in 1883. The sudden death of her beloved husband had almost destroyed her reason. She had cut off her beautiful long tresses (because Wagner had admired them), and placed them in his coffin; Liszt had come to Bayreuth, but she refused to see him; only the boy, Siegfried, because he was the favorite of his father, was suffered to approach her; and every day, in rain or sunshine, she would sit two hours or more beside that lonely grave. She allowed none other near it, and it was only by the connivance of an underling that I was finally able to visit the resting place of the greatest composer of his epoch. Now all this has changed, and the imperial band, by command of the kaiser, played a dirge there during the festival.”

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## PIPPA'S SPRING SONG.

From Browning's "Pippa Passes."

Music by Julia Lois Caruthers.

The year's at the Spring, And day's at the morn;  
*vivace.*  
*mp*  
Morn-ing's at sev-en; The hill-side's dew pearled; The  
lark's on the wing; The snail's on the thorn; God's in His  
hea-ven. All's right with the world!  
*largamente.*

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## HARMONY LESSONS TO A CHILD.\*

### LESSON I.

Let us begin with a definition or two. Play a bit of melody. The sounds are single, are they not? There is one tone at a time. Play again the same bit of melody, with its bass. Every sound of the melody now falls upon the ear at the same time as another sound, the bass of the melody tone. Every sound in the latter case is no longer simple, but combined—that is, composed of two elements, the melody tone and its bass.

Harmony is the art of combining sounds; or, if you like it better, the science of combined sounds.

Let us begin at the keyboard. With the right second finger, touch with a full tone E, next above middle C. With the left second finger touch C, middle C. Now sound them together. Generally you will not sound them with equal force. Try the experiment of sounding now the right hand note louder, and now the left hand note louder. The two ought to be nearly equal, but with a very slight preponderance upon the upper. The two sounded together, C and E, make a chord.

A chord is a combined sound musically related.

It is not easy to find any combined sound which might not in some extreme cases be employed in music. C and C sharp together, however, would very rarely be used; and a three-fold combined sound, C, C sharp and D together would never be used. Try the effect and see if you can discover the reason why they are not generally put in for the sake of their pleasant sound?

The chord C E is composed of two elements, C and E, which stand together at the interval of a *third*.

An “interval” is a difference in “pitch.” Pitch means “point of highness or lowness.” The tones

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obtained from the right hand part of the keyboard are called higher; those from the left hand are called lower.

Intervals are named from the number of scale degrees which they include. For example, C E stand at the interval of a third, because the tones C and E include D between them. For the present you may reckon intervals by the white keys. The third white key upon the right, counting the one upon which you begin and the one with which you end, is the third to any tone.

You are to touch a key with the left hand, and immediately with the right hand touch its third. In this way you will have the thirds D F, E G, F A, G B, etc. In naming intervals, always name the lower tone first. In this way learn to call the tones by thirds, ascending, as: A, C, E, G, B, D, F, A, etc. Also, the same descending: A, F, D, B, G, E, C, etc. You will also learn to write the thirds named above upon music paper, every third covering three degrees of the staff. That is, if the lower tone is represented by a line the upper one will be represented by the next line above; or in a descending series by the next line below. If one of the tones is upon a space, the lower or higher will be upon the next space above or below, according as you are reckoning. As a rule we always reckon upward.

You are to write all the thirds, using white keys only, within the octave and below middle C.

When you have these written, I want you to play one of them with the right hand. Play it firmly, producing a good, round tone. Now with the left hand try and find a bass tone which will go well with it. Try first the upper tone of the third; then the lower as bass. Write, under your notes of the thirds, the name of the tone which sounds better as bass. Sometimes you will find yet a third tone which makes a better effect as bass than either of the two tones in the third. Try in this way the third E G with the bass C. I think you will like it better than E or G as bass for that chord.

There is another thing about these thirds. They are not all the same distance apart. For example, count the

semitones contained in the third C E. They are C C sharp, C sharp D, D D sharp, D sharp E, four semitones. But from D to F there are only three semitones: D D sharp, D sharp E, E F, three. The third C E is called greater (or major), the third D F, and all others of three semitones, are called smaller (minor). You will also go over the thirds which you have already written, and ascertain which of them are major and which minor.

If now you take the major third C E, and instead of E take E flat, you will have a minor third upon C. Or if you take the minor third D F, and for the F substitute F sharp, you will have a major third upon D. In like manner go over all the thirds you have written, and write directly after the major thirds the minor thirds on the same tones; and after the minor thirds the major thirds on the same tones.

Referring again to the two kinds of thirds, you are to sound first a major third upon C, and then a minor third upon the same tone. Tell which sounds better; and which sounds sad. You will find, I think, that the minor third sounds less perfect than the major, and less happy. This is due to the fact that the tones do not agree so well with each other.

There is another curious thing about a minor third. It is possible to find a bass tone which being added to it will change the effect to major. For instance, take the third E G; is this minor or major? Now first try for bass G, then E; both leave the effect minor, the latter perhaps more so. Then, instead of either of these tones for bass, sound C as bass, and discover whether the effect is now major or minor. You will find, I think, that it is major. The right hand still plays the minor third, but the left hand adds another element which changes the effect of the combined sound.

Try it, first one way, then the other. You will also find that you can change your major thirds to minor effects by adding a third tone as bass. For example, play the third C E, which is major; then for bass take A, a tenth below. Is the effect now major or minor? Try the

other major thirds in this way, finding a bass tone which can be taken with each third, with the effect of changing the harmony to minor.

The reason of this change we will learn in the next lesson.

You may note under your thirds, written out, the letter which makes the best bass of each third.

Things to learn fully in this lesson.

1. Harmony defined.
2. Third.
3. Major and minor thirds, and their differences.
4. To name letters upward and downward by thirds.
5. How thirds are represented upon the staff.
6. Method of changing a minor third to a major third.
7. Meaning of interval.
8. Method of adding a bass to a minor third, changing its character to major; and, *vice versa*, a major third to a minor effect.

NOTE.—The correct solution of this exercise will be given next time.

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## **THE ABBEY-GRAU OPERA COMPANY.**

THE Chicago season of opera in Italian and French, "as the case may be," is in full operation at the present writing, under the management of Messrs. Grau and Abbey. The company includes a great number of the best singers now before the public. Among them are Miss Eames, Mme. Albani, the Ravoglio sisters, Mme. Lehman, Mme. Scalchi, the great tenor, Jean De Reszke, his equally great brother, the basso, Edouard De Reszke, and a variety of lesser artists. The great features of the season thus far (two weeks having elapsed at the moment of writing) have been Jean De Reszke's Lohengrin, and his Raoul in the "Huguenots." The Lohengrin interpretation is perhaps the greatest ever seen here, scarcely excepting that of Alvary; for while Alvary's voice was a little fresher when he was heard here in the *role*, De Reszke's interpretation is very great in all points, especially in the last act, and his singing leaves little or nothing to be desired. His voice is sweet, stopping a little short of what Richard Grant White used to call the "seraphic radiance" of tone color, and his artistic insight quick, deep and true. His stage training has been of the most complete description, and he knows perfectly how to graduate an impersonation so as to bring it at the last to a full and well rounded completeness and climax. It is a pity

that all this is wasted in an art where so small a proportion of the audience remain to the very end as in grand opera, when these very long works are in performance.

Mr. Edouard De Reszke has a magnificent bass organ, and with greater stature than his brother, and a good training upon the stage, his impersonations are almost ideal from a vocal point of view, and very satisfactory from all. Thus far, however, he has had no great *role* where his larger dramatic powers would be tested.

Many of the casts have been made up with one good singer and several small ones. The business at such performances has been very light—a lesson which the managers will in time most likely take to heart. In grand opera the Scotch proverb that “mony a mickle maks a muckle” does not hold true. Unless a cast has at least two or three pronounced individualities in it, the public cannot be galvanized into taking an interest in it.

The best element of uniform excellence has been the orchestra, composed of sixty of the Chicago orchestra, Signor Vianesi being the director. The staging of the operas has been generally praised, but perhaps quite as much as necessary, since most of the splendor has been due to the scenery of the Auditorium being nearly or quite new, the size of the stage and the exceptionally magnificent dressing of the De Reszkes and Miss Eames. The selection of operas has been made from all schools, but the lighter ones have not drawn. Only “Lohengrin” and the “Huguenots” have drawn, to this writing. In this instance the attractiveness of the performance was due mainly to the richness and strength of the cast, and the certainty that the works respectively were of such character as to demand from the artists the exertion of their full powers.

Of the De Reszke brothers the following brief account has been somewhat freely translated from a MS. kindly furnished by a well known Parisian journalist:

The De Reszke brothers come of a family essentially musical and artistic in tastes and habits. They were born at Varsovie, in Poland. Jean de Reszke began to sing while he was still extremely young, and by the time he was thirteen his voice had been heard in the church of the college where he was pupil, and its rare quality had awakened the

interest of all Varsovie. His parents destined him for the bar; he took his examination and degree as advocate, but the underlying artistic sentiment made itself felt, and very soon the young lawyer threw off his robe, in order to embrace the lyric career, which had in reserve for him such glorious laurels. He labored at singing under the excellent professor, Ciaffei, and at the age of nineteen set out with his father for Italy, where he heard at Venice the celebrated baritone Cotogni, who sang Don Carlos, and made a profound impression upon the sensitive soul of the young artist. Thenceforth for sometime he followed the artistic peregrinations of the great singer, visiting London, St. Petersburg, etc., and hearing the entire constellation of celebrated artists, such as Mario, Tamberlik, Graziani, Faure, Patti, etc.

In 1874, following the advice of Cotogni, Jean De Reszke made his *debut* as baritone at La Fenice, in Venice, with creditable success. But the great singer Cotogni was deceived. Jean De Reszke's voice never had the resonance of baritone; all the most capable theatrical critics agreed in finding that it possessed more of the quality of tenor than the deeper quality to be expected of a baritone. Nevertheless, for a number of years he persevered in this career, attaining considerable celebrity in the beautiful *roles* for baritone voice, which abound in the older operas. Yet it was a struggle against nature, the severity of which may be inferred from the fact that during the engagement at the Theatre Italien in Paris he more than once fainted with fatigue at the end of a *role*, in consequence of the strain of singing parts written so much too low for him.

It was Professor Sbriglia who decided that he ought no longer to continue this strife against nature, and that he should abandon the stage for a time in order to prepare himself for the tenor repertory. This he did. Aided by the wise counsels of M. Sbriglia, he studied earnestly for two years, and afterward made his *debut* as tenor, at Madrid. His success was great and immediate, and opened for him the doors of the opera at Paris and at Covent Garden in London.

The composer Massenet had written for him "Le Cid," and the great singer made a most imposing and successful *debut* at its first representation. M. Gounod revived for him his "Romeo and Juliet," and transferred it to the grand opera, its original destination.

De Reszke's success in all the leading tenor *roles*, such as "Faust," the "Prophet," "Africaine," "Aida," "Carmen," "Otello," "Les Huguenots," etc., was so great at the Paris Grand Opera and at the Covent Garden in London, that the De Reszke brothers made the fortune of the English manager, Sir Augustus Harris, and the season when they both sang was called the De Reszke season.

Edouard De Reszke was not at first destined for a theatrical career, but for agriculture. It was his intention to scientifically improve some of the many lands owned by his family in Poland. It was only upon the suggestion of his brother that his beautiful bass voice was recognized, and he deserted agriculture for a lyric career. Jean took him immediately to Milan, and confided his education to the good professors Stella and Alba, and later he studied with the celebrated baritone Coletti, of Naples. After four years' study in Italy,

Edouard De Reszke returned to Paris, where he continued to study under Professor Sbriglia, but his real guide and professor was his brother Jean, who never ceased to wonder daily at the marvelous progress of his younger brother.

Edouard De Reszke, still very young, made his *debut* at the Italian Opera in Paris, in "Aida," the master Verdi himself directing the first three representations. The composer Massenet immediately confided to him the beautiful creation of "Le Roi de Lahore," at La Scala in Milan. He was so much admired that he was soon in demand in Turin, Genoa, Trieste, Lisbon, and everywhere he made triumphs of a high order, but above all he worked diligently at increasing his repertory, which now embraces sixty-eight operas.

During six years Edouard De Reszke sang every winter at Paris, where he made a number of important creations, such as "Le Cid," "Patrie," etc., and in the interim he was heard at Covent Garden and in other parts of Europe. The De Reszke brothers are favorite singers of her majesty, the queen of England, who admits them at private receptions at Windsor, as Mario was formerly received. Last winter the emperor of Russia having expressed a desire to hear them, they sang before the imperial court at the Château Gatchina, and were afterward heard at the opera in St. Petersburg and Moscow. His majesty, the king of Portugal, bestowed upon them, in remembrance of a private concert before the court, the orders of Santiago and Christ. The admirers of Bizet wishing to erect a statue to his memory, a delegation of the Parisian press was sent to Jean De Reszke, to request him to return to Paris to sing "Carmen," which he did with so much success that from the proceeds a great part of the expense of the monument was defrayed.

The De Reszke brothers always labor together, and by careful study and mutual criticism strive to improve each other's work, and in this manner it is that they have brought their leading impersonations to such a high degree of finish and artistic balance. During the summer they retire to their estates in Poland, where, in manly sports of fencing and the chase, they strive to forget the theater and recover again the virile manliness and freshness which is one of their great charms. Both the gentlemen belong in the very first walks of life, and apart from being great artists, are men of breeding, refinement and education; they are men of the world in the fullest sense. Both are great patrons of the turf, maintaining an extensive breeding establishment in their native country.

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## MUSIC OF THE INDIANS.

It is likely that among the interesting exhibits of the Columbian Exposition will be examples of the music of the American Indians. For some months investigations have been going on, under the auspices of Harvard College, having for their object the collection and preservation of the

melodies of the Indians. The undertaking had its inspiration from Miss Fletcher, a devoted friend of the red men, who for many years has devoted herself to ethnological studies in this department. After having lived among the Indians for several years, partly in the capacity of teacher, and partly as friend, living as they lived, going hungry when the food supply failed, and sharing her own scanty store with them upon equal terms, she acquired their confidence as perhaps no other white woman ever has. Contrary to the general impression, the Indians are intensely fond of music. They make great use of it in every-day life, and their religious ceremonies have elaborate choral liturgies, which have been transmitted for years by tradition. Few whites, or none, have been admitted to certain ones of these ceremonies; no public record of the ceremonies has ever been made before those of Miss Fletcher. When she had collected a certain number of melodies she brought them east and turned them over to musicians for arrangement and harmonization. The results were not satisfactory to the Indians, who failed to recognize their best known airs when thus treated. After several experiments of that sort, Miss Fletcher's attention was in some way attracted to certain writings of Prof. John C. Fillmore, and accordingly she sent him some melodies for trial. The arrangements when complete were tried over in the presence of good Indian musicians, and for the most part there was complete approval of the work. Then, last December, Mr. Fillmore was summoned to Washington to take down certain melodies, from a company of Indians who were there. He spent a week in this way, with but indifferent success at first. Later he mastered the principles of this new tone realm, and still later spent some time among the Omaha Indians, taking down their melodies, especially those of their more private religious ceremonies. He is now engaged in harmonizing these melodies and in tabulating the conclusions derived from comparing more than 100 of these melodies of every class. A preliminary report has been prepared, which will presently find place in the *Century Magazine*. The Harvard report has also been submitted, so far as the work has gone. It is



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once, but where would be those emotions so enjoyable, and, I may add, so useful, which the pure old songs and familiar melodies excite in the minds of the large majority without whose support Patti concerts would be impossible?

Why cannot audiences see that they have as much right to hear Patti again and again in the songs they love without the contemptuous interference of self-constituted censors, as they have to hear time after time, year after year, Hamlet by Booth or Rip Van Winkle by Jefferson, or simpler utterances by Cable or Riley, about which no word of contempt or disrespect is ever spoken?

The idea that the great singer of whom we are speaking cannot sing modern music as well as she sings the old songs is absurd, and the imputation that she sings the old songs from an unworthy motive, is worse. About that there are two points:

First, it is an axiom that people can be benefited musically only by music that they like. At a concert there is no time to educate people in music that they do not understand. They must have then and there what they can enjoy, to have it of any emotional or æsthetic use to them. Second, not only are Patti's songs a benefit to the "people," but her dealings with them are on an honest business basis—she gives them what they pay for. If she makes a great deal of money, so much the better for her—she does it honestly.

"But," say these people who dislike, or affect to dislike the simple songs, "have we no rights?" Yes, you have a right to all you pay for. In a programme of twelve numbers, one would probably be generous as your proportion.

I often think there is no place where intelligent people are so patient under contemptuous and unjust treatment as in the concert room. The eminent lawyer, the learned divine, the sagacious and successful business man will say meekly: "True, I do not understand music, I only know what I like," and looking up to the superior beings who set themselves over them, will perhaps experience a feeling of humiliation as they read the narrow and uncatholic criticisms of the performances they have enjoyed. They do not realize that the good music they liked is the best music in the world

(2)

for them, and that a man has no more right to treat it contemptuously than he has so to treat the literature or political opinions they prefer.

I do not take the liberty of offering this as a defense of Madame Patti. She needs none as against these people who seem to understand so little what music is for in this world; but one would suppose that *they* would get discouraged at the result of their persistent labors. What they do not want fills the houses, and what they would have—when they get it—depletes them.

"But," says such a critic, "have I not a right to express my opinion?" Certainly, but you assume to express public opinion, the newspaper supposes you are doing so, and the people are too modest to contradict. If you would say: "These are only my own ideas about Madame Patti's performances; they were not shared by the audience, judging by their actions," you would be putting the matter as it is, and would be entitled to credit for your candor, however unjust and useless your ideas might be.

The truth is that competent musical critics and advanced musicians who are broad-minded and in sympathy with all efforts toward the musical advancement of the people, *do* enjoy the performances of which we are speaking. Not only do they enjoy the consummate art with which Madame Patti glorifies the simple old song, but they enjoy the pleasure of the people who are musically at that grade, down to which the great artist comes for their benefit and delight.

Such critics and musicians also see the truth about the educational side of the musical problem. They know that as in other matters of education you must begin where the people are, and especially in concert audiences where people are not compelled to "go to school." They know that when comprehension and enjoyment of the music cease the education stops, not because the people would not get something if they would listen, disorderly as that mode of educating would be, but because they won't listen. They don't think much about it, but bring the matter squarely before them, and they will say they do not go to concerts to be educated, but to be entertained, and if any education

comes with the entertainment it must be an incidental and secondary matter.

In all concerts by artists the proportion of advanced music will undoubtedly remain as at the present time, and a gain will gradually be made in public appreciation, as in Mr. Thomas' wonderful work in which people are induced to listen year after year to music which at first they do not enjoy; but I must not go into that now. What I wish is, that the simple music need not be disparaged. If the simple music that prevails is not good enough let the advanced musicians make better, for simple music people in elementary musical states must have, and if they can't get the best they will take what they can get. Imagine the critics elaborating in attractive phrase such statements as "Madame Patti's selections were admirably adapted to the musical states of a large majority of her audience, as evinced by their enthusiasm and delight, but while all enjoyed her matchless voice and consummate art, a few of us would like to have seen them applied to a number or two of a higher musical grade. The people who prefer the simpler music, and who in Mr. Thomas' concerts derive what enjoyment they can from the uniform movement of the violin bows and various strange tone effects while waiting for 'Traumerei' and the 'Largo,' could enjoy her diamonds and her execution while the class ahead of them took in the music."

But when such critics as have been here spoken of write on lines of friendly fairness about simple music and the people who like it, the berries that Dr. Holmes describes as growing larger downward through the box will be offered for sale, and the millennium will be near.

GEO. F. ROOT.

# AN INNOCENT IMPOSTOR;

OR,

A PAINFUL EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF A JOURNALIST.

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[IN FOUR PARTS.]

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## PART I.

For twenty years, or thereabouts, starting for convenience at the age of six, I have been the unhappy victim of my brother's reputation. No matter where I have been or what I have done, I have never yet succeeded in obtaining any praise for my own work ; while, alas! I have received altogether too many vicarious compliments that were intended for my brother. This was all very well at first, and for a matter of ten years or so I was too proud of my brilliant relative to care. But when I grew taller than Herbert, and, to my own notion at least, a person of quite as much consequence, it came to be very irritating to be introduced to every one as "A brother of Herbert Bangs, whom you know." In fact, the greater part of my energy for the past decade has been absorbed in vain attempts to escape from beneath his eclipsing shadow. When I went down to Haven College in '81, the venerable president shook my hand warmly and said, "A brother of Mr. H. H. Bangs, of '77, I believe. If you are like him you will be a valuable acquisition." When I cut my Greek for a week, Prof. Ædipus invited me to his house to tea, and after entertaining me in the most delightful manner, remarked in a friendly way that he was afraid that I was not quite coming up to the mark set for me by my brother, and that he hoped I would feel it incumbent upon me to uphold the family reputation. The instructor in composition, whenever he desired to flatter me, told me that I certainly had a touch of my brother's style.



As a Bangs, I felt flattered; as Henry A. Bangs, I felt justly aggrieved at this merging of the individual into the generic type.

I finally became so desperate at being measured by his record at every turn, that I resolved to confine my efforts to things that he had never attempted. He was a great student of literature and the fine arts. I went in for society and athletics. By means of this equitable division there were plenty of honors for us both, with comparatively little danger of a competition in which I should certainly be supposed by every one to have had the worst of it.

When I left college in '85, I planned my education by spending a year or more in Europe; intending to pay a part of my expenses by writing accounts of my travels for the papers. I was not long, however, in discovering that if there is anything that is harder for a traveler than to write letters it is to sell them, and at the end of four months I found my treasury in such an exhausted condition that I was obliged to borrow money of my brother to come home on. This unfortunate termination of my foreign career brought the necessity of choosing a profession closer to me than I had anticipated; and I found it rather embarrassing. There were so many things I could do if I only had time to prepare. Theology was not in my line, medicine I disliked, and the law, for various reasons, was out of the question; but a professorship in economics I had no objection to, and I had something of a leaning toward practical chemistry. But both of these, unfortunately, were beyond my reach at present, and I really could see nothing that was practicable except base ball and journalism. The former was more showy, the latter more sure. I chose the latter. It was far from easy, I discovered, to secure a place. All the regular reporterships seemed filled and running over, and to my chagrin, I was obliged to ask my brother, who was now a man of letters with some reputation in literary circles, to use his influence in my behalf. With his help I finally obtained a ten-dollar place on the *Jupiter*—not at all a bad opening for a beginner. I did my best to rise in my profession, and in particular kept my eye on the field of athletics,

for I had a vague dream of living to be a sporting editor—an ambition which I scrupulously kept to myself, for it would justly have been regarded by my associates as a sad piece of presumption on the part of a ten-dollar reporter.

I saw comparatively little of Herbert for some time after I began work on the *Jupiter*. I used to see his stooping form and somber face on the streets occasionally, and sometimes he invited me to dine with him at Delmonico's, but for the most part he lived mewed up in his chambers, with no company but his precious library.

"Poor old Herbert," I said, half compassionately, as I saw his thoughtful, kindly face through a book store window, "he is really beginning to look quite old."

But my compassion vanished and wrath took its place when a Boston author of wide reputation shook me warmly by the hand and complimented me on my work in Later Middle English.

"It's a fine thing," he said, "to see the young men taking hold of serious work of this kind. Do you know, Mr. Bangs, I had imagined from your essays that you must be at least thirty-five. Very promising, I assure you, very promising." And he hurried off before I had an opportunity to undeceive him.

My greatest tribulation, however, was a certain poem called "Until Death," which appeared in one of the great magazines and won him considerable reputation among literary men. In spite of all that I could do people would insist on regarding me as the author, and I was continually being called Herbert, greatly to my disgust. It is one of my pet beliefs that no man should venture to call another by his Christian name until he is absolutely certain what that Christian name is.

In one quarter, however, I flattered myself that I had won favor on my own merits. Gertrude Fenwick had never even heard of my brother, and loved me on my own account. Although I felt sure that she and Herbert would like each other, I put off introducing them as long as possible; not from jealousy, but because I wanted one person, at least, to be unable to hold up my brother to me as an example. Then,

too, they were both musicians, and if there is anything that is more irritating than another to an unmusical person it is to have his friends talk music over his head. Still worse is it when they humiliate him by stopping every moment to explain in a condescending manner what it is that they are talking about. Gertrude was very good in that way. She always talked just as though I understood everything she said about music, and though I often protested that I was ignorant of the art, she always laughed in a skeptical way which made me believe that I knew more than I had given myself credit for. "My family is musical," I said to myself, "and it is likely that my glee club work has done more for me than I had supposed in the way of culture. Then, too, I have always lived in a musical atmosphere, which of course makes a great difference."

In spite of this general knowledge, however, I felt some uneasiness in regard to the technical terminology, which does not, like Dogberry's reading and writing, come by nature. I had once attempted to get through a term of German on the strength of a strain of Dutch blood in my ancestry, and my success was not so brilliant as to lead me to believe that I could talk the musical gibberish with perfect accuracy because my family was musical. So in order to make my technical education more perfect I went so far as to invest in a popular treatise entitled "How to Understand Music," by means of which I soon learned to use quite a number of musical terms with a good deal of fluency. I was always pretty careful when I was with Gertrude, however, for she was a thorough-going devotee of the art, and always looked a little shocked and hurt when I made a mistake. I generally passed such a slip off as a piece of satire on some one of my ignorant acquaintances, but experience taught me caution, and when the subject of music was broached my part in the conversation was for the most part Yea, yea, and Nay, nay. Gertrude always seemed a little surprised at my reticence, and frequently made remarks about my modesty which, alas! I did not understand then so well as I do now. "When we are engaged," I said to myself, "then I will show her how ignorant I am. Just now it might affect her

unpleasantly." Her father, too, had received the impression that I was a musician, and I always hate to undeceive people—especially when they have a good opinion of me—and sometimes I really doubted whether it was possible for either Gertrude or Major Fenwick to have a good opinion of any one who was not a musician. The major's favorite passage from Shakespeare was

The man that hath no music in himself,  
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds  
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils;  
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,  
And his affections dark as Erebus.  
Let no such man be trusted.

As he believed quite implicitly in the truth of this passage, and regarded only those who were fond of Bach and Beethoven as numbered among the elect, I was naturally reluctant to confess that I was one of the outer barbarians, and put off the unwelcome explanation as long as possible. But I protest upon my honor, that from the very beginning of my acquaintance with the family I never said one word which could lead any one to believe that I was anything but what I was. If they were deceived in me it was not through my fault.

If we had talked music all the while my ignorance would not have been long in manifesting itself; but, fortunately or unfortunately as the case may be, there were plenty of other topics to which I could retreat when I felt the matter to be getting beyond my depth. I don't go in much for heavy reading, like Herbert, or indeed like Gertrude, but nevertheless we found a good deal of literature of a lighter kind that made good material for conversation. Gertrude kept careful watch of the periodicals, and she astonished me by saying that she had read some of my signed articles, which was indeed surprising, because she was the only person that I had ever met who had done so. My literary ventures consisted of nothing more pretentious than three or four short stories, which had not occupied very conspicuous places in the magazines. It was all the more gratifying to think that Gertrude, at least, was familiar with them.

But my tale of woe must now begin, and strangely enough, with what seemed at the time to be unqualified good fortune, so little can we poor short-sighted mortals foretell the future. I was just preparing for press an interview with Jay Gould relative to a recent railroad deal in the west, when I was told that our chief wanted to see me. I went to his office with some trepidation. "Old Slaughter," the boys called him, and the name was very fitting. There wasn't a man on the paper who was not afraid of him except Sanderson, the musical editor, and he wasn't a regular member of the staff anyway.

When I went in Old Slaughter was seated at his desk looking at a letter before him in an exasperated sort of way that made me think that a tempest was brewing. But it wasn't. On the contrary, he nodded to me kindly, and told me to take a seat.

"You are assigned, I believe, to the ladies' convention this evening," he began.

"Yes, sir." I had learned never to waste words with this truculent despot.

"Rogers will take that. I have something else that I wanted to speak to you about. Some special work."

My bosom swelled with expectant pride. Were my superior merits to be duly recognized at last?

"You know there is to be a great benefit concert at the Cosmopolitan to-night?" the editor went on. I nodded. I did not see exactly what he was driving at, for we had the finest musical critic in America on our staff, who wrote up every event of importance, and whose articles were received as gospel by musicians from one end of the country to the other.

"I have here a letter from Mr. Sanderson," Old Slaughter went on, "saying that he is down with pneumonia and can't possibly step out of the house."

I waited with outward patience to hear what proposition was to be made, although my heart was thumping away fast enough, I can tell you.

"He says in the letter," the editor went on, tapping the document with his finger, "that if there is any man who can

take his place it is Mr. Bangs. He is very flattering to you, I assure you."

I was conscious of blushing to my ears with pride and vain-glory. I had often talked with Sanderson and aired the knowledge that I had just sucked from "How to Understand Music," but I had no idea that I had impressed him so strongly. I felt that a new career was open to me. Sanderson's approval was in itself a sufficient testimonial of high merit.

"Now I need not tell you," Old Slaughter went on in a kindly way that belied his name, "how important this occasion is. I suppose that it is going to be the biggest concert of the year, and we want to have the best criticism of it that is published. We make that a point, you know."

"I will do the best I can," I answered modestly.

"I guess we can trust you. I don't know anything about it myself, but Sanderson's head is level. I am glad to see a young man like you working into a specialty, Mr. Bangs. Hard work always tells, I assure you. Here are the tickets Mr. Sanderson sent back. Two be enough?"

I thanked him and was hurrying away when he called me back.

"By the way, Mr. Bangs," he said, "I forgot to tell you that you might as well sign your article. Sanderson is a little particular about that. He likes to have people know what he writes and what some one else does. H. A. your initials are, aren't they?"

"Yes."

"I thought so. Sanderson writes a villainous hand. You can hardly tell his H's and his A's apart. Get your copy in by half past eleven if you can."

I left the editor's sanctum hardly knowing whether I was walking or floating in the air. A whole column on the editorial page at my disposal. People all over the country would look for the name Sanderson at the bottom of my critique and find—Bangs! I was a trifle alarmed as well as exhilarated at my sudden elevation, but I comforted myself with the reflection that Gertrude would go with me, and that I could easily get pointers from her. To my disgust, however,

I was informed when I reached her house, that she was in bed trying to sleep off a nervous headache, and that it was simply an impossibility for her to stir out of doors. There was no help for it, and betaking myself to my room I proceeded to bone "How to Understand Music" with might and main. I succeeded in getting two chapters pretty well mastered before it was time for the concert, and began to feel a little more confident. I had now a large collection of technical expressions that really sounded quite learned as I rattled them over. Still, I reflected, there was something in the way of combining them, and with a view to improving my style I spent the last moments before the concert in running over a file of the *Jupiter* and studying Sanderson's critiques. There was nothing in them that I couldn't do, I felt sure, and it was with a sense of lordly superiority to the general herd, a feeling that I controlled the opinions of at least a quarter of a million people in regard to this concert, that I went into the opera house and started to make my way to the splendid seats that had been reserved for Mr. Sanderson. In the entrance I met an acquaintance, a certain Dick Soule, who was a violinist in the principal orchestra of the city, and a first-rate musician. He was a jolly good fellow and a great wag, and was a general favorite with the boys.

"Hello, Dick," I called out, "got your seats yet?"

"That's what I have! On the railing. Top balcony. One dollar. No extra charge for standing."

A sudden inspiration flashed into my mind. Why not make my friend useful?

"How would you like," I said loftily, "to get a chair in the first balcony, back, front row, next the aisle?"

"Good Lord, man, do you take me for a millionaire in citizen's clothes? My name ain't Vanderbilt."

"I happen to have an extra seat in the locality I describe," I said, "and if it is any object to you to change, why I shall be glad of your company."

"Well, I should smile!" was his idiomatic but expressive way of accepting and giving thanks, and we passed through the great mass of people who had to stand, and made our way to our seats, which were most admirably situated, both for seeing and hearing.

## PART II.

"Come now, this isn't so slow," said Dick, appreciatively, as he settled back in the luxurious opera chair and complacently surveyed the audience. "Do you always have this sort of thing?"

"Not always quite so fine as this," I admitted. "These were reserved for our musical critic, Mr. Sanderson. He's sick," I went on with cleverly counterfeited modesty, "and I had to take his place."

"No!" said Dick, in an incredulous way that cut me to the heart, "Really? Toilets, I suppose." A very mean allusion to the fact that my greatest journalistic successes, so far, had been in the way of describing social events. But I could not afford to resent this insult to my musical powers, for Dick was quite too useful a person just at that moment. And the concert was ready to begin, so that the conversation was cut off quite abruptly. I found to my delight that I did not have to pump Dick at all or reveal to him the fact that I was in want of any information. He talked fluently and constantly at every break in the music, and I was able to pick up a large number of very interesting facts which I carefully treasured in my mind for use in my article. I reflected with glee that there could hardly fail to be a good many points that not even Mr. Sanderson, the omniscient, had ever heard of, for there was no one like Dick Soule, I had been told, for picking up out-of-the-way information. I should certainly have a stunning article, and very likely it would make me a big reputation.

The bright particular star of the evening was a new prima donna who was just making her début in New York, after having aroused a prodigious furore in Paris and Vienna. The people were fairly wild every time she appeared, and I saw many staid and grave musicians burst their gloves and fairly grow purple in the face with enthusiasm. To my surprise, Dick was not very favorably impressed with her singing. He said nothing, but I could see by his scowl and by the almost imperceptible shake of his head at every



unusually brilliant piece of *coloratur*—thank heaven, I have that word fixed at last—that he was not satisfied. I had at first started to applaud vigorously, but there was something in my companion's manner that chilled my enthusiasm, and I took advantage of the first pause to sound him on the subject in a cautious way. He was very non-committal at first; declined to say anything more than the feeblest common-places. I pressed him for something more definite.

"Now I hate to say anything mean about poor old Nefler," he said, half apologetically. "She's been a good singer, I know, and it's surprising how much she does with the mere rag of a voice she has left. But I must say it's about time she was called in."

"I should think as much," I said sarcastically, though with a certain shock too. My impression of her had been that she was about twenty years old. I made a resolution to myself never to attempt to judge of a woman's age on the stage again.

"Now we'll see what young Geige can do for himself," said Dick, enthusiastically starting a little applause—a very little one—as the young violinist came on to the stage. "Now you will hear some playing. Joachim says he's the best pupil he ever had. There's no one in this country who can touch him."

"Isn't that violin a honey," he said rapturously, as the player began to tune. "That's the one that Paganini used to play on; the most magnificent Guarnerius in the world. I remember very well hearing it the last time Paganini was in Chicago. After his death it was owned by the city of Genoa and was kept for years under a glass case. Rubinstein bought it and made a present of it to young Geige only last year."

"Indeed!" said I, taking note of this as a very interesting point for my article.

Evidently young Geige was not appreciated according to his deserts, for he received but a feeble round of applause, although Dick exerted himself to the utmost, so that the people around us stared and began to laugh at his enthusiasm.

"Confound these idiots!" said my companion angrily; "they can't appreciate good music. Now if he had played that trash thing that's down on the programme they would have just got up and howled. Why, I've seen the audience all leave their seats and move up to the platform *en masse* while he was playing. But that was in Paris."

"What do you say?" I asked anxiously. "Didn't he play the piece that was down on the programme?"

"What! That Singelee thing? Not much! It was the Chaconne from Bach's sixth solo sonata. I don't wonder that you are not familiar with it. There are only three artists in the world who can play it: Remenyi, Sarasate and young Geige."

"What a mercy," I said to myself, "that I happened to run across young Soule." A cold sweat stood on my forehead at the thought of the awful break I might have made. To spring a change like that on a poor harmless music critic was a little too much. I determined to say something scathing about it in my critique.

"Just notice this next piece carefully, will you?" said Dick, throwing himself back in his seat with a little sigh of anticipated pleasure. "It is rather remarkable as being the best piece of work that the French school has yet turned out."

"Indeed!" I said, and glanced at the programme. It was called "A Grand Fantasia on Airs from Donizetti," and bore the name of a composer that I had never heard of before. "Evidently something big," I said to myself, and I prepared to listen with admiration. The audience, however, did not seem to enjoy it much better than they had enjoyed the violin solo, and showed a manifest impatience to get to the next number, which was to introduce a popular tenor, and poor Signor Giardini received but scanty applause, although as before my companion helped out to the best of his ability.

"Poor fellow," he said between his bravos. "It wasn't really his fault. No one could do anything with that wretched old tin pan of a piano. I'm getting mighty tired of this way the Steinways have of putting old rattle traps on the stage that wouldn't be fit for a nickel theater."

"What do they do it for?" I asked indignantly, for now that I thought of it, I *had* noticed a peculiar hard, metallic sound about the tone that was not as musical as it might be.

Dick only shrugged his shoulders. "Ask them," he said. "It's a conundrum. I do think, though, that they might at least send one with three pedals. By George, it makes me mad."

"I said nothing, but I resolved to give the piano makers a little rub in my quiet sarcastic way, which the musicians of the city would appreciate.

Next came the great tenor, De Cimerosa, and he was received with such rapturous applause that it was some time before he could get an opportunity to sing at all. Every one listened with breathless attention except Dick, who rocked back and forth and bit his lips as though consumed by some secret agony.

"*Ach, du lieber Gott!*" he exclaimed, when the singer finished and the audience broke into a great storm of applause. Did you ever hear anything so atrocious? He ought to be taken out and shot this very minute. He wasn't on the key once from beginning to end. I thought I should die before he got through."

"It was pretty bad," I assented. "What do you suppose was the matter?"

"Case of drunk, I believe. A man can't guzzle raw brandy all day and sing opera at night. He'll never touch high C sharp again. *Oh*, but he is a tough! Looks innocent, doesn't he. A great favorite with the women."

Then came a selection by the orchestra; an unfinished symphony by Schubert, about the history of which Dick told me many curious things that I should never have been able to find out for myself. I should indeed have been all at sea in the orchestral numbers if it had not been for my friendly companion, for I don't know a bass trombone from a bass clef myself. But I could hardly have had a better Mentor. Dick had played in an orchestra ever since he was ten years old, and there was little about orchestral music that he was not familiar with.

"You see that man with a very long black instrument that he holds across him diagonally?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Well, that's Herr Kneipl. He's the finest oboe player in this country. He used to play in the big Vienna orchestra."

"Would you mind telling me," I asked, "what is the technical name for those big bass viols that are playing now?"

"Those? Oh certainly. Those are the thorough-basses. They call them that, you see, because they are the most thorough bass there is in the orchestra—well I'll be hanged!"

"What's the matter?" I asked with some concern, for he was staring at the orchestra in an open-mouthed, distracted sort of way, as if he could hardly trust his senses. I had to repeat my question several times before he seemed to be able to get it into his head.

"The infernal lubbers!" he said at last in an indignant way. "If they are not going on to finish up the symphony! I call that an act of deliberate vandalism. They ought to be roasted for it in the papers."

"How much did Schubert write?" I asked, with apparent carelessness.

"He had got just half way through the second movement and was going on to write more when he died. Oh, the rascals!" I looked around with a feeling of exultation. It was clear that none of the people around us suspected the truth, and there were some musical people there too. How pleased Gertrude would be with my erudition when she saw my critique in the morning.

After the symphony came a solo by a great contralto singer. She sang an aria from "Samson et Delila" by one C. St. Saens. It was evident that she was a popular favorite, and Dick allowed himself to be mildly pleased.

"The most promising singer in America," he said. "She's crude yet, and she has no method, but you hear her ten years from now and you'll see. Just think! She knows nothing whatever about music except what she has picked up for herself."

"Is that possible!" I exclaimed, mentally noting that down as a point.

"Yes; she's going to Berlin next year, to study with Madame Marchesi. I expect great things from her. But she sings like a very infant just now."

"She looks older than the soprano," I said.

"She does; that's a fact." You would say that she was forty to look at her. Size is always so misleading. You never give a little woman credit for her years, or a fat creature credit for her youth."

The other numbers were more commonplace, but nevertheless I managed to get a good deal of material from all of them, so that I felt pretty confident that if I remembered one-half of what I picked up I could write a critique that would make old Sanderson turn green. My literary style was superb, and now that I had reliable information so that I could write with confidence I knew that I could turn out a first-rate article. Instead of going to the office to write I went to a friend's room near at hand where there was a dictionary of music, which I thought would help me a good deal in the use of technical expressions. It proved to be even easier work than I had anticipated.

"There is something in being fresh to it, I presume," I said with some complacency, as I looked over my finished work. "I have often noticed that Sanderson has a tendency to fall into regular conventional ways of saying things. It must get to be a bore to have to use the same set of words over and over again. There's where I have the advantage. It's all fresh and new to me, and I can write it just as naturally as I would anything else."

As there was a little time to spare, I amused myself by reading over some of the best places before going down to the office with my copy. Certainly it was very bright and interesting indeed, and I could see little in it that could be improved. I will quote a few of the places that I liked best:

"One of the most thoroughly admirable pieces of work in the whole programme was the exquisite rendition of the aria from 'Lucia,' by Madame Nefler. The great diva's execution is so perfect, and her intonation so brilliant, that

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one quite forgets how long it has been since she made her first appearance in opera bouffe. Her voice shows some slight symptoms of wear, and she very judiciously avoids the use of her extreme high notes, but her singing still retains all its old sweetness and charm, and she shows no signs as yet of losing her hold upon the popular affections.

“As for the new violinist, the young Herr Geige, of Berlin, it is impossible to say too much in his praise. Judicious critics have long since recognized the fact that he is the coming violinist, the worthy successor of the scepter of his great master, Joachim. His tone is broad and full, his execution faultless, and above all he plays with that broad intellectual grasp which is the mark of the great artist. He deserves the sincere thanks of every lover of good music for having substituted the magnificent Bach Chaconne for the trashy Fantasia by Singelee, that he was to have played. It has been said that there are but three artists now living who are able to play this noble solo as it should be played: Remenyi, Sarasate and—Herr Geige. He certainly makes a worthy third in this superb trio. We regret that the taste of the average concert goer is not yet sufficiently cultivated to make this a popular selection. Herr Geige deserves all the more credit for sacrificing the applause of the vulgar to his love of high art. It may not be amiss to say a word about his magnificent violin, which was once the property of Paganini, and was presented to Herr Geige by the great composer Rubinstein on the occasion of the violinist's first appearance in Berlin. It was on this wonderful violin that Paganini played when he made his final trip through the United States, which many of our readers will remember. Herr Geige is the first who has had the honor of playing on it since it dropped from the hands of the dead Italian wizard. This remarkable instrument has had a most curious history. For years it was the property of the city of Genoa, and was always kept under a glass case to protect it from the atmosphere. It is needless to say that its value is quite inestimable. At its last sale it brought over \$20,000, and now it is not to be purchased at any figure. It is perhaps no exaggeration to say that it is the most perfect instrument

in the world. It is absolutely impossible to find any fault with it.

"The next selection, 'A Grand Fantasia on Airs from Donizetti,' deserves especial notice as being the best work for piano that the French school has yet turned out. It has a sparkling piquancy which fascinates the hearer and compels his attention from beginning to end. We are delighted to see that French music, which has long been in a backward condition, is now making such rapid progress. Signor Giardini plays with much style and intelligence, but he labored under serious disadvantages on account of the wretched old tin pan of a piano upon which he was compelled to play. Why is it, we wonder, that our piano makers invariably provide such miserable instruments for occasions of this kind? It certainly seems as though the Steinways might have furnished one of their three-pedaled instruments for an occasion of such importance! We hope to hear Signor Giardini again under more favorable auspices.

"It is very exasperating to have a man who *can* sing, behave the way that Signor De Cimerosa did last night. We venture to say that he did not come within half a note of the true pitch from the beginning to the end of his selection. We were surprised that he was not hissed off the stage, but our popular audiences have got so in the way of applauding him that they would cry bravo if he came on quite drunk. He has a superb voice, and there is no excuse for his appearing in public in such a condition.

"The Schubert symphony for orchestra has never been played in this country before, owing to the incomplete condition in which it was left by the author. Though not equal to his more finished productions, it shows many traces of the genius which he undoubtedly possessed. In its general tone it bears many marks of the influence of Brahms. In this connection we must protest against the abominable vandalism which could attempt to finish the work of the great master. It should be left like Aladdin's window, splendid in its incompleteness. We do not know who is responsible for this sacrilege, but we hope that it will not be repeated. The added portion, beginning with the middle of

the second movement, is of a decidedly inferior character, and bears not the slightest resemblance to anything that Schubert ever wrote. The wrongfulness of the sacrilege is increased by the clumsiness with which it was executed.

"The performance of the work, however, deserves cordial praise. Mr. — has now secured perfect control of his brass instruments, so that they no longer drown out the strings, as was formerly the case. The solo work is also especially fine. One of the most beautiful places in the entire work is the *Leit Motif* for the thorough-basses in the slow movement, which was executed with remarkable precision. The basses were also nobly reinforced by the oboe so skillfully played by Herr Kreipl, of Vienna.

"One of the most promising singers in America at the present time is Madame M——, who sang the superb aria from 'Samson et Delila,' by C. St. Saens, a composer with whom we are not familiar. Her style is as yet unformed and crude, and it is perfectly clear that she has never studied under any good masters, but these are faults that time and patience will overcome. One can easily forgive a little crudeness in a novice. We understand that Madame M—— intends to return to Berlin next year for a long course of study with Madame Viardot. We congratulate her upon her wisdom. Few young artists nowadays have the self-restraint involved in securing a thorough technical education. We anticipate a fine career for this charming young contralto."

There was a little space to spare when I had finished my review of the concert, and I devoted it to a few general remarks on music, which I thought would make a good impression on my hearers. I made a few remarks on the greatness of Beethoven, and advised all students of music to begin their education with him. I then had space for a short exposition of the art theories of Wagner, which I stated in my most lucid and eloquent manner. Then I carefully folded up my copy and took it down to the office.

"Hello," said Bob Snedeker. "Did a fellow come round to see you?"

"No," I answered. "Who was he?"



"Didn't leave his card," grunted Bob.

"What did he look like?"

"Kind of good-looking fellow, with dark complexion and curly hair; about your heft."

"Must have been Dick," I thought. Perhaps he had some more information for me that he had just thought of.

"How long since he was here?" I asked.

"Just now. Not more than ten minutes ago."

"I must have missed him if he went on up to my room. I should like to see him."

"He left a note for you somewhere, I believe; ask the boys."

The boys knew nothing about it, but had a dim idea that it had been left somewhere in the office. The most careful search failed to bring it to light. A newspaper office is not a very safe place to leave things lying around loose. It was not likely, however, I reflected, to be a matter of much importance. I certainly had all the material now that I could well use, and it would really be a pity to interpolate any new matter into my well proportioned and carefully finished article. My duties for the night were over when I had handed in my "Musical Notes" copy, and I went home to sleep the sleep of the just, and to dream of the glory that my critique would bring me. I remember that in one of my dreams I had just founded a new illustrated magazine of music in the same style as *Harper's New Monthly Magazine*, and was filling the position of editor-in-chief myself.

### PART III.

In the morning I determined to stop on my way down to the office and inquire after the health of Gertrude, her house being almost directly in my route. My work was so irregular, and my afternoons and evenings so certain to be taken up that it had been agreed that there should be no formality between us in the matter of hours. To my delight she had quite recovered from her illness, and asked me to come in on a little matter of business. The little matter of business speedily resolved itself into a request for my

judgment in the matter of a Christmas present for a gentleman. I did not have a great deal of difficulty in deciding who the gentleman was, and was able to give her very trustworthy advice indeed.

"Oh, by the way," Gertrude said, as I was preparing to leave, "I want to tell you how much I enjoyed your review of the concert. It was next best thing to being there myself."

"I am glad you liked it," I murmured modestly.

"Liked it? of course I did. It was *splendid*. Papa has just been reading it to me, and he says that you are undoubtedly the coming music critic. He says that he values your judgment more highly than Mr. Sanderson's."

"You oughtn't to tell me such things," I said, blushing vividly. "I don't want to be made conceited." Meanwhile I was thinking over the good things that I had said, and wondering whether it might not be true after all.

"Oh I don't think that there is any danger of your being spoiled. The only fault that I have to find with you is that you are *too* modest. I often wonder why a person who knows as much about music as you do should be so reluctant to give his opinion."

Perhaps, I reflected guiltily; perhaps it was because I did not have young Soule at my elbow on ordinary occasions.

"But really my opinion is of no especial value," I said, with a humility which was not altogether assumed.

"That's just what I told you," she said triumphantly. "You see you are too modest; that is all that is the matter. But never mind; I am going to *make* you talk after this."

This innocent remark gave me an awful shudder at the thought of the future that was in store for me. Did ever a person suffer so without any blame on his side? I had never pretended to know anything about music. I had told her once a week, at least, that I didn't. But whether it was my fault or not I knew that she would be inexorable now in drawing me out on all possible occasions, private or public.

Just at this point Major Fenwick entered the room, and Gertrude took advantage of his entrance to excuse herself on

some pretext or other, and retreated to the next room. Now there were just two persons in the world that I was afraid of. One was "Old Slaughter"; the other was Major Fenwick. He was a tall, stern-looking old soldier with a face that reminded you of a court martial at the first glance. Singularly enough, for military men are not commonly addicted to the fine arts, he was an excellent student of music, and had contributed some articles to the monthlies that had made him a very considerable reputation in days gone by. He had set out to talk music with me before, but Providence had always interposed hitherto. I intended to have it interpose again in about two minutes, and call me off to the newspaper office.

"I really thought that I must step in and thank you for your article in the morning paper, Mr. Bangs," began the Major, with a gracious smile like sunbeam playing on the side of a glacier. "It's a scorcher, sir, it's a scorcher. And really I think from the programme and from what I know of the artists—save the mark—that it is none too severe."

"I thought they needed something of the sort," I answered rather vaguely. As I remembered it my review had been on the whole rather laudatory.

"Well they've got it, sir, they've got it. Yours is the only paper, so far as I have seen, that has dared to treat the wretched affair as it deserves. I haven't read Mr. Sander-son's account yet. I suppose that he will pitch into 'em hot. He's a good one too, but he hasn't your style. He's too diffuse. Now what I admire about your work is the way in which you cut everything to pieces, and all in an article hardly a paragraph in length."

I did not quite see the force of this remark, for I considered a column article as quite a long one. Certainly it seemed so to me, whose journalistic effusions had hitherto been rarely more than eight lines in length.

"By the way, Mr. Bangs, where did you get hold of that Lincoln anecdote? I never happened to hear that before. That's very good indeed. I must keep that for future use."

"Lincoln?" I asked in stupefaction. I did not dare to ask anything more till I knew how the land lay.

"Yes, that quotation that you applied to Nefler, you know."

"Oh yes," I stammered. "That's something I picked up. The fact is that I had forgotten that I had left that in. I meant to cut it out."

"Glad you didn't. It is too bright to be spared. There was one point, Mr. Bangs, that I meant to ask you about. I am afraid that we old-fashioned people are getting a little behind the times. Just excuse me a moment while I get the paper, will you."

In another instant he returned with a copy of (*horresco referens*!) the morning *Mars* in his hands.

"Here it is," he said, "just look at that point that I have marked with a lead pencil."

I took the paper with shaking hands and looked at it as though it had been my death warrant. The first thing that caught my eye was the fatal signature at the bottom—H. H. Bangs. That infernal brother; was he to cross my course at every turn? He is a very good sort of a brother, and I thought very highly of him under ordinary circumstances, but I confess that for a moment I entertained at least a dozen different wild homicidal schemes. The article ran as follows. You can very easily find it by looking over the old files of the New York *Mars*.

"Perhaps the most fearful and wonderful of our American institutions is our popular concert system. A decayed prima donna, three or four fifth-rate blowers or scrapers, a stick of a piano player to fill up, and a trash programme—these make up the attractions of the average popular concert company. Woe betide the unwary musician who is entrapped into attending by the one or two classical numbers that are put on as a concession to the learned. We have no faith in these attempts to educate the masses by force; by luring them in side with musical bon-bons, and then feeding them with huge boluses of Bach and Beethoven. In trying to please too many tastes there is a certainty of displeasing all. Last night's 'Grand Benefit Concert' was a vicious specimen of a vicious class. We boast of our metropolitan culture, but as a matter of fact there is not a fifth-rate or a fiftieth-rate

city in Germany where such an entertainment would not have been hissed. We hope that the days of the *omnibus* concert are not long in the land.

“Last night's concert at least enjoyed the distinction of introducing a new and quite promising prima donna. Miss Nefslor's work is certainly brilliant, and, to paraphrase President Lincoln, for those who like that sort of thing, this is the sort of thing that they will like. There is always a certain degree of pleasure in hearing a fresh, pure voice, no matter what the faults of style may be. The violinist, Mr. Geige, does not warrant serious treatment, and we feel too sad about it to speak of him in the tone of elaborate frivolity which is fitting. We will simply remark that he would do well to return to Berlin and try to gain admittance to the *Hochschule*. We speak under correction, but we should judge that Mr. Geige had obtained his musical outfit in one of those three-dollar lots, including violin, bow, rosin and three splendid solos, which can sometimes be picked up at a bargain. When a violinist is so poor that a New York audience won't encore a cheap fantasie with plenty of harmonics and pizzicato work, he must be very, very poor indeed. The pianist was worse yet. He played trash and he played it vilely. He evidently kept a brick or something of the sort on the pedal to hold it down, and then struck from the shoulder in a style which would have done credit to John L. Sullivan. The general effect was like a whisper from a boiler factory. Even the audience saw that it was atrocious, and that is saying a good deal.

“Why is it that no tenor singer nowadays tries to make a good, honest, straightforward tone? We detest this quivering and shaking around on every note as though the singer were smitten with the ague. If young artists would realize that this habit puts them on the same level with decaying veterans who strive to hide their decrepitude in this manner, it is likely that this vicious style of singing would go out of fashion. Otherwise Mr. Cimerosa's work is excellent, and there is some satisfaction in hearing even the worst trash well sung. The performance of the Unfinished Symphony is beneath mention. Those who heard Thomas give it last

month must have groaned at the contrast. The orchestra would have done much better to have stayed by the 'Blue Danube,' instead of executing so thoroughly a great symphony which all regular concert goers know by heart.

"The redeeming feature of the concert was the fine aria from 'Samson and Delila,' sung by our favorite contralto, or rather mezzo, Madame M——. She is undoubtedly the most musical and best trained singer now on the American stage, and she sings with prodigious dramatic force. For many years she has been a shining example of what America can do occasionally in the way of broad and thorough musical culture. We hope that the rumor that she intends to retire from the stage at the close of the present season has no foundation in fact. H. H. BANGS."

"Now the point I want to ask you about," began the Major, "as you will see, is in regard to Madame M——'s withdrawal. I had heard nothing about that. Have you any reason to suppose there is anything in it?"

"No, no, nothing but a rumor;" I managed to gasp.

"I am glad to hear it. It would be a great loss. I remember—why what's the matter, Mr. Bangs? you look sick."

"I am," I said, and I was so completely miserable that that was not very far from the truth.

"I see what it is; it's malaria. I suffered for years in the same way. Let me prescribe for you." And he went briskly off in search of pen and paper. I longed to be out of the house, but was too cowardly to leave.

"Here," said the gallant major, returning in a moment with a piece of paper, "you have this filled for you at a drug store, and you will find that it will serve you just as well as any doctor's prescription. I'm not an old campaigner for nothing."

I thanked him and put his prescription in my pocket, wishing all the while that the house would fall and involve me in its ruin.

"By the way, Mr. Bangs," the major went on, looking over his shoulder to see that the door into the next room was shut, "I wanted to see you this morning on another little

affair that may be of more interest to you than your excellent critique." And he grinned in as alarming a manner as before.

"I am getting to be an old fellow now, sir," he went on, "but I'm not quite blind yet, and I can still see when two young people are interested in each other. I've thought for some time that I would speak to you about Gertie, but I concluded to wait till I saw how you got on together. I see there's no need of waiting longer on that score. I imagine that it would not be very difficult to guess at your intentions," and he smiled at me in a style which was intended to be encouraging.

"As for Gertie," he continued, "I am sure she worships your genius. She is quoting your articles all the while, and it is clear that she thinks everything of you. So I guess you will not find any difficulty in that quarter. As for myself, I shall feel myself extremely honored to have you become one of us. I suppose that you have no great means, but that need be no obstacle. Gertie has a matter of \$20,000 in her own right, and you, if you need any more, why, I have rather more money than an old man well knows what to do with. And your own income will be growing all the while, for when a man gets right up to the top of his profession as you will be in a year or two, even literature is a paying thing. Now I honor you for hesitating to speak of the matter while your income was so unsettled, but I thought it would be only right to give you a little hint that that need make no difference."

"Thank you very much," I said earnestly.

"I thought you wouldn't be offended if I took the liberty of addressing you on the subject," he said heartily, shaking hands with me. "Now I want very much to see Gertie happily married, and I know that she will never be happy with one who is not her equal in every way. We adore genius, both of us, and I am glad to be able to entrust her to a man of your intellectual caliber. Then, too, music makes so large a part of her life. I should never in the world have allowed her to marry a man who was not a thoroughly

cultured musician. Sympathy in such things is the surest bond of union."

"You have made me a very happy man," I stammered, though I was dismally conscious I didn't look it.

"I thought I had something to say that would please you. Will you stop and see Gertie now?"

It is not necessary to go through all the details of the interview with Gertrude. We had both known for a long time what we would say, and the proposal was altogether too tame for a history that must compete with fiction.

"Darling," she said at last, looking up shyly into my face, "do you want to know when I first fell in love with you?"

"Yes, indeed."

"It was when I first discovered that you were the author of 'Until Death.' That first showed me, Herbert, dear, what you were really like."

I hurried away from that house as miserable a man as there was in the United States. Even suicide did not seem to me an adequate remedy for my ills. "Herbert! Herbert!" I kept groaning to myself. "It seems that I have not even a name of my own." And the trivial matter of the musical critique was entirely banished from my mind.

When I stepped into the newspaper office, a little titter was heard all over the room where the reporters were at work.

"Say, Cholley, there's the musical editor!" one graceless wag remarked.

"Unarmed, too," said another. "He must have gall."

"Don't you fool yourself. I can see a Smith & Wesson in his pocket. It don't do to monkey with these quiet-looking fellows. They go loaded."

"My, but wasn't old Simmerossy mad?"

"Not a circumstance to Jimson; he was fairly red-headed."

"And the old man—*Oh, Lord!*"



"Did you see the club that the big fellow had?"

"I should smile; and a Colt's forty-eight in his pocket."

"Sanderson, though, was the worst; he was just crazy."

"I say, Harry," asked Bob Snedeker, "have you seen Old Slaughter this morning?"

"No."

"He was just asking after you. It seems that he wants to have you take Sanderson's place regularly. He says you come high, but he must have you." There was a general roar of laughter at this remark, which seemed to indicate that it was not intended seriously, as I likewise inferred from the curious motion in one eye with which it was accompanied.

"Oh, I say, Bangs, have you seen Miss Nefslar this morning?" asked Jim Anderson.

I declined to make any reply, and maintained a dignified silence.

"She was in here with a bottle of vitriol about five o'clock this morning. She was going to fresco us all at first. We finally persuaded her to wait and see you, though. She said she'd drop in again when you were in."

"Wanted to see the man that said she was losing her voice, she said," put in Snedeker.

"Mr. Bangs come in yet?" piped a shrill voice. "Mr. B—— wants to see him if he has."

"I told you so," said Bob gravely. "Well, you've earned it, old fellow. We won't grudge you your honors."

I went into the editor's office with a sinking heart. As soon as I got within good cursing range he began to swear at me; not fitfully, or in gusts, but with a good, strong, steady pressure which seemed to indicate that he had been all over the subject once and was just getting his second wind. When he got through he was exhausted and harmless.

"Do you think that the *Jupiter* is a child's toy to be trifled with in this way, Bangs?" he asked in a pathetic tone.

that went to my heart. "Do you think that we enjoy being the laughing stock of the country?"

"What is the matter, sir?" I asked in as steady a voice as I could command.

"Matter? Matter enough. There have been about fifteen people in here this morning to see what was up. Two women have threatened suit, one man has attempted to assault the proprietor, and Sanderson has resigned, and there's not another man like him to be had. Isn't that matter enough for you?"

"I did my best, I am sure."

"Your best? Lord! What is your worst like? The only thing now is to pass it off as a joke, and I don't know how to manage that, I am sure," and his voice sank away in a kind of broken-hearted wail.

I bit my lip and remained silent. The fact was that I could not think of anything that seemed at all appropriate for me to say.

"Now I don't know just what you thought you were doing, Mr. Bangs," the chief said, mournfully, "but I guess you've about done it. I'm afraid we sha'n't be able to keep you any longer. You're too expensive a luxury for us."

As I went out Bob Snedeker called to me.

"I say, Harry," he said, "here's that note your friend left last night. Phillips had it." I took the note and read it with about the same cheerfulness with which a condemned man's widow would read the reprieve that came a day too late. It ran as follows. I have it framed in black and keep it in my desk to look at when I am in danger of feeling too joyful.

"*Dear Harry:* Don't put any of that rot in the paper. It was an awful mean trick to play on you, and I repented as soon as I left you, but the temptation was irresistible. And really I didn't know that you would be such an ass. I hope that it isn't too late for you to fix it up. I'll call it my treat to make things square.

DICK.

"P. S.—Regard everything I said as a lie, and you'll come out about straight and have a better account of the concert than nine out of ten of the critics.

D."

"What ! going ?" asked the incorrigible Bob, with affected surprise. "I suppose, though, you musical editors don't have to work so hard as the rest of us. Lucky dog."

I deserve one big credit mark at least. I didn't kill him. I don't know but that I should have done so, though, if I had had any weapon.

The old adage that misfortunes never come singly was amply verified in my case. When I reached my room, pondering deeply over the relative merits of ratsbane and hydrocyanic acid I found a note in my box, written in a familiar four-cornered English hand. With an instinctive feeling that another calamity was in store for me I tore open the envelope and read as follows:

"*Dear Herbert:* What is the matter ? There is some terrible mystery that I cannot even attempt to solve. Have you an enemy who has taken this *dreadful* revenge on you ? I have been crying my eyes out all the morning. Papa is perfectly *furious* about it. He thinks that you would be quite justified in challenging the man to a duel, but I hope you won't do that, dearest. You cannot think how *miserable* it has made me. If it was intended for a joke it was a very, *very* stupid one. I hope that you will call and tell me all about it this afternoon. Lovingly, GERTRUDE."

#### PART IV.

My first feeling was one of simple stupefaction. I was quite unable to realize what had happened, or to form any plans for extricating myself from the toils. When I began to come to my senses I decided that the first thing to be done was to find out exactly how much ignorance I had displayed in that unlucky account of the concert. I had just barely skimmed over Herbert's article, and had no more definite idea of it than that it differed from mine in many important respects, but Soule's note would seem to indicate that I had made several very serious blunders. This, however, was not in itself so alarming. It is not an uncommon thing

for two critics to differ absolutely in their opinions of the merits of different performers. Or—and here a sudden inspiration flashed over my mind—perhaps it could be passed off as a very deep and subtle piece of irony, which people had failed to appreciate. At all events, I must have the campaign carefully planned before I ventured near Gertrude's house, and as a beginning it was absolutely necessary that I should find out the exact state of affairs. I determined to throw myself upon the mercy of Mr. Sanderson. He was not a very pleasant man to go to, being gifted with disagreeable powers of sarcasm, but at least I could be sure that he would tell me the truth. His house was on the very next street, and in another minute I was ringing at his door. Mrs. Sanderson answered the ring herself. She was very much afraid Mr. Sanderson would not be able to see me. Some very stupid fellow had been given charge of the newspaper that he wrote for (here I winced a trifle), and he had rushed out in the cold morning air to see what was the matter, and had had a relapse. Should she give him my name?

"If you will be so good," I answered, "H. A. Bangs."

"Indeed! Mr. Bangs, the music critic. I am sure that Mr. Sanderson is quite anxious to see you about something. Perhaps you will be willing to wait while I ask him."

It was only a moment before she returned and told me that Mr. Sanderson was very desirous of seeing me. I could not imagine why, but inasmuch as that was the very thing that I had come for I was glad that the desire should be mutual. Mrs. Sanderson led me through into the family room where the great critic lay plunged in the depths of a huge reclining chair, with a thick shawl wound about him again and again, till he reminded one strongly of a newly resurrected mummy.

"Oh, it's you, is it," was the not very auspicious salutation that he gave me.

"Yes, it is I," I replied desperately, as the bitter truth made itself clear that I had been admitted under the

supposition that I was my brother. "Unluckily it is, and I wish that I was almost anyone else."

"I wish that you could have been some one else for a little while last night, if it could have been managed without serious inconvenience," remarked Mr. Sanderson grimly.

"It was all your fault," I answered with bitterness, "you ought not to have recommended me for the work."

"Recommend *you* for the work? I never did. It was your brother."

"But the editor——"

"The editor was an ass. He ought to have known better than to set you to writing anything more important than a critique of a dime museum."

"Thank you," I said meekly.

"But how the dickens you could get up such a mess out of your own head is more than I can see, Mr. Bangs. You're a genius; a positive genius!"

"I wasn't to blame," I said piteously, and then I told him the whole lamentable history. I thought for a certainty that he would die with laughter before I finished. When he recovered control of himself his ill humor had entirely disappeared.

"I think you and your brother would be entirely justifiable," he said, "in drawing cuts as to which should be allowed to put the other to death. How he must have enjoyed this joke!"

"Do you think so?" I asked rather dubiously.

"Think so? I know it. Now you see at least one-half of his musical friends will think he wrote it, and wonder why he hasn't been put in an insane asylum, and whether he won't be. Oh, he'll find it exhilarating."

"I hope so, I'm sure," I said. "He won't get half as much fun out of it as I have had." And then I told him about Gertrude and her father and my dilemma, which sent poor Sanderson into such convulsions that I began to fear for his life again.

"I say, if you have any more jokes like that, Bangs," he managed to gasp, "please keep them to yourself. Another

(4)

fit would be the end of me. My poor lungs——” And he finally succeeded in regaining a measurable degree of soberness.

“Now the question is,” I said, broaching my pet scheme, “Can this article be passed off as a master stroke of irony?”

He pondered for a moment, struck, doubtless, with the novelty of the proposition.

“Your idea is an ingenious one,” he answered finally, with great gravity, “but I should be inclined to doubt its feasibility. You see there are a good many mistakes which it would be almost as hard to work into any consistent exegesis as the various beasts of the Apocalypse. Just hand me the *Jupiter* from the table, will you?”

“Now, for example we don’t commonly speak, we critics, of a singer’s intonation being brilliant. If may be quite right to do so, but it isn’t the custom. Nor do we commonly refer to the oboes as ‘reinforcing the thorough-basses.’ Purely a matter of usage, of course, but still a point worth noticing. Nor do we generally say ‘a Schubert symphony for orchestra.’ Symphony is quite enough alone. Then I fear it would be difficult to pass off your remarks on the last part of this symphony on any principle of irony with which I am familiar. There is some irony, to be sure, in telling a contralto fifty years old that she will be able to do good work when she is a little more mature, but I am afraid that the good taste of the joke might be called in question by the more fastidious. Then to intimate that a well known tenor of good character appeared on the stage drunk, I fear that that too might be regarded by some as overstepping the bounds of legitimate irony.”

“That’s enough,” I groaned. “I see that it is quite out of the question. What would you advise me to do?”

“I think that in the first place I should retire from the musical profession for a short time, until I had mastered ‘How to Understand Music’—I noticed from some remarks that you let fall the other day that you were studying that excellent work—and take up some less dangerous occupation.”

"Don't needlessly set foot upon a worm!" I implored.

"As for satisfying the wrath of the different parties involved, I can think of no better way than to publish a circular in the newspapers, telling just how the mistake happened. I think that your brother and Miss Nefslor and Signor Cimerosa and Madame M—— and the orchestra conductor, and all their managers, and the Steinways and the Millers (the piano was a Miller, I suppose you know, and not a Steinway, and a very good one it was, too), and all their agents, would feel the force of the joke so strongly that they would quite forget their resentment."

"On the whole, I think I prefer the hydrocyanic acid," I remarked gloomily, speaking to myself.

"I don't know but that you are in the right. It *would* be disagreeable. I will see if I can think of some better way. As for your sweetheart, I recommend you very strongly to go at once and tell her the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. It's bound to come out now, and you might as well get some credit for honesty, for you will probably need all the credit that you can get."

"I think that you are in the right," I said dejectedly, taking up my hat.

"I think so. And by the way, Mr. Bangs, the next time that you have any occasion to do any *fine* critical work I shall be very happy to look over your copy if you care to have me."

The rest of that wretched day I wandered around the streets of the city trying to think how I could palliate my revelation to Gertrude. Once I found myself down by the East river, where the great bowsprits of the huge sailing vessels seem to be trying to harpoon the people in second-story windows, and as the smell of the sea suddenly saluted my nostrils, I involuntarily added  $H_2O$  to the list of destructive agencies whose merits I was balancing in my mind. But I looked at the black, cold water, shuddered and passed on—it is a mercy that not all men are courageous enough to commit suicide—and waited for the time I had set for the interview with Gertrude with much the same feelings, doubtless, with which the criminal awaits the arrival of the hangman. I

had fixed upon four in the afternoon, because I knew that at this hour Major Fenwick was never at home, and for obvious reasons I regarded this as a decided desideratum.

I had just climbed the tall, ugly flight of steps and had my hand on the bell pull, when the door opened, and to my consternation I beheld—Major Fenwick himself.

"Come in, come in," he exclaimed with cheery hospitality, "I've been delayed so long in getting started this afternoon that I might as well put it off once more. You look thoroughly stirred up, sir. Gad! I don't blame you. I should be myself. It's as wanton an outrage as I ever heard of. Deuced clever, though, I will say that; as clever a bit of burlesque as I ever saw. He's got your style, sir, your style and your catchwords down to perfection. I had to rub my eyes once or twice to make sure I wasn't dreaming. The boldest stroke, though, was the signature—to put it H. A. Bangs, instead of H. H.; just avoiding forgery, you see. Have you taken any measures to detect the scoundrel?"

"None to speak of." I stammered, absolutely incapable of beginning the confession that I had so carefully elaborated. If this fierce warrior was so wroth at what appeared to him an attempt at a joke, what would he do when he learned that it was no joke at all; that I had written the article and had never written much of anything else; that I was, in short, nothing but an impostor. Frown not, gentle reader, if I confess that I capitulated weakly. I did only what you yourself would have done under the same circumstances.

"Now, my dear boy," continued the major, when he had ushered me into the parlor. "If I can be of any service to you in this matter I shall be delighted. I'm not generally trifled with, I think, and if it would be any satisfaction to you I can just look in at the newspaper office and set this thing to rights."

I thanked him profusely even volubly, for his kindness, but told him I thought I should be able to settle the matter very satisfactorily.

"Very good, then, but if you should need my services, don't hesitate to call for them. Sorry to have to leave you, but Gertie will be down in a minute, and I think you won't



mind the exchange, eh?" And with a frightful ogreish grin that was meant to be arch the redoubtable son of Mars was gone.

I now had the prospect of a few moments to myself, and I employed them in endeavoring to brace myself up to the point of a full confession. It was impossible with the major; it was not much easier with Gertrude. It was not so much that I feared her resentment as that I dreaded to think how bitter the revelation must be to her. I groaned at the prospective ordeal, but there was no escape from it.

It was only about half an hour before Gertrude made her appearance, for she was much more scrupulous about not keeping her callers waiting than most ladies of my acquaintance.

"Don't worry any more, dear, about what I wrote you," she began, when she had greeted me affectionately, "I ought to have known that you would have enough to annoy you, anyway. But I was so provoked at that horrid man. Now ever so many people will read that and think what a simpleton that Mr. Bangs must be. I think it's too mean for anything. And when you are really so clever, too."

"Gertrude, love," I began tremulously, "I came here to—to make an awful confession."

"Indeed," she said coldly, withdrawing the hand that I had been softly caressing, "What is it, pray?"

"I wrote that—that article in the *Jupiter* myself."

"Oh Herbert, how could you! When you know how I *hate* jokes. And now every one thinks that you were in earnest." And in spite of her handkerchief I could see that the tears were trickling from her eyes.

"That's the worst of it," I said, gloomily. "I was in deadly earnest." And I told her sadly how I had been betrayed by that young miscreant Dick Soule.

"But I don't understand, Herbert," she said, "how, when you are such a fine musician yourself——"

"I'm *not* a fine musician myself," I said, making one one gulp at the cup of bitterness, "and—and—my name isn't Herbert."

"Oh, what is this awful mystery, Herb——Mr. Bangs, I mean? Tell me everything at once. I insist upon it."

It was a little difficult to comply literally with her request, but I did as well as I could. To repeat what I said would be simply to tell the history of my misfortunes over again. I had a hard time in straightening things out, but at last I made it tolerably clear that I was not myself at all but my insignificant younger brother, that I knew nothing about music, that I had never written anything worth mentioning, that I was not the author of her beloved "Until Death," and that my name was not Herbert but Henry, a name that she had often told me she despised. I had often wondered at her frankness. It was all hideously clear now.

"Oh, how *could* you deceive me so?" she moaned, sinking back in her chair and sobbing as though her heart would break.

"It wasn't my fault, indeed it wasn't," I pleaded. "Say you forgive me, dearest, and that you love me yet."

"You? There *is* no you!" she answered scornfully. "There was a you once—or no, it was a Herbert! Oh how could you undeceive me so cruelly?" This seemed to me, humble and contrite though I was, to be going a little too far. To blame me in one breath for deceiving her and in the next for undeceiving her seemed to be a little unfair.

"I *never* deceived you, Gertrude," I said, with some dignity, "I told you all along that I was not what you thought; that I was very ignorant and not at all clever."

"Yes, but I thought all along that that was only your—I mean Herbert's modesty. You ought to have *made* me understand. Oh, it is all too cruel. And to think that you did not write that lovely poetry!"

"I wish I had done so, I am sure," I said dolefully, "but after all that is my misfortune, and not my fault. Say that you love me still, darling."

"You forget, Mr. Bangs," she answered coldly, "that I never even heard of your existence until now. And besides, papa would never, never approve of it. He is so devoted to talent, you know."

I shuddered involuntarily. I had quite forgotten that the interview with the major was yet to come.

"No, Mr. Bangs—that is your name, is it not—all is over between us. I could never trust you again after being so terribly deceived in you once. How could I tell who you might be next time? Perhaps a—a murderer, or something."

I have a dim memory of spending the night in walking with drenched garments in a soaking rain, but no single detail of the next twenty-four hours is clear in my memory. I must have received the following letter from my brother that day, but I protest that I knew nothing about it until I came across it quite recently in an old letter file. It shows how keenly he enjoyed the joke :

"*Dear Henry:* If you *will* persist in making an ass of yourself in public, why can you not have enough common decency to do it under an assumed name, and not bring the family into discredit? I have received abusive letters from five musicians who were justly enraged by your idiotic remarks. Twelve people have inquired after my health and asked if my mind were not suffering from overwork. Three have asked indirectly if there was not a strain of insanity in the family ——"

So much is comparatively quiet and restrained in tone, but the rest of the letter is hasty, even impulsive in its nature, and as it might show my brother in an unfavorable light, I refrain from printing it.

It is time to draw this harrowing narrative to a close. When I recovered from the illness that the shock and the exposure to the rain had caused, my brother found me a situation in a bank, and offered it to me on the condition that I should never again sign my name to anything I wrote. It was a base advantage to take of my misfortunes, but I have outwitted him at last. For though my contract compels me to sign another name at the end I am still able to insert my true name in the body of this veracious history. And now my friends will understand why I write under an assumed name, a point concerning which a great deal of curiosity has been manifested.

I will conclude my wretched story with a clipping from my old paper, the *Jupiter*, which tells what I could not trust myself to write :

“A BRILLIANT SOCIETY EVENT.

“One of the most brilliant weddings of the season was that of Mr. Herbert H. Bangs, the well known author and critic, and Miss Gertrude Fenwick, the accomplished daughter of the distinguished officer, Major Giles Fenwick, U. S. A. Mr. Bangs is well known to all students of literature by his beautiful poem, ‘Until Death,’ which, by the way, was instrumental in bringing about the acquaintance of the happy couple. Miss Fenwick is one of the most accomplished amateur pianists in the city. A brother of the bridegroom, we might add, was formerly a reporter on the staff of the *Jupiter*. He was unable to be present at the wedding, having recently started for the west.”

FRANCIS E. REGAL.

## ORIGIN OF "THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER."

In the great Encyclopedia of Music and Musicians, edited by J. B. Champlain, Jr., New York, 1890, the following account is given of the origin of the best of our national songs, "The Star-Spangled Banner": "It was written by Francis Scott Key (1780-1843) on the frigate 'Surprise' during the bombardment of Fort McHenry by the British in 1814. Key had gone to secure the release of a friend captured by the enemy, but was not permitted to return to Baltimore. He witnessed the engagement all night, and at dawn when he saw that the 'Star-Spangled Banner' was still floating from the ramparts, wrote the verses, which on his arrival in Baltimore he had printed under the direction that they should be sung to the tune 'Anacreon in Heaven.' The song was first sung in a tavern near the Hollis street theater, Baltimore, by Ferdinand Durang. The tune of 'Anacreon in Heaven' was composed by John Stafford Smith between 1770 and 1775, to words by Ralph Tomlinson, president of the Anacreontic Society, which held its meetings at the Crown and Anchor tavern in the Strand, London. This tune was published by Longman & Broderic (London), and in the fifth book of 'Canzonets, Catches, Canons and Glees, Sprightly and Plaintive,' by John Stafford Smith. Key's song was first printed by Capt. Benj. Eades (Baltimore)."

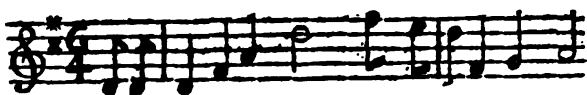
The foregoing is, no doubt, all that can now be learned concerning the production of this stirring piece, so dear to every American heart—and in fact tells the whole story. When Mr. Edouard Remenyi was lately in Toronto, Canada, he happened to find a little 12mo volume called "The Edinburgh Musical Miscellany; A Collection of Most Approved Scotch, English and Irish Songs, Set to Music. Selected by G. Sime, Edinburgh, 1792." In the preface the editor

"presents it to the public as containing a selection of the most approved songs on different subjects, superior, it is hoped, to anything of the kind that has hitherto appeared in this country." The first song in the book is the following, photographically produced:

## SONG I.

## TO ANACREON IN HEAVEN.

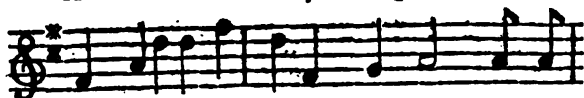
SUNG BY MR. DANFORTH AT THE ANTI-REPTIC SOCIETY.



To Anacreon in heaven, where he sat in full glee,



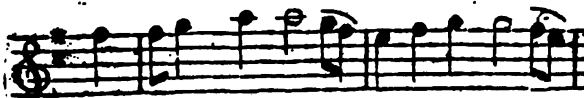
A few sons of harmony sent a petition, That he



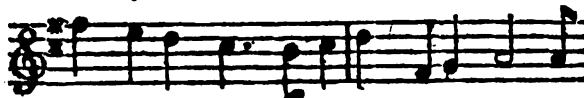
their inspirer and patron would be : When this



answer arriv'd from the jol-ly old Grecian :—



Voice, fiddle, and flute, no longer be mute, I'll



lend you my name, and inspire you to boot ; and



besides I'll instruct you like me to entwine the



myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine. And be-



It will be observed that the accidentals for modulating to the dominant are omitted at the end of the first and third phrases. The melody is strictly that of our present version, with this exception. While this is not the original edition of the song, it is very likely the one from which Scott Key learned it, since it antedated his production by twenty-two years. Moreover there is a second song to the same melody, designed for literary societies. The second stanza of this piece runs as follows, also photographically reproduced from the original:

Then *Mercurius* address'd thus the Synod around—  
 " A few chosen spirits attracted my eyes,  
 " (As lately I travell'd o'er earth's spacious bound)  
 " Who, fashion despising, had dar'd to be wise :"  
     Father: *Jove* then look'd down  
     From his chrySTALLINE throne,  
 Which with star-spangl'd lustre celestially shone,  
 To see those select, who resolv'd to unite  
 The study of wisdom with social delight.

And here, in the third line from the end, we have the term "star-spangl'd" which undoubtedly afforded Key a happy suggestion for the refrain of his song. The occurrence of this coincidence makes it altogether likely that it was from this edition that he learned "Anacreon in Heaven," and so in the true sense this old volume of Mr. Remenyi's is the original of the song, rather than the still older one cited above.

ANTIQUARY.

# THE STORY OF AN ARTIST.\*

BY ELIZABETH CUMINGS.

## CHAPTER XV.

One crisp October morning, there came a letter from her old friend, Dr. Miller, reminding Huldah of approaching engagements. "I trust," he wrote, "that you have been preparing, and that you will not let young lady pastimes make you neglectful of promises made when you were simply a professional pianist. There are several new things I want you to look up, and Farnsworth is coming to Chicago, and has asked—nay, demanded—that you take the second piano in the Chopin concertos."

Governor Rawlinson pushed his paper to one side (it was his pleasant and time-saving habit to consume his breakfast and the city news together), and assumed his most impressive air when Huldah spoke of the letter to her mother. He had perhaps been waiting for an opportunity to deliver himself of his opinion of his step-daughter's art, but now the opportunity had come, he scarcely felt equal to it. "I—ah—I hope you will take it kindly, my dear," he began with a little cough, which he secretly hoped would clear his mind as well as his throat, "but really, I do not like the idea of your giving concerts for money. It is not—but you must know that—compatible with our position. If it were to aid a deserving charity, it would be different. As it is, it seems to me, that to shine in your appropriate sphere ought to content you. We are," he paused and tapped impressively with his *pince-nez* glasses upon his soft and white left hand, quite as if he were making an after-dinner

\* Copyright, 1901, by W. S. B. MATHEWS.



speech, and wished to emphasize an important point, "we are what we are, and must live up to it."

Huldah looked at him blankly, and he continued after a moment, but in his usual voice, full of gentle condescension, "You will pardon me, I am sure, for you know I have no desire in the matter save to make you happy, and to preserve—the suitable position of the family! And that makes me think—I have found you a saddle horse. I notice that young ladies in our circle are riding a great deal, and with your figure, you will make a very fine appearance on a horse. Wilkins' man will bring the beast around this morning, and will go out with you. It seems to me that he can teach you better than you would be taught at the riding school, for he is a superb trainer; but you can use your own judgment, of course."

"But I cannot try the horse this morning, though I thank you," said Huldah, with burning cheeks. "I must see Dr. Miller, and as for my recitals—they must be given, for I have promised."

"A young lady's promises are known to be subject to circumstances," said the governor, with a smile that irritated Huldah to the finger tips. It is but justice to him to say that Huldah's work appeared to him of no more consequence than a child's fishing with a bent pin in a tub, and that he never doubted that her small plans must go down before his larger ones. "Playing the piano is a very pretty accomplishment, but I do not want it to cheat me out of my daughter," and he made her a neat, old-fashioned bow. Then turning to his paper he added, "The bill before the house is making a good deal of stir, and I doubt if Elisha Mills is in congress another term. That makes me think, be careful to take pains with Mrs. Ogden this afternoon, my dear. She is musical. Not in your fine way, but she sings light opera, my sort of opera, you know, and she is certainly a pretty woman, and has taste."

The thread that bound Elisha Mills and Mrs. Ogden together in Governor Rawlinson's mind was not manifest to Huldah, but she had come to suspect that there was something not quite real in her step-father's apparently

imposing qualities, and that he might be disingenuous. That he knew nothing about art, she did not care, but she did resent his ignorance when it set up before her a standard of conduct, and she was about to reply coldly, that as there was nothing in common between Mrs. Ogden and herself, they probably would not speak to each other after the first greeting, when John Rawlinson, Jr., interposed.

He had just come in to announce that the law firm of Rawlinson, Whitaker & Rawlinson had been secured to defend the interests of the Bascome Branch railroad, which just then were in jeopardy, and had watched Huldah's face with keen amusement. "I have Fire-Fly out for a turn," he said, as she looked up. "Come out and have a sip of fresh air. That lunch party of the madame's," and he nodded at his uncle's wife, "will be an awful bore. You need fortifying."

"It was very good of you to come," he said, when they were spinning toward the park, "you were so wrought up over the governor's way of laying down the law, I fancied you'd say no. Then you like to say no. Confess it."

"I say no when I mean it. I do not like the always yes people myself." He had treated her with such frank good-fellowship since her home coming, and with such an absence of lover-like interest, that Huldah had almost lost her old fear of him. Moreover, she had long coveted a ride after Fire-Fly. But now something in his look made her uncomfortable, and she was glad to look away at the lake, frost-cold green and gray on the far horizon, but barred with vitreous lines of pink and azure in shore.

"You should cultivate the art of saying no regretfully, as you practice your staccato and legato movements. No can be very effective, and in some cases almost as good as yes, if spoken as I have indicated."

"I should hate to be so artful," cried Huldah impetuously; "so calculating with the truth."

"That's because you are young and, pardon, green. Sincerity may be bad manners, or worse. How do you

know, for instance, that your dislike of a person is not founded upon an incorrect estimate of his character?"

"That may be true, but liking and disliking, when it comes to either, are not founded upon character. One does not always like a saint, or dislike a sinner."

"Then there ought to be hope for me." He turned toward her with sudden gravity. "I do not pretend to be anything but a sinner, but I love you. I love your very frankness, and the way you used to let me know you did not like me. But you have come to tolerate me—and let me hope——"

"No," cried Huldah under her breath. "Never—that!"

"Never?"

"Never."

Fire-Fly shot ahead like a dart. "It is very hard," said Rawlinson, "for I love you. There will never be any other woman like you to me."

"I want you to let me out," said Huldah, laying her hand upon the reins with a sudden determination. "I have to go into the city. This is as good a place as any to take the cars."

Rawlinson could bear the refusal of his love better than he could endure to have Fire-Fly meddled with. He drew up beside the pavement in an instant. "You will not let me take you?" he said when Huldah had alighted.

"No," she replied quickly. "I want to be alone, but," and she held out her hand, "I want also to be friends."

He sprang lightly into his buggy, not touching the proffered palm, "I do not want to be friends," he replied almost savagely, and astonishing Fire-Fly with the whip.

Mrs. Rawlinson's small lunch party had been long planned and much talked over, but Huldah quite forgot these important facts, with all the train of consequences the lunch party might have in the coming election, and stayed with her old friend listening to his scolding about technic, and other points upon which he declared she had fallen off, till high noon. Her mother put an anxious face out of

her dressing room as Huldah came up the stairs. "The governor sent the horse around as he promised. Where have you been?" she demanded.

"At Dr. Miller's studio."

"Does that mean you are going to persist in teaching, and giving recitals?"

"In giving recitals, yes. I must give those I have promised, and why not others, since music is my art?"

"Dear madame, the dressmaker is in a hurry," interposed the maid Annice respectfully from within the room. Hearts can wait, but not toilets.

The lunch party was to all appearance a success. The florist and caterer had been given *carte-blanche*, and the ladies represented millions. But Huldah mortally offended Mrs. Ogden by asserting that a good many current light operas contain little music and less sense, and committed other blunders which had remote effects, for there was a spiteful description of the entertainment given in the *Daily Small Talk*, in whose pages the governor had cause to expect something different. In the columns of the *Cleaver*, the principal organ of the opposing party, there was the following:

"Politically a dead duck, ex-Governor Rawlinson will never understand the fact, and will continue to consider himself of some consequence. Just now he is making the most of the social charms of his pretty wife and her accomplished daughter, who it seems has renounced all her old-time devotion to art to assist him in maneuvering his way into office. It is a great pity that one from whom Chicago has hoped so much, should give up the art in which she is so eminently fitted to shine. As for the ex-Governor, he is too middling for either half of his party. A shade more venial, he might hope for the support of the majority; a shade more honest, he might gain the support of the minority. As it is, he had better save his money for the time when his long-suffering partner shall be weary of supporting him."

## CHAPTER XVI.

The roots of human decisions and motives, like ultimate nerve fibers, are exceedingly difficult to trace. When after several painful scenes with her mother and step-father, and much inward debate, Huldah determined to leave her new home, and find one for herself where she would be quite free to follow her own will, she believed she was devoting herself to art. Certainly all the powers of her new environment seemed leagued against her work. Since her earliest remembrance, she had been the person most considered in her home. Now she was in a house in which other needs and tastes were paramount, where she not only received little sympathy, but her wishes were set aside, and her work interfered with. Then, too, she secretly rebelled against any financial dependence upon her step-father, and was too proud to speak to her mother about her grandfather's little fortune which would have made her quite independent. Having a strong youthful belief in herself, and at bottom ambitious, she was confident that the future would justify her. How far the frequent letters she received from David March influenced her decision, she did not consider. She had given him no promise, for her instinctive clinging to perfect freedom had been strengthened by the counsel of Mrs. Worden, counsel which, at the time of receiving it, she had appeared to scorn. Yet she received his letters, and treasured them, and had written him in return several timid little notes, which he with keener vision knew meant more than the writer supposed. Once she had tried to speak of him to her mother, but had been repulsed.

"A minister writing to you! That is what happens from your roaming about giving concerts. I was never of poor father's opinion about such work for a young woman. You will not answer him, of course." And Mrs. Rawlinson had shaken her head impatiently. All the trials of her life had centered in the five years she had been a pastor's wife. That her only child should for a

moment be tempted to enter such an existence was not to be thought of. "I have told you often enough how different the position of a minister's wife is from that occupied by any other woman. My father warned me, but I would not listen to him; but I was younger than you, and had no profession, and I thought he did not know. Don't let me hear another word about any preacher, if he be as eloquent as St. Paul. I have other views for you."

"Do you fancy living in a boarding house, and teaching for a living will make you free—that it will be a privilege?" cried Dr. Miller, when Huldah had unfolded her plan to him. "It seems to me you ought to be able to go on with your studies, and work, more at ease than ever. I cannot understand why you cannot devote yourself entirely to your art—unless you have marriage in your mind."

"Marriage!" Huldah's face flamed. "I shall never marry."

Dr. Miller only smiled, and she continued. "You think perhaps I have grandfather's money. His will was not changed. Mamma has it, and I have not a dollar, save what I earn, that is quite my own. Then, the hours, the company, even the very atmosphere of the house is entirely antagonistic to study. Everything is made more important, and to give recitals is as bad in the governor's eyes as giving lessons."

"Your father left you nothing?"

"Nothing. He was a clergyman."

"Ah! I remember. But the atmosphere of a boarding house will not be helpful to study, I can tell you."

"It will be different."

"Yes, horribly different," assented the doctor, smiling grimly at the recollection of some of his own experiences, and entirely out of humor at the worries of his favorite.

"I am almost twenty-five. I can earn a comfortable support, and can do something worth while if left to myself. I see no sense in being stifled that I may be supported."

"You are an old person. As to being supported, you have a right to your mother's care and protection, and there is your grandfather's money to meet your bills. It does not matter if it is not in your hands. Your presence is worth something in Governor Rawlinson's home, and no doubt he knows it."

"There's no use talking," cried Huldah decisively, remembering the daily pressure brought to bear upon her to make her accept the proposals of her step-father's nephew; "I shall leave the place."

The doctor thrust his papers to one side impatiently. "Very well," he said, "an old person of twenty-five, who is an artist, certainly has a right to her own way. Here is a list of boarding houses one of my pupils left with me for the benefit of other unfortunates condemned to stay on earth, and not to live. Your piano must be put into the room next mine. We must remember Mrs. Grundy, for you cannot practice or give lessons in a boarding house."

"Oh, but I may trouble you," cried Huldah, surprised that she must still be dependent in this new life in which she had hoped to be so free. "And mamma has sold my very own piano."

"I am accustomed to trouble, and a piano is easily secured; but why did you let yours be sold?"

"Mamma sold it before I returned from the east."

The doctor made no answer save a low whistle, and admitted to himself that it is hard to be quite at the mercy of other wills, and yet equal to interpreting Beethoven. "Women are a poor investment," he had told himself many times over while ardently devoting himself to the development of this girl, the most gifted of his pupils. "It is a clear waste of brains, to put them in female skulls."

The first house at which Huldah stopped in her quest for a home, was kept by a stout and very florid German woman. The untidy parlor smelled of yesterday's soup, and Huldah retreated without even looking at "the apartment at ten dollars a week" now vacant. Mrs. Statz, if

fat and untidy, had a kind heart, and was an appreciative admirer of Wagner's music, taking to it with the instinctive relish of her race for strong cheese and beer ; but how was Huldah to know that ?

Mrs. Napier's parlors showed signs of ancient respectability, much battered by moving about. Huldah climbed two long flights of stairs to view a narrow room whose dim windows looked out upon a brick wall. Two dissipated-looking chairs, an equally dissipated-appearing bureau, and a cheap turn-up bedstead completed the furnishings. "Gas and hot water, all for nine dollars," said Mrs. Napier, monotonously. It was very apparent that no artistic tastes lurked in her dry anatomy. "I'm partic'lar—very partic'lar indeed—'bout who I let in. A lone woman has to be. I'm a lone woman. I s'pose you can give references."

"Dr. Miller sent me," replied Huldah, with burning cheeks. She had never before been asked to give an account of herself, and she suddenly recollected that it would not help her cause to announce herself the step-daughter of Governor Rawlinson. "I do not think this will suit. I must have a different outlook, certainly," and she looked piteously at the brick wall.

"If you can go as high as eighteen dollars I can put you in the second floor front," and Mrs. Napier led the way down one flight of stairs. "I can't say I like women boarders. They're gen'rally a good deal under foot. But single gents are careless and do slat out things. I've bought everything new for this room, and I've made up my mind single gents shan't get the first using of it." Unlocking a door a pleasant chamber facing the south was disclosed. The bed, which contained a good deal of black walnut for the money it cost, stood in an alcove. "An elegant room for the price," continued the boarding house keeper, fingering the tassels hanging from one of the magenta lambrequins, and looking complacently at the huge red roses of the carpet. "But I should have to move you if I had a chance to let it to a married party at



twenty. I prefer married parties, them as don't have children to bother."

"I cannot afford to pay eighteen dollars," said Huldah, glancing with scorn at the lambrequins and the gorgeous carpet.

Mrs. Napier gave a dry swallow and closed the door with a snap. It was startling to hear such a candid admission of lack of money. "I s'pose you are one of Dr. Miller's pupils," she said, tentatively, as they went down the stairs together. "I've known him a consid'able spell."

The door was open. "Yes," said Huldah anxious to escape. "Good morning." Mrs. Napier gazed after her visitor with a baffled expression on her dry face. "Them pesky Jones street grip cars 'll break down, I'll bet a penny," she soliloquized. "She 'll know her mind by the time she gits where she's a-goin' on them."

But the grip cars did not fulfill this pessimistic prophecy, and in an hour Huldah was far out on the West Side.

A slatternly but beaming mulattress opened the door of Mrs. De Lion's boarding house. "I have but one room, my back parlor," said the little woman in black who came forward. "From its situation it is not so desirable as the others, so I rent it at a lower price."

A large bookcase stood at one side of the parlor, and there was a piano of a good make. In spite of boarding house suggestions the room looked home-like. For the last time Huldah questioned the wisdom of leaving her mother's house. Pride whispered that she had gone too far to retreat. She gave one peep into the cosy back parlor, and engaged it.

## CHAPTER XVII.

Having a healthful amount of that energy which in a scientist is called power of original investigation, and in plain people, interested only in their neighbors, curiosity, Mrs. De Lion's boarders tried to be friendly, and—what is

often something quite different—familiar, with Huldah. Mr. and Mrs. Gore, who as renters of the second floor front were the aristocracy of the house, invited her to spend rainy Sunday afternoons with them. When it was fair, they whiled away the day driving about in as gay an equipage as could be hired. Peanuts and illustrated papers helped them “worry through the time,” as Mr. Gore expressed it, in bad weather. He kept a musty, second-hand book store in a basement on one of the principal streets, and was looked upon as literary. Mrs. Strong, a middle-aged widow, who occupied the third floor front, and was known to have a small, well invested income, gathered up her large collection of crocheted articles and took them down to “the first floor back,” as Huldah was descriptively named, for admiration. Mr. Phipps, a plump, elderly young man with protruding eyes, and an immense moustache that dipped unpleasantly into his coffee, brought her the daily *Buzzard*. He did what he called “reportorial work” on the *Buzzard*, and was grateful when she condescended to speak of a concert to him. He described himself as a “single gent.” There were four other boarders, also “single gents,” who were said to be respectively, “in leather,” “notions,” and “the general grocery line.”

Mrs. De Lion always spoke of her boarders as “the young folks,” and every evening some of them were in the parlor, for they were a harmless lot, domestic, hard-working and easily amused. Mr. Redhead, one of the “notion” gentlemen, could play the piano, and enjoyed going through his little repertoire of Strauss waltzes with amazing rapidity. Huldah sometimes wondered how it were possible that the same notes could represent a strident jingle of emptiness, and a rich embroidery, and if one may say so, radiant glow of sound. Mr. Phipps could strum the guitar, and sometimes, when the demands of the *Buzzard* were not too exigent, he stole an hour before midnight to accompany Mrs. Gore, who sang “Five o’clock in the morning,” and similar ballads in a loud, clear voice, and with great spirit. Huldah was at first

importuned to "play," but her selections were not taking. Chopin's fairy-like dance music, melancholy and mysterious, and Schumann's subtly suggestive tone poems were spoken of as "slow," while the "Lieder ohne Worte" of Mendelssohn were openly yawned at. "What I like," Mr. Phipps would affirm with a quick little nod, "is go." Once after this expression of opinion, Huldah had played a gay little gigue, and then the gavotte in E, from the Sixth Sonata, by Bach. "Well," said Mr. Phipps, pulling at his long moustaches, "I call those pieces funny." This expression of opinion was doubtless intelligible to him, but Huldah never again attempted to interest the little reporter. She was not quick at cards, and as her manners were considered frigid, she was soon left to herself. Weary and nervous, unable to read or rest during the long evenings, she awoke in an atmosphere heavy with stale tobacco smoke, for "the gents" smoked in the parlor when they so desired. And she awoke early. The drawback Mrs. De Lion had alluded to, but had not described, was a fussy steam heating apparatus which began business for the day with snorts and groans and then a clattering explosion of noises, quite sleep dispelling.

It was three-quarters of a mile or more to the room next Dr. Miller's, where her piano stood. The grip cars had not yet reached perfection in running, and the intervening streets suffered from intermittent attacks of chaos and repairs, so she frequently lost half of her mornings. To attend any evening entertainment save in a carriage, and by special arrangement with acquaintances was out of the question. Oliver Farnsworth, after permitting her to refuse him again (it was after a musical recital which had been a great success for them both), had spoken out bluntly, and said she must put herself under protection of some sort. But when one is only five feet high, and nearly as round as Santa Claus, one's advice does not come with the power it might from an advisor having more inches and less figure.

Mrs. De Lion tried in an ineffectual way to make her house home-like; but she could not be critical, and in her

kitchen even raw apples and boiled eggs acquired a weak and watery flavor. "The young folks," discovering that Huldah was not of their species, vaguely resented the fact, and speculated more or less disparagingly on the causes that made her leave her mother's roof. Mrs. De Lion and Mrs. Strong fell into the habit of apologizing for her peculiarities, and as what goes on in a boarding house can no more be hidden than "love and a cough," Huldah, discovering she was criticised, tried to find a new home. But as known evils are always more tolerable to a timid soul than those one can imagine lurking in unexplored regions, she always returned discomfited to Brandt street.

Money had a surprising way of dropping out of her pockets. She received a fair income from her pupils, her recitals and St. John's church, where she played the organ. But she had not been accustomed to the care of money, and as one's prosperity depends far more on one's outgoes than on one's income (given an income) she was in a chronic state of bankruptcy, though her mother who came to see her once a week at her studio, compelled her to accept small sums, and no end of necessities at her hands. She went dutifully to Dorchester avenue every Saturday and returned after dinner to Brandt street in the smart coupé, but when the world has a mind to be wide awake to the private affairs of individuals, no outside gloss of amenity and happiness can deceive it, and gossip thickened. One day a pupil, a dull girl, stopped taking lessons in the middle of the quarter. "Ma thinks there's too much talk about your leaving Governor Rawlinson's," she said stolidly, moved to give a reason. "Ma says there's always a fire where there's smoke, and any way, I'd rather take painting lessons than music, and I can't take both."

The rector of St. John's detained her one morning after service. He was a tender-hearted man with daughters of his own. "My dear Miss Goulding," he said gently, "tell me the true reason, if you can, why you left your mother."

"Because—because," stammered Huldah, with tremulous lips, "because of my work—and art. They were kind, but I could do nothing there, and I wanted to be independent. Oh, doctor, do not believe that I was driven away by anything. I went away as a man might, who wanted all himself for his vocation."

"But, my dear child, no one on earth is quite independent," said the doctor, who could not understand how pianoforte playing could be called art, and in fact had only the vaguest notion of all that comes under that term. "And you are not a man, but a beautiful young woman. I wish you would go back to your home. You must let me advise you, for I have known you almost all your life."

"They do say hateful things," admitted Dr. Miller when questioned. "I have been on the point lately of asking you to go home and let work and art go to the dickens, as it surely would in the atmosphere of Dorchester avenue."

"What do they say?" persisted his questioner.

"Oh the most natural things to invent, that Governor Rawlinson has abused you, and will not have you in the house, and that you, on the other hand, have an insupportable temper, and are, like all artists, an ill one to live with."

Huldah, who was turned toward the window, suddenly sobbed aloud, quite frightening her old friend, who had never seen her shed a tear, save for her dead grandfather. "Don't, my dear," he said, patting her head as he had done when she was a child of eight, and he had scolded her about the scales, and her lack of interest in practicing arpeggios, and she had put her arm to her eyes with intent to whimper. "I forget that you are only a girl after all, though you have been my good comrade so long, and have grown so accomplished."

"But it is all so false," she wailed.

"That fact should comfort you. If men, and especially women, were as ready to tell the good they know about each other as the evil they imagine, this earth would be like the New Jerusalem. In fact, we would

have the millennium. But as the devil is still unchained, and his works abound, suppose you make your mother a long visit."

"Mamma is talking of going to Cuba with the governor, and I must prepare for the Iowa recitals."

"Well, then, you must go home when they return, and you have time," said the doctor, glad to see things arranging themselves comfortably, and matters conflicting with music dropping out of sight, if only for a season.

Rain made the short day more brief, and Huldah, after at last reaching a working mood, determined to risk herself one evening in the city, and studied till nine o'clock over a certain Liszt rhapsody which Farnsworth had said she did not grasp, either in form or meaning, a criticism she had received with resentful dumbness, as he had asked her ten minutes before to tell him truly, but quite of course in confidence, if she really preferred Schumann to Mendelssohn, and had seemed not to believe her when she replied, that with due deference to the latter's exquisite powers, the two were not to be named in the same breath.

It was nearly ten o'clock when she set out for Brandt street, and she had never faced darkness in the city alone before. Jones street was still torn up for two blocks, the new pavement which the inventor promised would last at least a century, taking time to lay. The lights flickered dimly in the fog. She was glad that she had taken the precaution to hide her face in a veil, and that she was well covered with a rubber cloak. But the wind, lying in wait at the corner, almost flung that protection over her head, at the moment that a treacherous banana skin caused her to slip. She would have fallen had not a strong arm been flung about her waist.

"Permit me," said a familiar voice. The arm did not release its hold.

"How dare you!" cried Huldah, uncovering her face. "Unhand me, if you please."

"How dare you roam about the city alone at this hour?" exclaimed John Rawlinson, surprised and angry.

"I'd put you in a carriage, and send you where you belong, if my precious uncle and your mother had not started this very day for the south."

"I don't roam about the city alone," said Huldah, meekly. "I was never out alone like this before."

A street car conductor blew his whistle at the next corner, and she started, but Rawlinson did not release her, and hurried by her side, holding his umbrella over her.

"Let me call a carriage," he pleaded, no longer dictatorial. "A street car at this hour of the night is no place for you. You cannot go on in this way. Those scrubby fellows at your boarding house are speaking of you as an acquaintance, and all our set are talking. The better you play, the worse they talk, and it makes me gnash my teeth; for I love you. I certainly would not lay a straw in your way, were you my wife, and I know Bach from Rubinstein. You cannot go on in this fashion, and you'll never marry one of the regular music fellows. I know you well enough to know that. It is all very well for you to give your soul to art, but the man you marry must give his soul to you, or you will not be satisfied. You have the very best of me. I insist that you think twice before you say 'no' again to me, and I beg of you to turn back, and let me send you to your boarding place in a carriage."

Mr. Phipps' round figure was visible in the door of the car. With a little cry, half fear and half relief, Huldah darted swiftly from her companion, and in a moment was at the reporter's side. He had sharp eyes, and the gas shone full upon John Rawlinson, as he gazed angrily after the now retreating car. The car was empty, and as Mr. Phipps plumped down beside Huldah, he said with some emphasis, that "moonlight alone is not a good thing for some people in mid-winter."

Huldah made no reply, and huddled herself in her cloak. When the long ride was over, and he trotted by her side up Brandt street, where several empty though valuable "lots" made scary stretches of loneliness, he ventured to become personal.

"If ever you want a friend," he panted, "call on me. I'm sure I never wondered you cannot live at home. Governor Rawlinson is very smooth-tongued, but I know a thing or two, and——"

"But I can live at home," interrupted Huldah. "I went away simply to be independent." Then suddenly discovering that explanations are intricate affairs, and very often impossible, she was silent. After all, what did it matter whether Mr. Phipps and the rest of Mrs. De Lion's boarders understood the secret of her situation, or did not.

"All right. It isn't my business either way," said Mr. Phipps, pausing with his hand on the bell. "But for the Lord's sake, as long as you do stay away from home, don't meet a certain party—on the streets at night. His name with women——"

"I do not understand your presumption," cried Huldah, almost in hysterics and knocking loudly at the door.

"If I saw you about to fall into a sewer, I should warn you, if I did have to speak of something nasty," cried Mr. Phipps getting very hot, and feeling all the chivalry in him outraged, "John Rawlinson, Jr., is the devil!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



## THE MUSIC EXTENSION MOVEMENT.

The plan for applying Chautauqua and University extension principles to music, so fully outlined in the February issue of *MUSIC*, has very naturally attracted wide attention, and a considerable number of communications relating to it have reached this office. As a type of the view taken by students living remote from large cities and musical centers, the following, from a correspondent who for a number of years has been successfully engaged in teaching, may be presented :

"I have read your plan for university extension in music with great interest. If I could have had the privilege of participating in such a movement twenty years ago, my musical career would have been very different, and far more satisfactory to my pupils and myself, I am very sure."

Another view of the movement is brought out in the following extract from one of the most sincere and eminent of American musicians. He says :

"I fear that I must be pessimistic. I do not see (without the coöperation of persons and powers that will not, I am sure, have anything to do with the plan), how a successful issue can be made. I am sorry that I believe so so decidedly. The examinations that they are organizing now in England are, it is to be remembered, in a place as compact and as homogeneous as the state of New York, and under the powerful patronage of the government (in the Royal Academy of Music and the Royal College of Music). It is the same reason for which I have never believed in the American College of Musicians. Its prototype, the Royal College of Organists, being under powerful protection (the church) as if it were the government, can say, *This must and shall be so*. No one here can say that. Moreover, I fear that there will be so much friction between those who might take it up as to neutralize any attempt at concerted effort. You look around in Chicago as I can in Boston, and see if it is not so."

Here we come upon a misconception which must be set right at the start. It is not the province of this movement to furnish thorough musical education, or to authenticate teachers of music. This is a work which belongs to professional bodies and schools. The one single conception which must rule this movement if it is ever to be carried to wide usefulness, is that of furnishing assistance, direction and inspiration to students so situated as not to be able to derive them from other and better sources. It is to supplement the advantages for the right study of music in neighborhoods where at present the conditions are not favorable; and to supply inspiration in the concerted relations under which the extension studies are carried forward; this is quite large enough field for as many workers as can see their way to coöperate in it.

The extension is a movement for promoting study, true musical knowledge, and the discipline which study brings; and not for providing authenticating examinations for any professional purpose whatever. This is the only spirit in which wide usefulness can be accomplished. To work for an examination is to cram; it is to fix attention upon the superficial and external, in place of the inner. This one may see in the manner in which students work up their preparations for the examinations for the College of Musicians. They prepare a minimum of pieces, and only cover the exact range indicated in the prospectus. Whereas, the examinations, as originally planned, were to illustrate a selection out of a far larger body of studies which the candidate should have pursued. This short-sighted spirit of preparing for examinations is almost inevitable. Nine students out of ten will fall into it if their attention be not diverted from the examination as an end. It is only when *study* is the end, and an adequate understanding of musical literature is the ideal, that we may hope for a better spirit. No doubt the Chautauqua movement itself has had difficulty in escaping from this belittling tendency of the examination feature. But it is quite certain that the present Principal of that movement would deprecate the narrow view as fatal to the very ideal of the entire enterprise.

The difficulties on the score of lack of commanding authority vanish as soon as the movement is put in its proper light. We do not appeal to those who are to be driven, or forced; we appeal only to those who need and desire assistance; those who desire to study for more knowledge, but do not know exactly how; to those who dimly know how to advance, but who need the stimulation of concerted effort. Besides, every man who has exercised influence upon circles with which he has never come into personal contact knows that it is entirely a question of the degree in which his teaching is true, or seems to be true. All his influence has come to him from those who believed themselves helped by him. There is no need of commanding authority from without. The truth and a spirit of helpfulness are themselves his authority. There are certain people upon whom these influences fall; these are his public. The whole case was so well stated in that aphorism of Rev. Thomas K. Beecher, that it deserves to be printed in letters of gold and hung up in every class room. To a candidate who asked whether he ought not to "stand up for truth," Beecher answered: "Truth is eternal; it is part of God. The truth will stand up for you if you will give it a chance." This is the whole order of things under which we live. The truth will stand up for this movement if we give it a chance.

This is the reason why it is so important to associate in the enterprise a wide circle of commanding minds. It is not to force students to come: but to make sure that the courses and the principles of combining them are as sound as possible—in other words, for the sake of taking as few chances as we may of missing truth through one-sided pre-occupation.

Another idea which comes out in the letters of the leaders is that of obtaining the "powerful backing of some great university." This idea, also, is illusory. It would not be difficult to operate this movement under the auspices of one or a half dozen of the leading universities of this country. But the vital point is that in order to accomplish this it will be necessary to part with the control of the movement, and to entrust it to the hands of the Philistines—for the American

universities are among the worst Philistines that the art of music has had to encounter. Few of our American colleges singly or collectively have ever yet done even a little for the art of music in its true sense. In some of them there is a "professor of music," but his duties are confined to instructing a few undergraduates in portions of the technic or science of music, and in giving a few lectures annually in musical history, with occasional glances at æsthetics. It is not claimed that these gentlemen do not earn their salary. No doubt they do, but they neither add materially to the popular estimation of music among the graduates of the university, nor succeed in turning out composers, nor in any manner operating as leaven. To make a man a professor of music in an American college is to place him in a "nice, clane, aisy business," as Pat said of the episcopate, where there is no longer need of "hustling" for pupils and bread.

To this sweeping condemnation an exception must be made in the case of the University of Michigan, where for nine years Mr. C. B. Cady labored in laying a foundation for a truer appreciation of the art of music, and of the value of musical studies both for discipline and culture. To this position Prof. A. A. Stanley succeeded, and he is doing a splendid work for the art he loves so well. Not only is music recognized as a basis for credits in college standing, but the still more important work of interesting literary men and teachers in it, is being done in an eminently sound and catholic manner. This work is so important that arrangements have been made for an article relating to it from the pen of Prof. Stanley himself, to appear in a later issue of *MUSIC*.

If diplomas and the authentication of teachers were the end proposed by this movement, *then* there would be more in the idea that advantages might be derived from university association, for the university might be able to afford additional safeguards in the direction of impartiality and thoroughness. But these are not the objects, beyond the most elementary and incidental degree. The one chief object is that of promoting musical knowledge by affording stimulation and a wise advice. When these two ends have been subserved upon a wide scale, the other questions will come

up for adjustment by other authorities. In the purely professional line the College of Musicians will be able to afford authentication to young musicians; and a few universities may by that time have established an apparatus of teaching and testing which would be worthy of ranking to some degree with the tests of the college.

Besides, in the association of eminent names proposed in the original plan of this movement there is an authority which no half dozen universities could equal. However eminent some of the instructors may be upon the list of our leading universities, they have not singly nor collectively names to offer equal to the array mentioned in the last number. In the department of the pianoforte suppose we have such men as Dr. Mason, Professor Bowman, Albert R. Parsons, Emil Liebling, Wm. H. Sherwood, Arthur Foote, E. A. MacDowell, B. J. Lang, Constantine Sternberg, and the like; in the department of the voice such as Mrs. Eddy, Mr. Tomlins, Miss Clara Munger, H. W. Greene, Mme Cappiani, Signor Janotta, Mr. Frederic W. Root, L. F. Gottschalk, etc. In theory Dudley Buck, Fred. Grant Gleason, Thomas Tapper, Harry Rowe Shelley, etc; in the organ, Clarence Eddy, Prof. A. A. Stanley, Samuel P. Warren, S. B. Whitney, etc. Have we not here an array of authority such as no dozen universities could equal? Authority, moreover, which does not need to be commended to the favorable consideration of the American musical public. Their names are household words throughout the extent of the country.

This view of the plan most advisable to pursue is in accord with that suggested by one of the clearest headed and most eminent musicians in the east, who says:

"I have been much interested in your university extension idea, though I could not at once write you about it. I believe that great good will come from experimenting in the directions you have suggested, and in others. I am inclined to think that the best *method* will have to be found by experiment. There will be comparatively little trouble in at once applying the ordinary university extension method to the *science* of composition, or any other of the scientific aspects of music; but this application to the strictly

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*artistic* aspects strikes me as a novelty which will need special development.

"I confess frankly (in answer to your first question) that I should much prefer managing such an enterprise entirely independently of both the Chautauqua system and the University. Why would not Music furnish a nucleus around which could be gathered a national organization? With such direction as you would give it, and with such coöperation as you could immediately secure, you could command the assistance of any educational institution that you might desire. You could readily have all the advantages of alliance with such institutions without any of the risks incident upon their assuming supreme control.

"I hardly know how to answer your second question for myself" (relative to the part which the correspondent would like to take in the work). "But I am sure that the group of earnest and highly trained men which we have gathered in our school here, would all be willing to unite in doing anything they are asked to do. Perhaps the easiest way for them to serve would be as a body, though each in his specialty. At all events all would be warmly sympathetic with any well considered efforts at popular education.

"Personally, I think it would be wise to work from several centers scattered over the country, all under a principal center—say in your office. I cannot think of any one better fitted for leadership in this part of the country than Mr. Bowman. He has prestige, intelligence, energy and executive ability."

Thus the plan in its leading features begins to assume clearer form:

1. *Its Object*—To promote the study of music, primarily in its artistic aspects, for the increase of true musical taste and enjoyment, and for the discipline that any study nobly pursued inevitably carries with it.
2. *Its Public*—Amateurs and young teachers living remote from musical advantages, and desirous of receiving such assistance as this organization will supply.
3. *Instrumentalities Employed*—An organization embracing an advisory council, whose office it is to prepare the various graded "Courses" in authors and departments, as

suggested in the former discussion; local examiners, before whom students appear for ascertaining their chief defects and needs, and the point where they should enter upon the courses; executive centers for registration and assignment of suitable combinations for study, together with plans for conducting the same economically, as to time and the easy interchange of subjects; local circles for social consultation, mutual helpfulness in music and for promoting local musical interest; traveling artists able to give instructive and helpful recitals of the higher music (for voice or instrument), with comments calculated to assist the unaccustomed to the proper standpoint for appreciating the music presented. It is expected that the latter class of instrumentalities will be very largely recruited from among the less eminent players of satisfactory ability and intelligence, who will be able to introduce recitals and lectures of real value in circles where as yet the resources do not permit the engagement of artists of national reputation. We hope to be able to give a respectable piano recital for school purposes, or before a small circle, at the same rate as ordinary university professors deliver lectures before small extension classes—namely, \$10 and expenses. From this price, as means advance, the grade will go up to the fully paid concerts of such artists as Baxter Perry, Mr. Sherwood, Mme. Rivé-King, Mme. Bloomfield-Zeissler, Mr. Liebling, Mr. Seeboeck, Mr. Hyllested, Professor Van Cleve and others, of whom now we have a very wide number for choice.

4. *Expense of Membership*—Upon this head no satisfactory conclusion can be reached as yet. It will have to be large enough to cover the cost of enrollment, examinations and assignments to study. The first and last will probably amount to about \$5 per year. The examinations may double this amount, or carry it to as high as \$10, or even more in some cases. At all events the students may rest assured that the expense scale will be kept as low as will answer without impairing the quality of the work.

W. S. B. MATHEWS.

## THE PIANO AS A FACTOR IN MUSICAL ART.

(CONCLUDED.)

In beginning this second division of my subject I naturally refer to the opening paragraphs, and attempt to supplement them by a comment upon the artistic effect of various instruments: thus, for instance, that sublimest and most complex product of human mechanical ingenuity, the modern concert pipe organ. In the five centuries of its existence, it has fostered at least half of all the sublime choral effects known to art, and has always been the bosom friend of counterpoint. May I not be allowed to wrest one of the famous epithets of Homer, who called Jupiter the cloud-compelling Zeus, and say that the organ is the counterpoint-compelling king of musical instruments? It is the most aloof, the most self-contained, variously endowed, and yet, withal, the most seriously limited of musical instruments. It is astonishing how rapturous is the love which the professional organists feel for their instrument, and it is equally astonishing how apathetic is the passive listening public; indeed, I know of few phenomena in the history of American musical art more strange, perplexing, and perhaps discouraging, than the utter indifference which has been shown for the last ten years in Cincinnati to her great and magnificent music hall organ; it is scarcely heard a half dozen times in a year, and then is chiefly employed on some political or religious occasion to play a few simple hymns or national airs. During the time when it was used by George E. Whiting, the audience in that immense auditorium was frequently limited to twelve or thirteen listeners, presumably *capita mortua*. Here is a topic which some of our philosophic writers upon music should brood upon and comment upon. Why has Cincinnati always sent from five to eight thousand people to hear the Thomas orchestra and the May Festival chorus, and a meager dozen to listen to the great organ? No capital in the country is more completely sunk than the \$30,000 in-



vested in that organ, not even that which is hidden in the shares of a non-productive silver mine.\*

But to return from this momentary digression into American musical history, I will dismiss the organ for the present by saying that it was the core and heart of those centuries in which church music and the forms of religious music generally were still predominant, although the giants who have fought the battle of the nineteenth century were born, and were coming to be very lusty youngsters.

At the opposite point of the horizon from the organ, with its thousands of pipes and its vast complexities, we will glance at the violin. Here is an instrument small, not great; simple, not complex; delicate almost to fragility, not ponderous; and a monotone instrument, that is, capable of uttering for the most part only one sound at a time, instead of the most broad and many-voiced harmonies; but it has one enormous advantage over the organ and pianoforte—it is so sensitive to the personality of the player that it becomes like an audible heart, and here is the magic of the violin; its enormous emotionality and its unlimited dexterity are its two chief advantages; and who will point out all the beneficial effects wrought upon the progress of musical art by this marvelous little brown magician who came into the world two hundred years ago?

The pianoforte, like its rivals the organ and the violin, has played a mighty rôle in the development of musical form; constructed by the mechanical inventive genius of the eighteenth century, but vastly improved in all its details by the nineteenth century, the piano may be called the protagonist on every stage of musical display in this century, both for good and for evil, for enlightenment and for limitation, the piano, with its vast array of performers in every land, has made itself felt.

It is worth remarking that nearly every great composer has been a pianist, and oftentimes a virtuoso, if not the lead-

\* The great Boston organ, erected in 1863 at an expense of about \$60,000, has had the same experience. It has been taken down, and its *defecta membra* are stored away in boxes, awaiting the tardy action of Boston authorities to fittingly re-erect it over the disused graveyard back of the New England Conservatory. The magnificent Roosevelt organ (\$32,000) in the Chicago Auditorium bids fair to experience a like innocuous desuetude.—ED. MUSIC.

ding virtuoso of his time; thus John Sebastian Bach was nearly as eminent in the art of harpsichord playing as in that of organ playing, and I think it will scarcely be extravagant to say that his "Well Tempered Clavichord" has been practiced by so many musicians, and has helped the formation of so many executive and creative talents, and has been heard so often by audiences, that the influence of this one book upon musical minds throughout the world has equaled and surpassed that of all his organ compositions and his three hundred sacred cantatas put together.

Haydn was a good, though not eminent, pianist. Mozart divided the honors of piano playing in his epoch with Clementi; Beethoven and Hummel stood in about the same relationship to each other as Mozart and Clementi, the one being distinguished for the emotionality and lofty beauty of his playing, the other for the brilliancy and finish of his mechanical powers.

Then we have Weber, eminent as a virtuoso and extemporer; Mendelssohn, great as organist, was great as pianist also, not loving the piano with any exclusive passion, and yet writing for it many works of a most genuine musical quality, and incomparably finished as to their form and workmanship; Schumann, with his early and happily foiled ambition for the fame of a player; Chopin, Liszt, Rubinstein and a hundred others; in fact, what one of the great epoch-making intellects of our art can we name during the last two hundred years, so far as German instrumental music is concerned, who was not a great pianist, except Richard Wagner? In his case it was doubtless a capital advantage that he was not a pianist; the utter unplayability of a Wagner score upon the piano must provoke laughter whenever we listen to a struggling artist trying to convert the ten fingers into the hundred performers of an orchestra.

No doubt Tausig by adapting the lyrical movements of a great Wagner drama to the keyboard of the piano, with his admirable mechanical ingenuity, and playing them in public, added not a little to the gradual popularization of Wagner's compositions; and the same is true in a more eminent degree, of the still more popular transcriptions made by Liszt; and

when we hear such paraphrases as "Wotan's Farewell," by Rubinstein, the "Fire King," by Brassin, and the clever medley produced by Grunfeld, from "Lohengrin," and "Tannhaeuser," we are prepared to give these gentlemen thanks, and even blessings for thus making profitable to give us, though in a mutilated and faded form, the great works of the greatest dramatic genius known to art. Yet it remains incontestable that no music in the world is so utterly unpianoforte-like, so utterly inexpressible in terms of the pianoforte, as the scores of Richard Wagner. Then a large part of their life consists of two things which are the especial possession of the orchestra, namely, complex and varied polyphony, and infinitely diversified tone color.

We have arrived at an age of anomalies in the development of musical art, and here is one of them : No music is so characteristic of this last half of the nineteenth century as the music dramas of Wagner, and they are the most antipodal to the pianoforte. No instrument, on the other hand, is so universally cultivated, so omnipresent—even so pestiferously present—as the pianoforte. Everybody studies the instrument, everybody has it in the family ; few are the young ladies who do not disport themselves upon the perilous plain of its ivory and ebony ; and yet with all this, no form of musical entertainment is harder to lift into lucrative solidity than a piano recital. What I would ask is this : Has the instrument grown stale ? Do the people of the world, or at least of the American nation, cultivate it for musical, or for purely fashionable reasons ? Then, if it is fashionable, why and what good do we derive from the hundreds of thousands of homes, and the myriads of human lives consumed above the keyboard, and above the music racks of the pianoforte ? A long, shadowy vista of doubt, yet of interesting inquiries, leads away from each one of these questions, and without attempting to answer them, I will place before my readers a brief summary of the qualities of the piano as a sound producer and a music maker.

An eminent German critic has said of Wagner, that his orchestra breathes the music that nature would make if she had an orchestra ; and it seems too, that Wagner has not

only used all the sounds recognized by musicians previous to his time, but has adopted new ones into the sacred circle of emotional expression. It is well that Wagner's ideas poured straight from his fervid imagination, and crystallized themselves in the wonderful polyphony of the orchestra; hence the wonderful clearness and characteristic distinction everywhere found, even in the most turbulent masses of agitated sound, hence the thoroughly orchestral character of every voice. Nearly all composers, however—Weber, Mozart, Beethoven, Bach, Haydn, Mendelssohn, Schumann, and Chopin, of course—have done a great deal of composing, especially in their early days, with their magic fingers dipped in the cool stream of pianoforte sound; in this quivering mirror have they seen the flitting shadows of clouds and angels, and the thousand celestial hues of their inspirations and dreams.

It is not difficult to discover the bias of composers toward this instrument in the configuration expressed by their compositions. Thus Mendelssohn seems always to have thought of the solemn, sweet and noble voice of the organ; Chopin, of course, for the piano and nothing else, inasmuch as everything he has written sounds stiff and walks awkwardly in violin or orchestral transcriptions. Spohr advertises the fact that he was a violinist, not only in every composition, but in every sentence and in every clause of his works. In Beethoven's piano music, though the orchestra is generally foreshadowed and never absent, it is curiously fused with the good substantial technic of old Clementi, the real founder of pianoforte playing; and Schumann's boyish love of the piano and delight in writing enigmas for it, beyond any question, does mark his four great symphonies, which with all their splendor or originality, both in rhythm and harmony, and their occasional felicities of tone color, would lose very little in kind, though doubtless much in degree, by being transferred to a four-hand pianoforte transcription. To realize the truth of this assertion, imagine Schumann's radiant Symphony in C, Op. 61, when played by two enthusiastic pianists at one keyboard. Then the same feat attempted with the "Queen Mab" scherzo, or "Romeo and

Juliet" love scene, from the "Romeo and Juliet" symphony of Berlioz. Berlioz, like Wagner, was an orchestral genius pure and absolute.

Among the advantages of the pianoforte, I will first name its compendiousness. As to tone colors and dynamic extremes it doubtless yields to the pipe organ, but as to the number of pitches which it can utter and the variety of its possible harmonic combinations, and its rhythmic plasticity, it yields to nothing except in a few minor details.

It is only since the days of Wagner that the orchestra, indeed, has had as wide a range of tone as the piano. The violin can make tremolo effects with more shuddering lightness and less fatigue to the player, and yet the piano by a clever device of its own in dividing a chord into alternating halves, can sustain a long, tremulous chord and produce upon the ear an effect equally fine.

But the piano is compendious, not alone in that it includes all the semitones known to the grand gamut of modern music, and can combine them into every possible harmony, and work them out into the filigree tracery of every possible rhythm, and at least sketch, if not perfectly finish every possible melody. And its compendiousness lies equally in this, also, that owing to its smallness it can be placed in any private chamber as well as in a public hall, and it places immediately beneath the fingers of one performer in his hour of inspired reproduction, or inspired productivity, at least a hint of every possible musical idea.

The composer, when he places himself before the pianoforte, is like some wondrous magician with a thousand electric buttons before him, and the touch of each one calls a spirit from some inconceivably remote corner of the universe. Now the pianist's hands descend with a sledge hammer blow, and it takes but little imagination to endow the massive, sonorous roar which arises from within with the clanging, thrilling glory of the trombone. Again he moderates the touch, and a suave melody floats from the center of the keyboard, calm, sweet, as if some passing breeze had shaken some full-blown rose, and spilled all the fragrance in its chalice. Again the fingers fly nimbly to the extremes of

the keyboard, and Morning, veiled in rose colors and resplendent with diamond dew, comes like a vision; or some subterranean torrent roaring with awful voice from the mystery and darkness of appalling labyrinths, will cause the imagination to shudder. True, the inner panorama of analogies drawn from nature or art along the airy causeway of association, is not essential to the enjoyment of music, nor are they absolutely contained in it, and perforce, presented to every listening intelligence; yet they *are* there truly and unmistakably, as Jean Paul in literature and Robert Schumann in music, not to mention others, conclusively demonstrate.

The pianist, therefore, may first of all congratulate himself that he has the universe in little at his bedside, by his fireside in a cozy apartment, and beneath his subtle fingers at any moment of the day or night, no matter what the weather may be, though it should make the face of the deep like a stone, or change and turn the sky to brass. This absolute convenience of the piano, though often overlooked, is one of its very greatest advantages. I will ask any pianist to reflect how he feels when visiting for even a day in a house where there is no piano, even if it is his vacation time and he does not want to practice, and perhaps is so nervous that he can scarcely bear the sound of the instrument for fifteen minutes per day; nevertheless he feels lost if he cannot run in for an odd moment or when some thrill of emotion stirs his heart, and strike out a congenial chord or two.

It is a very simple spell of the witch imagination, to convert the pianoforte sound into the orchestra, especially to the ears of an excited composer. In oriental fables and in those of King Arthur, there was a mirror in which whoever would might see all the things then taking place in the whole world; such a mirror to the composer is the pianoforte.

The second advantage of the pianoforte constituting a peculiarity of it, is the pedal. The pedal is like prussic acid, which imparts deliciousness to the peach and makes the most intoxicating and delicious liqueurs; but get too much of it and you die in agony. So it is with the pedal; diffused dexterously

and used at all times, but never at the wrong place, and never too long at a time, it generates a vast number of the most evanescent and subtle as well as the most beautiful and novel effects known to any instrument. My space will not permit me to fully illustrate and maintain this doctrine, but I am prepared to assert and defend that by means of the pedal the pianist can procure and render vividly apparent to any susceptible listener, tonal effects the most entrancing, and at least of five or six different species.

When the violinists are boasting of their range of tone on the A string and a similar range on the D and G, with augmented richness and warmth, with silvery tinkling harmonies and massive, impassioned rasp of the low tones and the ethereal azures of the second octaves of the E string, the pianist may well rejoin: "Yes, you have these beauties, and they are beautiful. God forbid that I should deny it; but I have my pedal. I can make a tone fall upon your ear; then swell and dwell sonorous, like a luminous golden star shining alone in the blue heavens at twilight; I can melt into one iridescent mass a dozen heterogeneous sounds whose combined results will be like some of the marvels of chemistry, a mixture of things incongruous, producing a *tertium aliquid* of new and glorious qualities; I can diffuse by the use of the pedal, around every central figure in the tone picture, that golden, translucent atmosphere of sonorous, fading suggestion, which enriches without veiling, and beautifies without modifying; I can with my pedal broaden the sonorous amplitudes of an arpeggio till the starlit lake, the turbulent ocean, the tinkling rivulet are called up vividly to the inner stereopticon of the imagination. It is a matter of constant amazement that with such a wealth of effect thoroughly native to the instrument and not to be found elsewhere, not even in the orchestra, all amateurs and nearly all artists are so obtuse to the spiritual charms of the pedal. Has the musical world, or at least the pianoforte playing world, lost its ears?

The third advantage of the pianoforte is its flexibility. In the rapidity with which notes can be emitted by it there is only one rival, the violin, and even that falls short in many

specialties, and surpasses it in but one—the tremolo mentioned above. The human ear can perceive as separate tones not more than twelve or at the very highest possibly sixteen tones in a second; some eight to twelve tones is the usual number in the most rapid runs and arpeggios; and every pianist worthy of the name is able to play from ten to twelve tones in a variety of scales and chord forms practically unlimited. As to trilling, no instrument is equal to the pianoforte in the equality, power, speed and possible *nuance* of the trill, and when it is combined with a melody, an effect of which Beethoven was very fond (see the Rondo of Op. 53) the effect is wonderfully beautiful. The trill made by alternating the wrist, a device invented or at least made prominent by Franz Liszt, is capable of being developed into a vast number of beautiful effects as yet unexplored and unrevealed; the repetition of notes, thanks to the ingenuity of modern pianoforte makers perfecting the elasticity of the action, has become so admirable that a melody or chord can be reiterated by a little practice with all the speed that the ear can really appreciate.

One of the deplorable and injurious defects brought about by Schumann imitators in their bigoted antipathy to the old school has been that our modern players seem almost to be losing the power of producing decorative runs. How seldom in a modern composition or in a modern performance do we find those silvery rings dimpling the surface of a composition, those roulades of scintillating tones, of which Chopin was so fond!

Metacarpal technique, with all its devices of scale and arpeggio, is now somewhat cast in the shade; it will, however, like the florid school of singing, not be cast out or kept long in abeyance. Dexterity has been, is and must remain a large part of the pianist's art.

The fourth advantage of the pianoforte is that it is more intensely now a *pianoforte* than ever before; it has an enormous dynamic range. We recognize ordinarily only five grades of tonal intensities, namely, pianissimo, piano, mezzo, forte and fortissimo, but without too great refinement or hair-splitting each of these grades can be readily distinguished



into three sub-grades, thus making five times three, or fifteen, degrees of intensity. I believe that every emotional pianist, and certainly Anton and Rubinstein, during the course of an evening's performance utilizes every one of these fifteen intensities. In this particular the piano has only two rivals, the organ, which has the disadvantage of being so expensive and so intricate that comparatively few persons can even get at it, and even they for only a few hours during the year; and, on the other side, the orchestra, where sixty to a hundred men are compelled to concentrate their talent to give adequate utterance to what one man can hint, though certainly not fully express, at the pianoforte.

So marvelous has been the increase of the dynamic energies of the pianoforte that I have not infrequently sat in a concert hall and listened to a solo pianist and his stormy climaxes producing a degree of sonority which seemed scarcely inferior to an orchestral mass of tone.

The fifth advantage of the pianoforte is one of its very greatest, an advantage by which it is placed head and shoulders above every other musical instrument; that is, its accentual power. This is, of course, an outgrowth of the dynamic power. Thus because of the arrangement of the keyboard and the power of the pianist to use the finger hammer, the hand hammer and the arm hammer, besides having ten fingers, all available at the same instant, or any one of them, or any two or three of them, or any possible combination of them, it is a commonplace matter for any good modern pianist to so balance his melody as to produce three distinct parts: The bass, the melody and the accompaniment; and four or five parts it is quite possible to give, each with its own dynamic gradations of relative importance. This peculiar power of expressing the relativity of simultaneous voices the organ, of course, shares with the piano, by reason of its various manuals and its many differently voiced stops; but on the other side, in that of pure accentuation, that is to say, the application of dynamic effect to special tones in a time series or melody, or certain tones in a melody, the piano is *par excellence* the most perfect instrument in the world.

The violin can do much in the way of accentuation, and in the gradations of prolonged tone is much superior to the pianoforte; but in those slight instantaneous effects of emphasis which correspond exactly to the various degrees of primary, secondary and tertiary accent in words and sentences, that power by which certain tones, even in the midst of the most whirling dance of Bacchant harmonies, or the most headlong possible run can be made twice, three times or even four times as loud as its neighbors, and thus have an instantaneous flash of light thrown upon it—in all these effects the piano is wonderfully efficient and exceedingly beautiful. It is this which imparts life and the high musical quality common to great artists. The delicacy with which they feel the relative importance of tones and tone groups too subtle to be expressed in coarse, clumsy notes, yet containing the very life of the work. In this I say the pianist is supremely great, and the powers of accent and shading thoroughly attest the artist. One may have dexterous finger joints and be able to tear a passion to tatters in a mechanical way, and yet be no musician, but a mere mechanic. But when a man can utter music and bring out of the piano dulcet and harmonious breath, he can charm the roughest sea of an unsympathetic public into attention. The lack of natural accent is the greatest defect of the pipe organ, and is the cause of that mechanical, cold and somewhat clumsy character of which many complain in the organ.

The sixth and last advantage that I will name for the piano is this: it possesses more than any other one instrument the power to reflect the player's personality. So many are its resources for execution and expression, so great and abundant is its varied literature, from the sublimest concertos and sonatas down to the daintiest and most airy of dances in a hundred forms, from Bach to Scharwenka, that no possible type of human character can fail to find something congenial to it in its literature.

I have heard scores of excellent pianists, of whom at least a half dozen might be called great, and I have never heard any two play the same piece precisely alike. This element of rich individuality in the performer is a final test of great-

ness in an artist; and it is more varied than the distinction among violinists, organists and orchestral directors.

But, you will say, has the piano no defects? Yes, several. I will not say many, but space will not permit me to enter into the objections, which I may do at some future time.

In the first place, like the organ it cannot be tuned to absolutely pure intervals; but the objection on this ground is hypercritical nonsense, for while it is possible to play absolutely in tune upon the violin, I venture to assert that take the world over there are more false intervals produced by violin players than by pianists. There is a muddy mixture of impurity in every interval produced by pianists, but if the piano tuner be worth his salt this flaw is very slight indeed.

Again it is complained that the piano has a fading tone; this is true, but from this very characteristic originates that wonderful variety of beautiful pedal effects alluded to above. If the prolongation of the pianoforte tone be gauged by the metronome, it will be found that nearly every good modern pianoforte has a range of tone from six to twelve seconds in duration, and a degree of audibility of more or less musical value.

Again it is complained that the pianoforte tone is cold; this is true if by cold you mean un-voice-like; the violin is called warm because it trembles, quivers and yearns like the human voice. This the piano cannot do; neither can the flute, the clarinet nor the trumpet; but the pianoforte tone, while not voice-like, has a decided and thoroughly original beauty to the ear, all its own, if we add also the immense variety of tone qualities produced by various instruments, some of the brilliant metallic type, some of the soft, sweet and muffled quality.

The effects of the pianoforte upon musical art historically have been to stimulate and render possible more than half or fully half to three-quarters of the entire compositions now in the world. It is true that the piano has been used by some as a kind of gymnasium adapted for the display of mere mechanical powers, but that is only one very small and transient phase of its art career.

Finally the high and essentially artistic value of the pianoforte is incontestably proved by the abundance and variety of its literature. Neither is this exhausted. Not all that has been written by Bach and Chopin, by Beethoven and Schumann, by Mendelssohn and Liszt, by Rubinstein and Gottschalk, by Thalberg and a hundred tone poets and paraphasers of more or less fancy, has availed to exhaust the resources of this musical microcosm. The pianoforte has not died with Liszt, nor will the music dramas of Wagner, so regnant now over all musical taste and talent, cause it to become obsolete.

J. S. VAN CLEVE.

## A PIANISTIC RETROSPECT.

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Technic! What crimes are committed in thy name!

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The large concert hall which had just held an enthusiastic audience was gradually being deserted, lights were turned down, and what to many had been a delightful anticipation had already become a memory of the past. People seemed dazed; women were thrown into hysterics, many ear drums had been split by the fortissimos, and the hearing apparatus of others had been irreparably injured by the strain imposed in trying to catch the last expiring pianissimos. They had all been there, these enthusiasts who flutter around a new pianist as the moths crowd around the light, with the same disastrous results and about as much discrimination. They were easily known by their intense, rapt, dead-to-the-world expression; a lurid light shone in their eyes; they were once more happy; a new subject had presented itself for their idolatrous worship; it did not matter that this new god, while good-naturedly submitting to being temporarily made a fetish, was at the same time worshipping the golden calf himself, with results disastrous to the calf.

A new pianist had appeared, and the wars between the red and white roses, between Guelphs and Ghibellines were never waged more fiercely than the strong feelings with which opinions *pro* and *contra* were exchanged. It had been assumed that almost everything had been heard which the instrument was capable of yielding; we had hung breathlessly on the tender interpretations of some, followed with cool analysis the polyphonic playing of others; "tours" of such astonishing "force" had been performed that we had become hardened—as we supposed—to noise; our imagination had been presented with delightfully realistic pictures; after listening to the heroic strains of polonaises, we had been plunged into the abyss of sadness by nocturnes and funeral marches; in short, it seemed that we were pre-

pared for almost anything ; and yet it was all a mistake, for this new pianist brought to us all a distinctively new experience. Announced as the greatest since Rubinstein, and by many pronounced that master's equal if not superior, it has seemed not improper to the writer to jot down in this informal manner his own impressions, and to review in a general way the piano playing and players that have regaled the American public during the last twenty years.

It is but natural that the last should usually be considered the best; impressions, however vivid at first, must become latent after a certain lapse of time; and I really believe that after an extended period we do not remember a musical performance with any definiteness. Like a man who tells a story so often that he finally believes it, we think that we recollect, but in reality it is apt to be a very faint after-glow; we remember the accompanying circumstances, and perchance a certain flavor and indistinct impression have remained; but after all, when twenty years have passed we remember finally only that we remembered the same emotions ten years ago. The French proverb that "The absent are always wrong," is very *a propos*. A new man comes, and the valiant deeds of his predecessors are quickly forgotten.

One feels a certain reticence in dealing frankly with the latest applicant for public favor ; it seems like flying in the face of Providence not to join in the general "See, the conquering hero comes," and to defy the *vox populi*. Alas! how quickly does it often change for the cry "Crucify him!" The press are unanimously enthusiastic, the large army of cognoscenti, art-loving amateurs, piano maniacs and music fiends in general are simply beside themselves with delirious exhilaration, and it is not a pleasant task to strike the one discordant note in this general jollification—in short, to be the skull at somebody else's dinner.

Beware me of the old bore who at once overpowers you with his recollections of "tempi passati," who attended Jenny Lind's first concert at Castle Garden, tells you with minute exactness how De Meyer used to deposit his hat and gloves under the piano before playing the "Marche Marocaninie"; who ate steaks with Jaell (who played light salon

music in this country, later on repented of his earlier sins and played the most severe music, including Brahms' D Minor Concerto) at the Parker House in Boston, cooked spaghetti for Ronconi, and drank beer with Carl Formes. He has the advantage of you; the only safe way is to let him exhaust his reminiscent eloquence or to furnish him a new victim. It is as safe to trust to his musical impressions as to compare the new comer to men whose record has long since become a matter of historical interest. Comparisons are apt to be odious, and yet they enable one often to arrive at a somewhat definite idea as to the relative standing of artists; at the same time it is really an almost needless impertinence to compare men of absolute greatness; it is sufficient cause for thankfulness that they are here and with us. This is essentially the case with Paderewski, who, unlike many of his predecessors, comes to us with a tremendous repertoire, and fully equipped to present the same. It is perfectly futile and unprofitable to go into details; one can justly pick many flaws, disagree in many respects, condemn much, and yet the fact remains that here we meet once more a new musical force, a poetic yet virile temperament; a fascinating and entrancing tender gentleness coupled with irresistible outbursts of unrestrained Herculean force. He paints his tone pictures with no uncertain hand; his is a large brush, a vigorous style and vivid coloring; he unites the finish of the "academie" with the boldness of the impressionist.

He is perfectly cool, sure of himself and definite in his methods, sensational yet legitimate, nervous only under the chafing restraint of a sonata. Hear him play Rubinstein's D Minor Concerto or Liszt's Hungarian Fantasia with orchestra, and you will hear precisely the same *nuances* and effects each time. Nothing is left to chance or momentary impulse, and this is as it should be. The leavings from his table, the *encores* would make up concert programmes that could tax the possibilities of other concert pianists. After playing the above numbers he played Rubinstein's Staccato Etude and Liszt's Campanella with marvelous freshness and *sang froid*. His wrist is of steel; the problem of endurance has been completely solved; perhaps

the touch lacks that crystalline quality of Joseffy, the trill seems not as spontaneous as Carreno's and Rosenthal's, we miss some of the fabulous delicacy and speed of De Pachmann, yet criticism of his methods is useless, for the effect is overpowering and overwhelming. In the Beethoven Sonata, Op. 53, the man did not appear to advantage. It is an open question whether it is best for either the artist or audience to commence a concert with a long sonata or fugue. Either form possesses more or less interest only to the student, and even the professional has been known to heave a sigh of relief when the last chord is struck. In this sonata he seemed obliged to hold back and restrain himself. I do not cavil at his readings; men of his attainments have a right to the courage of their convictions, and yet it seemed that the work had been more legitimately and satisfactorily performed by artists whose tenure on popular favor has not been as strong; both Joseffy and Rummel have presented this sonata to us in all its glory, and far superior to Paderewski, both technically and interpretatively considered.

A modern concert programme makes exceptional demands on both executant and listener. It takes considerable endurance and quick mental recuperation to follow a player through a list of from ten to fifteen pieces, each demanding different style, and expressive of widely diverging lines of musical thought and feeling.

When Weitzmann wrote his brochure, "The Last of the Virtuosi," after Tausig's death, he was no doubt sincere in his belief that with Tausig modern piano playing had reached its zenith; and yet it is undeniable that even this master has been excelled by the latest class of great players, in the first rank of whom Joseffy stands. Rosenthal is still busy convincing the European critics that he is more than a great technician. Paderewski is totally *sui generis*, and furnishes the very combination of qualities that go to make up a successful concert pianist, and d'Albert towers in solitary greatness like some inaccessible mountain peak, grim and grand. De Pachmann is an evanescent, ever changing, kaleidoscopic, chameleon-like, somewhat tantalizing and aggravating segre-



gation of rare qualities. I strongly suspect that the Chopin "cult" was forced upon him by an enterprising manager, and that he, while cooing as ye gentle dove—and fully as artful as the snake—can hurl thunderbolts with the best of them. Sauer and Stavenhagen are yet to come before us.

This very excess of technic brings its own punishment. Thus when Paderewski after playing Schumann's "Papillons" with inimitable grace and infinite variety of touch and purity of style, offends every musical instinct by his brutal handling of a Liszt Rhapsody; or when Rosenthal at the end of almost every piece would lose himself, turn on the pedal, and end in a succession of crashes and wrong chords.

When a man travels on mere virtuosity perfection can be demanded. As with a tight rope walker (and the Campanella is just about as ticklish and risky a performance) one mishap is fatal. The question of chance must be totally eliminated; thus an occasional lapsus may be condoned on the part of the player with whom technic is only an incident, and interpretation the main object. We might pardon technical inaccuracy in a sonata, but never a wrong jump or skip in the Campanella.

Quite indefensible is the liberty taken by artists with programmes; they announce one and play another; thus Paderewski omits four pages in Liszt's Second Rhapsody, rarely gives the opus numbers of works, announces the G Minor Fantasie and Fugue by Bach, and plays instead the Chromatic Fantasie and Fugue in D minor. D'Albert also sinned egregiously in that respect; I went several times expecting to hear him play Grieg's "Pièce Erotique," and every time another piece was substituted. It is about as fair as if Booth announced Hamlet, and then presented Macbeth to the audience who had bought tickets to hear the other play.

An artist who sends out a certain programme virtually sells certain goods and must deliver these identical goods to the purchaser when the proper time comes, instead of substituting others. It is on such occasions that critics are often "scooped," as the saying is, and their scalps are held up exultingly by some "smart'aleck," who happens to know the piece which was substituted to gratify a momentary caprice. Of

course, "*Quod licet Jovi, non licet bovi*," and a good many extravagances may be overlooked in a great artist, that would be reprehensible in lesser lights; yet it might have a salutary effect if the local press would as fearlessly expose the shortcomings of the one as the other.

EMIL LIEBLING.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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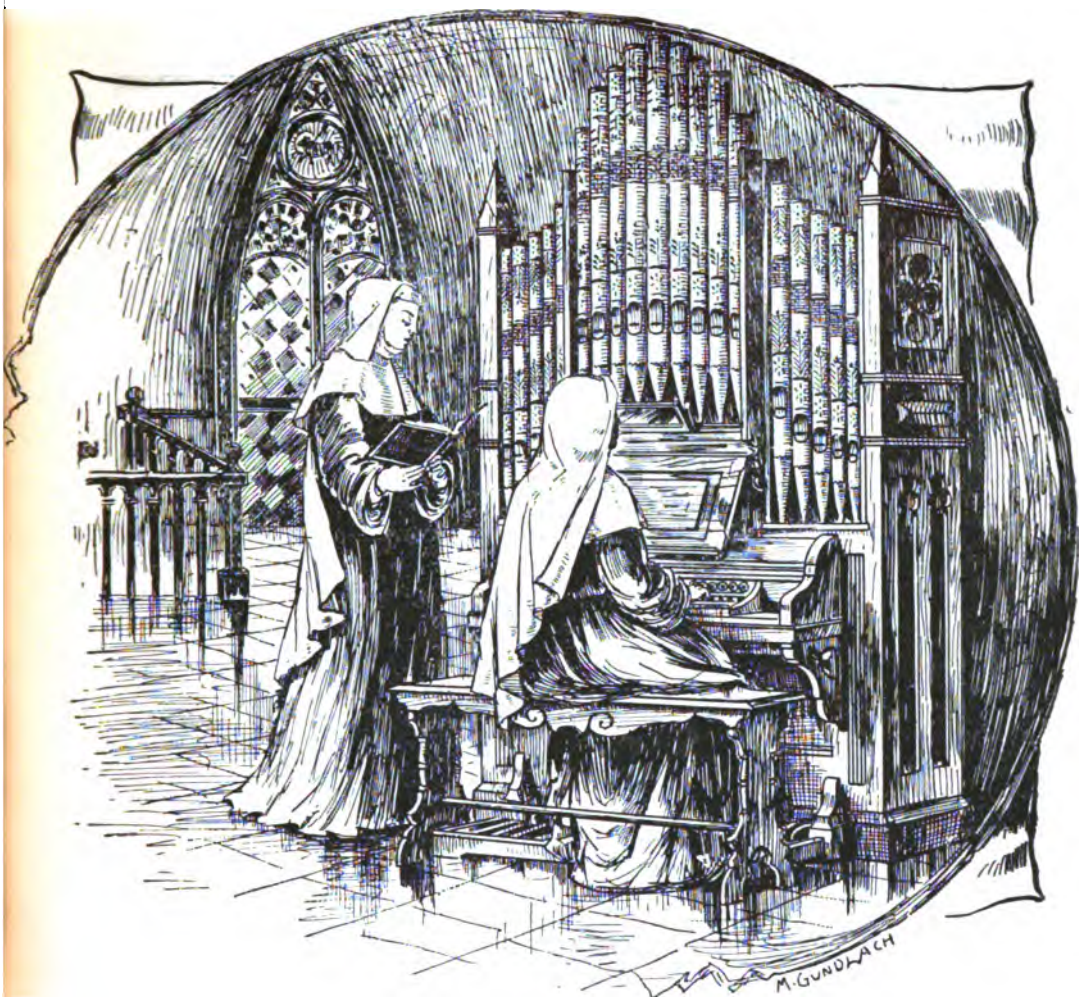
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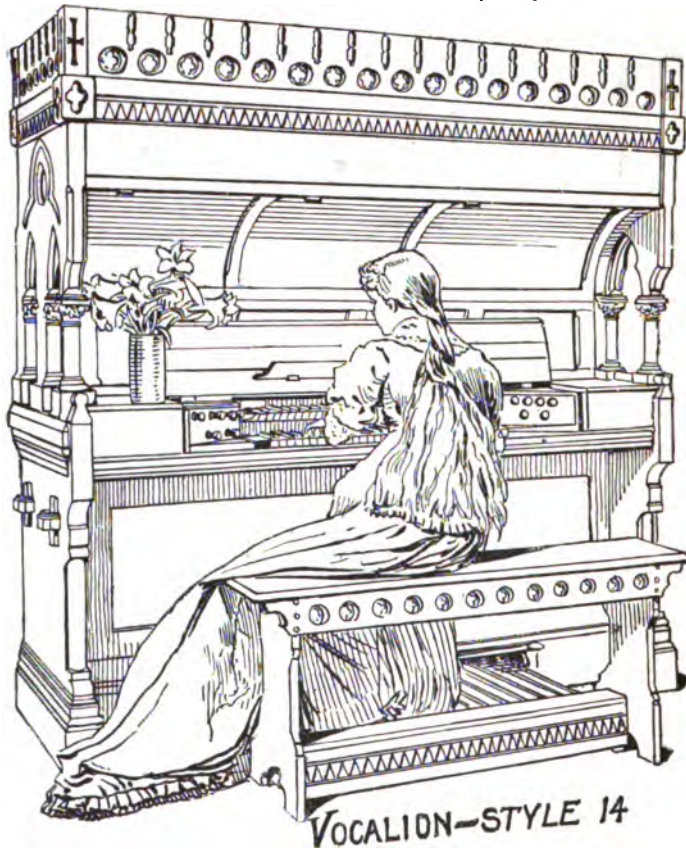
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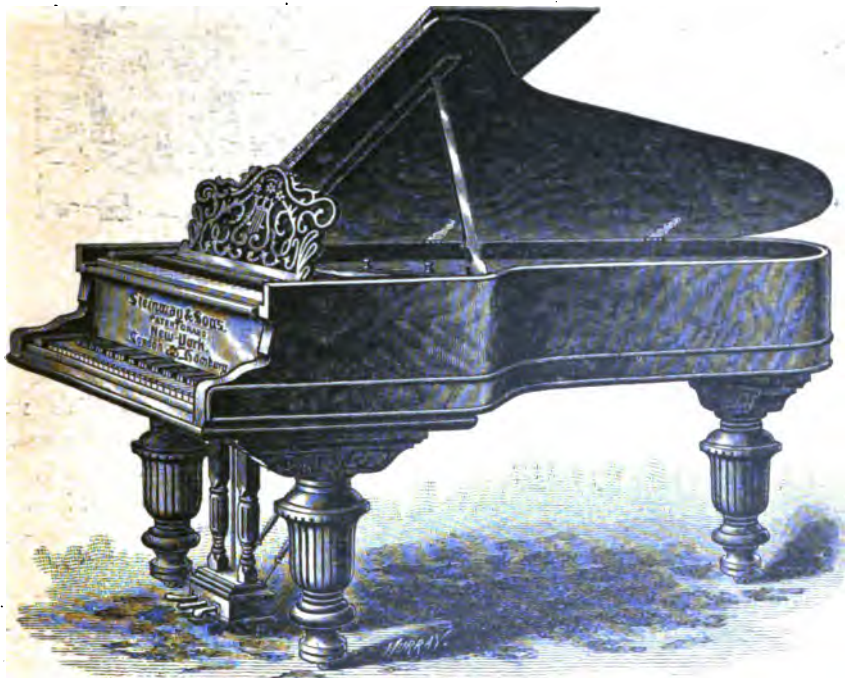
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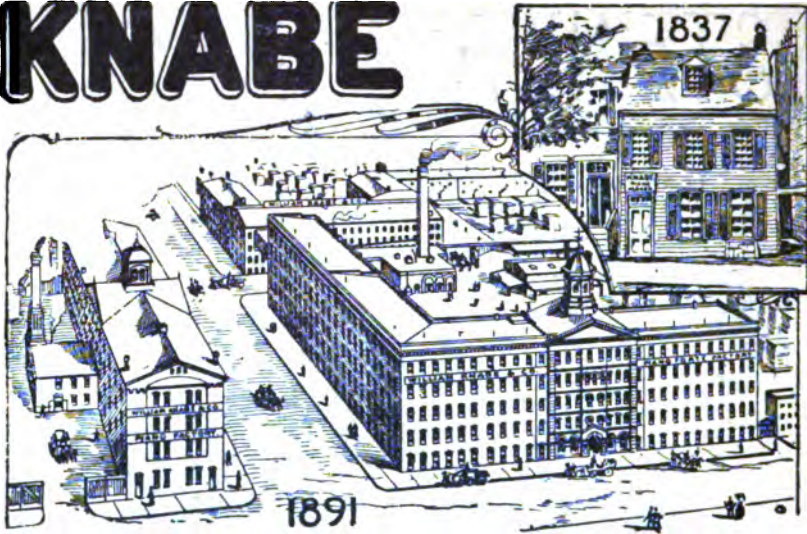
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VOL. I

No. 6

# MUSIC

## A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

W. S. B. MATHEWS, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

APRIL, 1892

Music in the Poets. I. Shakespeare (519). By HELEN A. CLARKE.  
The Origin and Growth of National Music (531). By JEAN MOOS.  
A Reminiscence (544). By CONSTANTIN STERNBERG.  
Piano Playing as a Revelation of Character (549). By JOHN C. FILLMORE.

Music in American Colleges (554). By A. L. MANCHESTER.  
Evolution of the Voice Teacher (557). By HERBERT W. GREENE.  
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The Chicago Orchestra Commercially Considered (574). W. S. B. MATHEWS.

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Introduction to the Philosophy of Piano Playing (613). By F. H. CLARK.  
A Dandelion Seed (620). By ELIZABETH CUMINGS.

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Several articles formerly announced have so far failed to materialize, and experience teaches the caution that articles already in hand can be promised more safely than those agreed upon for delivery at a date still in the future. Accordingly the next number will contain at least two illustrated articles—one upon “American Lady Violinists,” and another upon the “Chamber Music Concerts of the Mason Thomas Quartette, in New York from 1856 to 1866.” Upon several accounts these concerts were of unusual historical interest and importance. “Music Extension” will receive ample attention, and all the bulletins of the society will receive their first publication through the pages of *Music*.

The practical teacher will receive more attention than hitherto, and the “Harmony Lessons to a Child” (discontinued for want of time to edit the *MSS.* properly), will be resumed and carried through ten lessons. Miss Helen A. Clarke will continue her very interesting articles upon “Music in the Poets,” and the ground of poetical interest will be further trenched upon in two articles upon “The Kalevala,” the epic of Finland, by Mrs. Anna Cox Stephens. Mr. John S. Van Cleve has in preparation two articles, “Wagner’s Influence upon the Art of Singing,” and the “Modern Orchestra, and the Principles of Tonal Coloration as Related to Emotional Expression.” Mr C. B. Cady has in preparation an article upon “A Rational System of Study”; Mr. John C. Fillmore will be heard from in several short and pithy articles. From Prof. J. P. Rider will be two articles, of which the first will be included in the May issue, upon “The Study of Music as a Factor in Intellectual Growth.” Several contributions upon “Music in the Public Schools,” have been engaged, of which the first one, by Mr. A. T. Cringan, of Toronto, will be given in the May number.

In short, it is intended to make this in all respects an interesting and helpful collection of timely musical miscellany.

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The *Etude*, published by Theodore Presser, Philadelphia, edited by Chas. W. Landon, numbering among regular contributors the Messrs. Van Cleve, Thomas Tapper, the editor of *Music* and others. This periodical is devoted to the interests of piano teachers mostly. Sheet music size, 32 pages, monthly; \$1.50 per year. The *Etude* enjoys the largest *bona fide* constituency of any musical periodical in the United States, and, perhaps, in the world.

The *Music Review*, published by Clayton F. Summy, Chicago (32 pages, octavo, monthly, at \$1.00 per year), Frederic Grant Gleason, managing editor. It is devoted to reviews of new music, and to Mr. C. B. Cady's graded analyses of studies and standard works for teaching. The latter are printed with musical illustrations, whereby the leading motives and features are shown.

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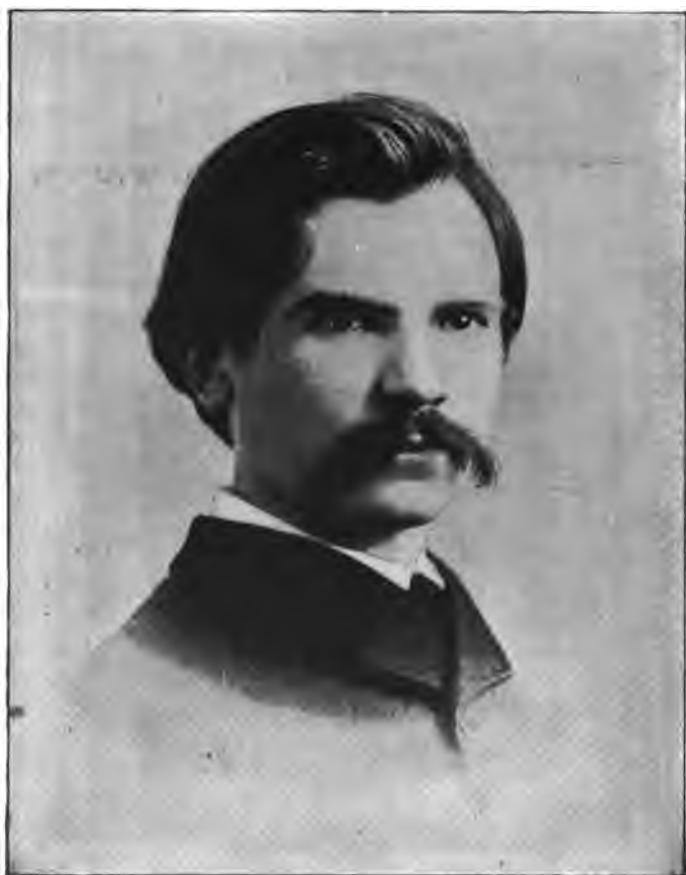




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# MUSIC.

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APRIL, 1892.

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## MUSIC IN THE POETS.

### I. SHAKESPEARE.

"I have a reasonable good ear in music."

—*Midsummer Night's Dream*, IV, 1.

In an age so remarkable for literary activity as the Elizabethan age, when all the pent-up energies of a nation's mind broke forth in the congenial atmosphere of peace; in an age which was ushered in by the gentle demigod Spenser, and closed in the perpetual noonday sun of an immortal—

"A mind reflecting ages past, whose cleere  
And equal surface can make things appeare  
Distant a thousand years, and represent  
Them in their lively colours just extent,"

it would be strange indeed if the voice of the musical turtle were not heard in the land. Though the fact is not dwelt upon in any but musical histories, it was a period remarkable for the growth of music in England—"The Augustan Age of Music," as the old musical historian, Burney, called it. A spirit of daring before unknown possessed the minds of musicians, and with truly Shakespearian independence they disregarded the musical "unities." No longer afraid to call their souls their own, they shook off one by one the trammels which had well nigh strangled their art. New and strange modulations were ventured upon, which would have caused their respectable predecessors to stare in amazement.

(1)

Nor, if we may believe the records, was this musical ferment confined to a special class of professional musicians, for the education of no lady or gentleman was considered complete unless she or he could read a part at sight in a madrigal, or even invent impromptu a counterpoint to a given melody. It is amusing to read in Morley's "*Plaine and Easie Introduction to Practicall Musicke*," of the confusion of one, Philomathes, when finding himself at a banquet with a number of "excellent scollers, both gentlemen and others," and the discourse turning entirely upon music, "I was compelled," he says, "to discover mine own ignorance, and confess that I knew nothing at all in it. The whole company condemned me of discourtesie, being fully persuaded that I had been as skilfull in that art as they took me to be learned in others; but supper being ended, and musicke bookes, according to the custome, being brought to the table, the mistress of the house presented mee with a part, earnestly requesting me to sing, but when after many excuses I protested unfeignedly that I could not, everie one began to wonder, yea, some whispered to others, demanding how I was brought up."

Although this unwonted musical activity existed side by side with the copious outpourings of the poetic muse, the references to music in the mass of the poetry of the time are under the circumstances surprisingly few. Perhaps this may be accounted for on the supposition that from the point of view of the poet, at any rate, music had hardly even then started on its career as an individual art. "The attributes of Apollo," as Milton expresses it, were not yet "divided." Melody had so long been considered the slave of the poetic muse, with no separate existence of its own, that, though the offices of poet and musician were no longer compassed in the same person, as in the time of the bards and minstrels, the poets still considered music but as the handmaid of poetry. Thus madrigals and lyrics without number were written with the express purpose of having music set to them, and in these poems the lover frequently expresses himself as singing his passion to his love, and bewails her



persistent indifference to his music, as in the following song by Campion:

"All that I sung still to her praise did tend,  
 Still she was first, still she my songs did end ;  
 "Yet she my love and music both doth fly,  
 The music that her echo is, and beauty's sympathy.  
 "Then let my notes pursue her scornful flight !  
 We shall suffice that they were breathed and died for her delight."

It is perfectly clear that music in this poet's thoughts is not separable from the words.

The pipe appears in the love poetry as an echo, doubtless, from that stage in the world's development when all wooing was done by the music of a pipe.

"My love can pipe, my love can sing,  
 My love can many a pretty thing ;  
 And of his lovely praises sing  
 My merry, merry roundelays."—*Peele*.

No doubt while the poets were calmly indifferent to any form of music except that which lent a charm to their own art, the musicians were turning their energies to the enfranchisement of their peculiar "attribute of Apollo." The now forgotten John Coporario was writing his fantasies for viols in many parts, and good Queen Bess was doing her share practicing diligently her "Carmen's Whistle," with its interminable variations, on the virginal.

Occasionally, however, there flourished a man who was skilled in both music and poetry. Such a one was "The worshipfull Mayster Richarde Edwardes, Mayster of the children in the queenes maiesties chapell," who was, as Warton says, "first fiddle, the most fashionable sonneteer, the readiest rhymmer, and the most facetious mimic of the court." This accomplished personage wrote a poem in commendation of music, which was published in 1578 in the collection of poems, attractively entitled "The Paradise of Dainty Devises." A part of it has been introduced by Shakespeare in "Romeo and Juliet," beginning:

"When griping grief the heart doth wound,"

The whole poem and the music is reprinted in Hawkins' "History of Music," and from this example of his genius

we should hardly think him deserving of the high praise of his contemporary Tuberville, who says:

" His vaine in verse was such,  
His feate in forging sugared songs  
As all the learned Greeks."

In Samuel Daniel's "Sonnets to Delia," many of which possess that peculiar aroma which so distinguishes Shakespeare's, we come upon several musical allusions of a distinctly higher order than any we have so far touched upon. Take, for example, this in Sonnet LVII where in a complicated comparison of his heart to a lute the poet brings into play a very considerable knowledge of the intricacies of Elizabethan music.

" Like as the Lute delights or els dislikes,  
As is his art that playes upon the same,  
So sounds my Muse, according as she strikes  
On my heart-strings high tun'd unto her fame.  
Her touch doth cause the warble of the sound,  
Which here I yeeld in lamentable wise:  
A wayling descant on the sweetest ground,  
Whose due reports give honor to her eyes."

Without some knowledge of the musical terminology of Elizabeth's day, the last four lines would be unintelligible. By "warble of the sound" he probably means the musicalness of the sound to which he adds a "wayling descant" the name given to a part added to a given melody called the "plain song," but which he poetically calls the "sweetest ground." Spenser uses "warbling" in the same sense in a passage in the "Faerie Queene":

" And all the while sweet musicke did apply  
Her curious skill the warbling notes to play."

In the whole range of English literature there is perhaps no more perfect tribute to beauty than in the musical simile in these lines from Daniel's "The Complaint of Rosamond":

" Ah, beauty Syren, faire enchanting good,  
Sweet silent Rhetorique of perswading eyes;  
Dombé Eloquence, whose powre doth move the bloud,  
More then the words or wisdom of the wise;  
Still harmony, whose diapason lyes  
Within a brow, the key which passions move  
To ravish sence, and play a world in love."

"Diapason" here refers, of course, to the full range of harmony, a sense in which the word has been used by

Spenser, Milton, Dryden and other poets, but a sense which we are likely to forget in its narrower significance of to-day.

Spenser's pastoral poems are redolent—as all poetry of that ilk is—of doleful shepherds who pipe and dance, and sing doleful ditties to their loves, “who of their rural music holdeth scorn.” A better proof of Spenser's real appreciation of music is his “*Epithalamium*,” where he gives us a glimpse of the old church music, much more interesting to the musical student than the conventional pipings of an imaginary *Arcadia* :

“And let the roring organs loudly play  
The praises of the Lord in lively notes,  
The whiles with hollow throats  
The choristers their joyous anthems sing,  
That all the woods may answer, and their echo ring.”

His imagination, however, conjured up a “manner of music” which added its spell to the dangerous delights of the “*Bower of Bliss*” and which might very well be considered a prophesy of the full-fledged oratorio of a hundred and fifty years later :

“For all that pleasing is to living eare  
Was there consorted in one harmonee.”  
“The joyous birdes, shrouded in chearefull shade  
Their notes unto the voice attempered sweet ;  
Th’ angelicall, soft-trembling voyces made  
To th’ instruments divine response meet ;  
The silver sounding instruments did meet  
With the base murmure of the waters fall ;  
The waters fall with difference discreet,  
Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call ;  
The gentle, warbling wind low answered to all.”

As if the muses were determined that their favorite should lack no “season” which nature or art could bestow, Shakespeare stands out among all the Elizabethans for his appreciation of music—a sort of appreciation which, in its perception of music in all its then known forms and phases, we might term democratic.

Among his dramas there are but four in which the word “music” does not occur. These are “*King John*,” “*Coriolanus*,” the most woeful tragedy “*Macbeth*,” and the least charming comedy “*Merry Wives of Windsor*.” True to

Lorenzo's philosophy, they are plays of "treasons, stratagems and spoils." Yet even in these the border land of music is approached in the mention of "braying trumpets," "loud, churlish drums," and so on. The tune of "Green Sleeves," a song which did not bear the best reputation, is mentioned in the "Merry Wives." Also Hecate and the witches in "Macbeth" indulge in a few songs and an "Antique Round," which is more music than we should expect of such unprepossessing beings as the witches, on the hypothesis of Lorenzo.

It is never quite safe, however, to count upon a dramatist's acting consistently with the dogmas of his characters; a man may smile and be a villain, so in Shakespeare's world, at least, a man may be musical and be a villain, for the most detestable of all his characters gives expression to his sinister motives in metaphors drawn from music. When Othello hopes that kisses will be the greatest discords his and Desdemona's hearts shall ever know, Iago mutters,

"O, you are well tuned now!

But I'll set down the pegs that make this music."

Iago not only knew something about music, but was a singer himself, albeit his songs were not of a very high order, having been sung by him for the express purpose of tempting Cassio to drink. Othello, on the other hand, who was the victim of Iago's plots, was evidently not fond of music, if we may judge from the dismissal of the band of wind instruments which was playing before his castle. "The general so likes your music that he desires you for love's sake to make no more noise with it," and "If you have any music that may not be heard, to 't again." This might be more of a reflection on the music than on Othello, if further proof of his indifference to music were not given in the remark "That to hear music the general does not greatly care."

The duke in "Measure for Measure" makes a truer estimate of music's power than Lorenzo when he declares that "Music oft hath such a charm to make bad good, and good provoke to harm," and it would serve as a good guide to the investigation of Shakespeare's employment of music.

Had we no other sources of information as to the intimate connection of music with the life of the time, we should find it reflected in Shakespeare's plays, not only by the frequent introduction of songs sung by the characters which, be it noted, are always relevant to the action, but by the introduction of professional musicians, such as figured in those days, and by the proneness of the characters to point their moral or adorn their philosophy with apt musical similes.

The historical plays have fewer musical allusions than either the tragedies or the comedies, but among the philosophizing brethren who hang their wise saws on musical pegs must be counted King Richard II, whose remark that music "have help madmen to their wits," presents the interesting problem as to whether Shakespeare really knew what modern physicians are becoming more and more sure of—the efficacy of music as a medicine for the insane. In "King Lear," also, the doctor orders music as a restorative to the untuned and jarring senses of the "child-changed father." But then Shakespeare has a fashion of introducing music as a sort of panacea for all the ills that flesh is heir to, as well as a crown for all joys. Poor King Henry IV on his death bed would have some one "whisper music to his weary spirit." Music aids in restoring to life the well-nigh drowned Thaisa whom Pericles had allowed to be buried at sea in somewhat unseemly haste. Music awakes for Leontes the beautiful statue of Hermione, and gives him back his wife; and, to descend into the realms of unreality, when Titania wishes to go to sleep she calls to the fairies, "Sing me asleep," and she awakes joyously to the ravishing singing of Bottom, the weaver.

Whether, then, King Richard's knowledge of the effect of music on madmen had any true scientific basis in Shakespeare's mind may be considered doubtful, but certainly he (King Richard) had a critical ear in music, or he would never have said "How sour sweet music is when time is broke, and no proportion kept." He can discern slips in time and faults in harmony, as he himself says, "Here have I the daintiness of ear, to check time broke in a disordered string; but," he moans, "Had not an ear to hear my true time broke, I

wasted time, and now doth time waste me." The melancholy Dane uses a not less striking and more elaborate musical simile in the scene with Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. He leads up, in a manner not at all suggestive of a madman, to the little musical parable, by means of which he is going to teach his friends a moral lesson. Won't his dear friend Guildenstern be so obliging as to play a tune on the pipe which he offers him? But Guildenstern protests unfeignedly that he cannot, and Hamlet has his chance. "You would play upon me, you would seem to know my stops, you would pluck out the heart of my mystery, you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass; and there is much music, excellent voice in this little organ; yet cannot you make it speak. 'Sblood! do you think I am easier to be played on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can *fret* me yet you cannot play upon me." This pun is so pat that one wonders if the sentence were not built backward from it. Punning musical allusions are frequent in Shakespeare, and one of the most amusing, partly because it is such an absurd anachronism, is to be found in "Troilus and Cressida." In this, the Greeks of the time of Troy talk about "broken music," the Elizabethan term for music in parts, a species of music, which, as far as we know, was unknown to the Greeks, and which it is difficult to suppose could have been performed with no more developed instrument than the three-stringed lyre of those ancient days.

In reply to the remark of Pandarus, "Fair prince, here is good broken music," Paris says: "You have broke it, cousin, and by my life you shall make it whole again; you shall piece it out with a piece of your performance. "Nell, he is full of harmony." Later on Apollo is disrespectfully called by Thersites "that fiddler, Apollo." A sharp passage at arms of musical wit occurs in "Romeo and Juliet" in the scene with Peter and the musicians, and to the question why the song should say "Music with her silver sound," are proposed these answers: The idealist of the party, Simon Catling, suggests, "Because silver has a sweet sound," while Hugh Rebeck gives the materialistic opinion "Because musicians sound for silver." Peter's reply belongs to that sort

of negative philosophy which describes a thing as being what it is because it is not something else—"Because musicians have no gold for sounding," and James Soundpost, with his agnostic "Faith! I know not what to say," gives the only satisfactory answer to all such inquiries into the wherefore of the esthetic sense.

Shakespeare's principal lovers are, on the whole, of a musical temperament, though there are some who seem to be too much occupied with each other to even give music a thought. Juliet's only mention of music is when she says "How silver sweet sound lover's tongues at night, like softest music to attending ears!" and although there was plenty of singing in the Forest of Arden, Rosalind and Orlando do not appear to have concerned themselves much about it.

The two lovers who show the greatest susceptibility to the charms of music are the duke in "Twelfth Night" and Lorenzo. The duke, desperately in love for the time being, with Olivia, takes a sort of melancholy pleasure in his position as an unrequited lover. He poses before his friends, discoursing of nothing but his love, and calling for music to soothe his lacerated feelings. He first appears on the scene with attendant musicians:

"If music be the food of love, play on;  
Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,  
The appetite may sicken, and so die.  
That strain again! it had a dying fall;  
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound,  
That breathes upon a bank of violets,  
Stealing and giving odor!"

Upon another occasion he exclaims:

"Give me some music.  
That old and antique song we heard last night;  
Methought it did relieve my passion much."

From these outbursts it is evident that the duke's appreciation of music was a matter of sentiment. It is doubtful whether he could have made any such clever musical comparisons as King Richard or Hamlet. He regarded it merely as an external agent which affected his senses one way or the other from the outside, like the sweet sound that breathes upon a bank of violets. Lorenzo, on the contrary,

safely entered into the harbor of matrimony, expresses the opinion that "Harmony is *within* all mortal souls"; and makes scornful remarks about the "man who hath not music in *himself*." He does not dwell upon the effect of music on him personally, he is carried beyond the consciousness of self which characterizes the duke. The present music takes him back to the past and onward to the future, his whole soul is filled with the deeper meanings of those ancient, beautiful myths of the music of the spheres and Orpheus, and one day he believes the harmony which is in immortal souls will burst its muddy vesture of decay. More than his senses are responsive to music—his "spirit is attentive."

The play of all others in which music seems to form an integral part of the structure is "The Tempest," which ranks as perhaps one of the maturest of Shakespeare's productions—certainly one of the most exquisite. What could the magic art of Prospero have accomplished without the aid of Ariel's music? Ariel is a poetic embodiment of the myths of Hermes and Orpheus. He is the tricky spirit of the air, the child of the wind, who with his music can draw all beings and things on the earth whither he will. The myth of Orpheus seems to have had a special attraction for Shakespeare, for upon three different occasions he has referred to it: In the song in "Henry VIII," which the maid sings to "disperse" the troubles of Queen Catherine; "Orpheus with his lute," in "Two Gentleman of Verona" when Proteus is advising the duke how he must woo Silvia with wailful sonnets—

"For Orpheus' lute was strung with poets' sinews,  
Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,  
Make tigers tame, and huge leviathans  
Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands";

and the speech already referred to of Lorenzo's. So Ariel with his song can tame the brutish Caliban or he can lead the gentle Ferdinand to his Miranda. He is much too clever, however, not to suit his music to the occasion. While he charms to sleep Alonzo and the good old Gonzalo with solemn music, he leads the drunken trio, Caliban, Trinculo and Stephano, a pretty dance by playing on his tabor the



catch which they themselves had commenced to sing. "Three Blind Mice," the best known surviving example of the catch, is a sufficient proof of the unexalted character of this form of music. But how different the song with which he charms the steps of Ferdinand:

"This music crept by me upon the waters,  
Allaying both their fury and my passion  
With its sweet air; thence I have followed it,  
Or it hath drawn me, rather."

It has been argued that Caliban's susceptibility to the music of the island is a proof that he was not altogether depraved, and certainly his remarks on the subject sound more like the utterances of a gentle poet than a savage:

"Be not afeard; the isle is full of noises,  
Sounds and sweet airs that give delight, and hurt not.  
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments  
Will hum about mine ears, and sometimes voices  
That, if I then had waked after long sleep,  
Will make me sleep again"—

And contrasts strongly with the wholly mercenary view of Stephano: "This will prove a brave kingdom to me where I shall have my music for nothing." But it should not be forgotten that the music of the whole Orpheus tribe—the lyre playing of Hermes and Amphion, the harping of Wainamoinen, the singing of Horant—could soften even stones, and cause even the worms to crawl forth; yet who would argue from this that stones are in their nature gentle, or that worms are in their souls musical? All that it proves is that the magic power of music is such that stones and worms are affected in spite of their nature. It is worth while to note, however, that the two real villains of the piece, Antonio and Sebastian, are least conscious, if not entirely unconscious, of the music of Ariel.

Music has its magic part to play in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "Music such as charmeth sleep," but the pretender in music, as well as the pretender in poetry, gets a sly hit from the whimsey-loving Shakespeare in Bottom's reply when Titania asks him if he will hear music, and he replies, "I have a reasonable good ear in music; let's have the tongs and the bones."

Taking one more rapid survey of the plays, we shall find represented almost every species of music lover, from the jolly Sir Toby Belch, who with his friend Sir Andrew Ague-cheek roused the night owl with uproarious catches, to the so-called professor, "cunning in music and the mathematics, whose music lesson to sweet Bianca ran as follows:

"'Gamut,' I am the ground of all accord,  
 'A re,' to plead Hortensio's passion,  
 'B mi,' Bianca, take him for thy lord  
 'C fa ut,' that loves with all affection.  
 'D sol re,' one clef, two notes have I:  
 'E la mi,' show pity or I die."

From the cynic Benedick who thinks it strange that "Sheep's gut should hale souls out of men's bodies," to the sentimental duke; from the clown, who finds music in the tongs and the bones, to the general, who prefers music that may not be heard; from the unfortunate Desdemona, who takes a melancholy satisfaction in a "Song of Willow" to the unprincipled Cleopatra, who, in a fit of *ennui*, calls: "Give me some music; music, moody food of us that trade in love." All sorts of songs are introduced, from the most commonplace songs of the people, drinking songs and catches, to such exquisitely "dainty devises" as "Hark, Hark, the Lark," "Who Is Silyia?" or "Come Away, Death." Truly from the "churlish drums" of "King John" to the refined musical philosophy of Lorenzo is a complete world in music.

HELEN A. CLARKE.

## THE ORIGIN AND GROWTH OF NATIONAL MUSIC.

It is now quite generally admitted that musical art is one of those characteristic traits which serve to distinguish one nation from the others; that, like the other components of modern culture, music has passed through a progressive change, resulting in its ultimate maturity; and that in its present high state of perfection it represents the final result of the united musical efforts of successive generations. In view of this it is surprising that no general law has been pointed out to which this development conforms; and it is so much more surprising in an age in which science has sounded the unfathomable depths of the life of the universe, and classified and reduced to scientific formulæ the apparently most incompatible phenomena of the animate and inanimate world. The preponderance of the emotional element in music can assuredly not vindicate the disregard manifested by science toward this peculiar form of human knowledge; since if the laws of science be true they must account for the phenomena of musical evolution, as well as for the occurrences in its other provinces. To point out the principles that govern the growth of musical art and to demonstrate their identity with the universal laws of evolution is the aim of this discourse.

The art of a nation is, as has been well said, a window, which permits us to look into its very heart, disclosing the innermost folds of its character. The mental and moral tendencies of an epoch are crystallized in its art products, and are preserved in an indestructible form for generations to come.

In a primitive state the individuals of a race are endowed with a set of innate natural aptitudes, which become modified in accordance with the inherent principles of growth, and with certain outward agencies, viz., climate, fertility of the

soil, general character of the surface, etc. These aptitudes, in virtue of the inherent principles of growth, are submitted to a progressive change, resulting, if not obstructed or alienated by extraneous influences, in a state of cultivation approximately homogeneous in all the individuals, or groups of individuals, of common descent. On the other hand, the modifying potency of the above stated external agencies is prone to bring about alterations all but obliterating the ties connecting the several members of a race. The physical influences beget the needs of the human race; the needs bring about the modes of activity, thereby molding the habits, which again determine the aptitudes, physical as well as mental. The characteristics resulting from the combined agency of the foregoing principles are transmitted by inheritance, becoming more pronounced as they become more firmly rooted in the ever increasing distance of remote ages. The efficiency of the physical changes is rendered palpable at once, and needs no further explanation in this place. The mental characteristics, however, as finding their voice in art, demand a more exacting treatment in the course of our investigation.

The natural basis for an advanced state of art culture is a fair degree of material prosperity. The individual, as well as its aggregate, the nation, possesses a given amount of vital force, which is primarily spent in the effort to sustain life, and to propagate the race. The surplus of its vitality manifests itself in its mental pursuits, and in primitive man almost exclusively in art pursuits, however crude they may be. In its highest stages, the art of a nation represents the sum total of its mental activity, the final outcome of its emotional life. In Egypt, in Greece, in Rome, in all the civilized nations of antiquity, these fundamental requisites have been fulfilled; and in the art history of modern times we can again recognize the operations of the same principle.

It may be profitable, before further pursuing our inquiry, to state briefly those qualities that are essential for the appreciation of modern music.

The first requisite is an accurate organ of hearing, that is qualified to receive musical tones and to discriminate them in their mutual relation of quantity and quality. Secondly,

a delicately adjusted perceptive faculty, susceptible of discerning the quickly changing pitch, the rhythmical coherence, the dynamic fluctuations, the subtleties of musical timbre, the complexity of the harmonic progressions, the intrinsic relations between the various parts, etc. Thirdly, a retentive faculty, that is instrumental in associating the impressions received at one moment with those received previously, and which incites us to conjecture those that are to follow. The simultaneous co-operation of these components, in part or in whole, excites musical emotion, whose intensity varies with the number and intensity of the components that are brought into active play.

Musical sense, or receptivity for music, is not, or but very slightly, dependent upon the development of the organs of hearing proper. The physical construction of the auditory apparatus is nominally the same among all races, and the auditory sense—in its two properties of delicacy of perception and compass—is all but equally developed in the man of culture and in the savage. In fact, the nations of the Orient, in special the Hindoos and Arabs, have in practical use intervals much smaller than those the average European—nay, even the average musician—can discern. Moreover, to judge from the physical appearance of the ear, and from observation, we must, to say the least, infer that the sense of hearing is as acute in the higher animals as it is in man.

It is in the mental aptitudes in which we must find the cue for the interpretation of the musical supremacy of some highly cultivated nations of to-day.

The art of a nation is dependent on its mental aptitudes in general, and on the faculty of imagination in special. Perception and will do not vary materially in man; but imagination is the birthright of the Aryan family. It is this faculty that has impelled the nations of Aryan origin to their onward course on the road of progress. It is imagination that has budded forth in the plastic sculptures of ancient Greece, the sublime cathedrals of the Middle Ages, the immortal paintings of the Renaissance, the inexhaustible treasures of poetry of all ages, and last, but not least, the luxuriant growth of modern music. This course pursued by the

art life is another and a most emphatic demonstration of the universal validity of the doctrines of evolution. From sculpture, which appeals primarily to the senses, arises architecture in its complexity already appealing in a higher degree to the mental proclivities. Then follows the revelation of the art of painting, requiring and again producing stronger and more particularized feeling ; and this onward progress terminates (as far as we can at present conceive, not excluding a further progress) in music, the most emotional of all arts. Again, we cannot fail to notice the gradual progression from the objectivity of sculpture to the subjectivity of music—a further illustration of the principle that all evolution proceeds from the general to the special. And just as the development of man from the embryo is a reiteration of the successive stages through which the evolution of the organic life and the life of the earth have passed, just so we find that music undergoes the same process to which art in general has been subjected. In its beginning music bore a merely sensual character. In its second stage, in later historic times, it partakes of the nature of a mental activity ; and, since Bach and Handel, it becomes by degrees preëminently an expression of emotional feeling. It grew from the objectivity of antiquity to the subjectivity of modern times.

As already intimated, there are two agents active in the progressive change whose final result has been the formation of the distinguishing characteristics of the modern nations of Aryan origin, viz.: The internal qualities, or the race genus common to all these nations ; and the modifying external influences of climate, fertility of the soil, character of the surface, etc. The results of the several agencies cannot be individually classified, since there exists between them no well defined boundary line. They rather interfere and commingle freely, so as to be scarcely cognizable in their causal relation. An extremely close affinity exists between the modifications accruing from the influences of the climate, and from those of the fertility of the soil, inasmuch as the second factor is in a great measure conditioned by the first. Therefore I will view them jointly.

The climatic differentiations act in two ways on the musical proclivities: First, by molding the mental faculties that determine the character of the musical conceptions. Second, by deciding the nature and structure of the agents instrumental in bringing the mental conceptions to outward expression.

That a marked contrast exists in the mental aptitudes of the inhabitants of different zones has been demonstrated beyond doubt, and it only remains for me to lay open the nature of the mutual relation existing between the climatic differentiations and those apparent in the musical utterances of the several modern nations. The luxuriant vegetation of southern climes, and the comparative ease of gaining the necessaries for sustaining life, are productive of a voluptuousness, or sensuality, predominating in music as well as in the other provinces of art. Immunity from the absorbing urgency of procuring the means to sustain life soon results in mental and physical inertia. So we encounter in all phases of oriental art a superficiality that leads irretrievably to frivolity and sensuality. India, Persia and Arabia strikingly verify the view set forth. Moreover, the musical art of Italy, and even that of France, though in a lesser degree, attest also to the same view. The art products of these favored parts of the globe spring up spontaneously, and therefore are evanescent. They are not cast in firmly grounded forms. Being ever changing, they cannot withstand the corroding action of time, but crumble down before it in worthless fragments.

The denizens of northern countries, however, not finding any charms in the surrounding stern nature, impelled by the innate striving after the true and the beautiful, dive down into their inner selves, to find in themselves what charms the rigid surroundings refuse. The unintermittent struggle for existence demands a never relenting exertion of the physical and mental faculties, developing them to their utmost capacity. The art works are wrought with a forcible mental effort, and are therefore enduring. The art form undergoes a slow organic change, in conformity with the emotional nature of the art work. Tradition transmits the

acquirements of one period for innumerable generations, while the essence of the national life is equable and renders the art products of one epoch of uniform validity for subsequent ages.

The modifying influences exerted by the character of the surface are not so efficient in their implications, and not so easily perceptible as are those stated above. Yet we must, in some measure, credit them with a co-operating potency in shaping the conception of the beautiful and the sublime, that find expression in art. The aspect of snow-covered mountain ranges, the contemplation of the cooling waters of the ocean, must leave some traces in the awe-struck mind of mankind. This assumption appears to be corroborated by the fact that some nations inhabiting mountainous countries possessed of striking natural beauties, have attained to a high degree of culture, while adjacent tribes remained in savagery. This, in addition to the above stated principles, may well account for the advanced state of culture found in Mexico and Peru after the discovery of the New World. Aside from this, all those means that serve to facilitate communication between two peoples render possible an intellectual intercourse, thereby mutually widening their intellectual horizon. Accordingly we find the seats of culture almost exclusively situated on the sea coast, or in close proximity to it.

From the foregoing it is self-evident that the musical instruments, the interpreters of musical thought, should be submitted to the same influences. But in addition to this indirect agency, the evolution of the musical instruments has been affected in a more direct mode.

The human voice, the most universal of all instruments, is greatly modified by climatic diversities, and most markedly shows the consequences in both its quality and its compass. Observations have positively demonstrated that the voice becomes lower the nearer we approach a high northern latitude, and *vice versa*. This phenomenon appears to be more pronounced in the male voice than in that of the female; which may be accounted for by the more persistent exposure of the male to the vicissitudes of the climate. I had opportunity to listen to the performance of a male quartette composed of



natives of one of the northern provinces of Russia, in which the second bass sang the A flat and G below the bass staff—fully six tones below the average compass of the bass voice—with a clear, sonorous voice; and on inquiry I was told that this was not a rare occurrence among those natives. Again, we are familiar with the fact that high tenors are the rule in Italy; while in Germany, owing to its intermediate situation, the compass of the voice lies between these two extremes. In view of the fact that the low tones of the voice are by no means so pliable as those of higher pitch, and can be effectively used only in measured tone sequences, while the mental attitude of northern peoples, in accordance with the previously established principles, is conspicuous for its depth and equability, we cannot be surprised to find in the northern countries a national musical art so permanently retaining its vitality despite the ravages time has wrought in other provinces of mental activity.

While in northern regions the tendency of the voice co-operates with the bent of the external modifying influences in bringing about a mental attitude distinguished for its gravity and profundity, we find that in the south the flexible voice of relative high pitch—not serving as a vehicle for musical conceptions of a deeper emotional nature—degenerates into a medium for producing mere sensual effects, encouraging the proneness to voluptuousness already favored by natural agencies. This accounts for the continual fluctuations of musical taste, and the short-livedness of the musical art work in southern countries.

In order to further elucidate the operative principles active in the formation of the characteristics of national music, some additional considerations are rendered necessary, and, to facilitate intelligibility, I will dissolve the musical phenomena into their primary elements of *meter* and *tonality*, under which latter term I embrace all those properties that are comprised in the term “quality of musical sound,” as melody, harmony, dynamic and timbre.

Rhythm is perceptible in every motion. Inaudible noises we can distinguish accents that follow each other at regular, or at irregular intervals; in other words, the rhythm may

be perfect or imperfect. In speech it is imperfect; in poetry it approaches perfection. The colloquial belief that perfect rhythm has formed an inseparable attribute of every form of musical utterance, and that deviations, as witnessed in some kinds of primitive music, are abnormalities, is a fallacy that entirely lacks the support of positive proof. I maintain, conversely, that musical rhythm, as we know it, is the product of an evolution proceeding from the general to the special, from the imperfect to the perfect rhythm. This view is countenanced by the fact that we find but slight traces of a regular meter in the musical attempts of savage tribes, although the rhythmical element by far predominates over the melodic tendencies. George W. Cable, in a description of a negro dance in the south, says, in regard to this subject: "The rhythm stretches out heathenish and ragged," and again, "I have heard the negroes sing a song that showed the emphatic barbarism of five bars to the line." This goes far in characterizing the rhythmical faculties of the African race. Aside from this, explorers, when mentioning the musical practice of the aborigines of the dark continent, frequently allude to the absence of all regular rhythm. In written reproductions of these primitive songs in the fetters of modern musical meter, we are struck with a rhythmical diversity that Schumann, Dvorak and other modern composers would vainly strive to surpass. Doublets, triplets, syncopes, pauses, endings on the weak part of the measures, face us in endless confusion. Moreover, the music of China, of which fair specimens may be heard in the Chinese quarters of New York or San Francisco, shows but slight traces of rhythm, and it is difficult, even for a practiced ear, to discern anything resembling a rhythmical unit in the confusing, at first hearing incoherent, noise. The force of this argument is enhanced if we consider that the Chinese culture of to-day is nominally the same as it was thousands of years ago, and that it opens a wider retrospect into antiquity than is offered by the historical record of any other nation. The same can be said of Mexican music, with its immeasurable fluctuations of tempo, that may approximately be represented in musical notation, but present only a faint resemblance to the original. Even

in the very heart of civilization we find imbedded some remnants of this non-rhythmical tendency. A few years ago I was requested by a native of one of the inner cantons of Switzerland to provide an organ accompaniment to a *ranz des vaches*, a peculiar kind of song—in America colloquially termed “warbling”—that has come down to those mountaineers by tradition; and which is, if I am well informed, not practiced in any other part of the globe. Complying with the request, I was utterly confounded with the difficulty of reducing it to a comprehensible metric form. I could not evade interpolating 2-4 time with 3-4 time measures, which latter appeared to be the rhythmical unit of the music. Later observations convinced me that this peculiar kind of music lacks entirely what we call perfect rhythm. The same is true of the music of the Ziganes, that ancient tribe of Aryan origin that is dispersed all over Europe. We can distinguish rhythm, but it is irregular, accelerating and retarding under the sway of the intense passion of the music.

This train of thought throws a new light on a closely allied question. I have emphasized above that the pleasure manifested in music by the uncultured rests pre-eminently on its rythmical propensities. This imperatively urges upon us the conclusion that we must find the origin of instrumental music in those members of the family of musical instruments that serve to exhibit the rhythmical tendency in the most marked manner. This deduction assumes the character of a conviction when we inquire into the nature of the instruments in use by uncivilized tribes and by the nations of antiquity. Instruments of percussion, as tambourines, castanets and the like, are the prevalent musical instruments among the tribes standing lowest in the human scale. Instruments of percussion with measurable musical pitch, as drums and kindred instruments, already denote a marked advance. String instruments and the lowest types of wind instruments involve a still higher degree of civilization. Accordingly we find in the earliest historical times among the Assyrians a singular instrument of percussion, consisting of metallic rods, played by means of a hammer. The rods have been reduced to the strings of a banjo-like instrument, whose resonance

case has probably been derived from that of the primitive drum. This instrument has served as the prototype for the Egyptian triangular harp, the Greek lyra and cythara, and has ultimately been perfected into the numerous instruments of to-day. I cannot further enlarge upon this very interesting subject without deviating too widely from the course of our investigation. Suffice it to say that the complicated instruments of our present time have been evolved by a slow, gradual process from one original type, the primitive instrument of percussion.

Another assumption, despite an entire lack of tangible evidence, has quite undeservedly become popular. I refer to the view holding that vocal music has been the precursor of instrumental music; and that the latter has been derived from the former. In an indirect way, science has assisted in confirming this faulty notion; inasmuch as, whenever an opportunity has been offered to make mention of the origin of music, vocal utterance has exclusively absorbed the interest, while the claims of instrumental music have been completely ignored. But even a cursory observation will prove that in point of antiquity instrumental music must be put on a par with vocal music. If, as Herbert Spencer puts it, an overflow of nervous energy finds vent in muscular contractions of the respiratory system, thereby causing sound that develops by degrees into musical utterance, it is none the less true that emotion finds vent in muscular contractions of other parts of the body. It is a well known fact that emotions, and in special those of a pleasurable character, produce violent contractions of the arms and legs. The clapping of the hands, the stamping of the feet, in addition to the swaying to and fro of the body, have resulted in the rhythmical movement of the dance. It is very probable that the rhythm would have been rendered more striking by the use of pieces of wood, stones, or other hard substances, thereby introducing the primitive instruments of percussion, which, as has been demonstrated above, have formed the prototypes of the other instruments; and it stands to reason that this process has taken place before the development of vocal utterance had advanced to the most primitive form of song.

It is a significant fact that instrumental music has attained to such a high degree of perfection in the northern countries of Europe—a fact in which again we can trace the agency of the modifying natural influences that have been subservient in deepening the mental attitude of those nations. The correlation between this consummate excellence of instrumental music and the natural influences is evident at once, when we consider that the former is more abstract in its expression than vocal utterance, and that it has no outward expedients for accurately defining its meaning, such as song possesses in the text. The lack of this tangible external support, on one side, and the preponderance of the purely emotional element, on the other, involve a more forcible and a more undivided mental action for the appreciation of instrumental music than that presupposed for the comprehension of vocal music. All these requisites are met in the deep-rooted emotional propensities of the northern nations; while their partial absence in the southern peoples precludes a propitious activity in this branch of musical art.

In like manner we may account for the preponderance of the minor mode in the music of the north. There is a plaintive, melancholy character affiliated to the pensive strains of Russian, Swede and Norwegian national music that produces an almost painful feeling in the listener. It is self-evident, and needs no further illustration in this place, that the æsthetic pleasure evoked by this species of music stands much higher than that derived from an insipid Italian air.

Although I have somewhat anticipated in the foregoing, it still remains for me to apply to the element of tonality the laws which, as we have seen, governed the development of the rhythmical element.

The earliest music system of whose existence we have positive knowledge is that of India, the original home of the Aryan family. In this system we find embodied intervals much smaller than our half tone, the octave being divided into twenty-two or twenty-four intervals. A great variety of scales—more correctly, tone combinations, or modes—were accordingly derived, which among each other evince no traces of coherence. Their number, according to Soma (1500 B.C.)

amounted to no less than 950. The musical system next to this in chronological succession is that of the Assyrians and Persians, evidencing a similar ambiguity of construction, but being an advance upon that of India in so far as the octave was divided into but eighteen intervals. The Greek system shows a marked resemblance to those which had preceded it. However, the Greeks, who endeavored to classify all mental acquisitions, succeeded in reducing the number of modes to eight, and Aristotle already perceived the inner relation of the several tones of the scale to the key note. The Greek system, with very slight changes, appears again in the early scholastic times; but a perceptible tendency for its simplification is noticeable, which, under Pope Gregory the Great, resulted in the restriction of the number of modes to four. The modern tone system, with its characteristic duality of major and minor modes, dates back from comparatively recent times. This constant drift toward the center of gravity in music, toward tonality; this progressive segregation of the essential from the non-essential; this evolution of the definite from the indefinite scale—is to my mind a most unmistakable and a most forcible demonstration of the biological doctrine of the survival of the fittest.

But this progressive change does not terminate here; after having arrived at a proper mode of expression, its continued energy naturally manifested itself in a new direction, deviating materially from that pursued previously. For, although the number of intervals and modes had become more limited, the musical elements nevertheless were susceptible of more numerous and incomparably more expressive tone combinations. Up to the latter part of the Middle Ages music had been exclusively monodic; but it received there a new impetus from the north, where, in England and Scotland, harmonic attempts had been made, crude in their beginning, but determining in their consequences. However, the full import of the harmonic component could not be realized until a well founded musical system had emerged, and the principles of tonality had taken firm root. The polyphonic school, based as it was on this newly created harmonic element, was destined to carry on the progress;

and although losing itself finally in theoretical abstrusities and artificial subtilities, it nevertheless served as a medium for the further development of tonal perception. In accordance with the biological principle that the most recently acquired qualities are those most subject to progressive change, the evolution of musical art has continued in the same direction, amplifying the harmonic significance and investing the structural beauty with unforeseen magnitude.

Viewing the growth of musical art in the light of the principles thus established, we cannot fail to be convinced that the characteristics which come to expression in the musical art pursuits of the several modern nations have not developed in an arbitrary manner; but that the diversities, apparent in the musical art, rest on the diversities of the mental aptitudes of the respective nations. If the rhythm of the musical utterances of the southern people is sharply pronounced, while that of northern music is more subdued; if the melody of the former merely purports to convey pleasurable sensations, while of the other it deepens the emotional feelings; in short, if southern musical utterance subjugates mind to matter and produces a sensation, while northern music subjugates matter to mind and creates a mood, in all these heterogenities we must see the agency of the universal laws of nature. All these deeply rooted musical diversities are the product of an organic development; the final outcome of a progressive advancement; an advancement proceeding from the lower to the higher forms, from the general to the special, from the infinite to the finite. The laws that govern the evolution of music are the immutable laws that govern the life of the animate and inanimate world.

JEAN MOOS.

## A REMINISCENCE.

An elderly gentleman of great wealth, whose acquaintance I made many years ago, invited me to his house "on business," as the invitation read. At the appointed time I went there, and found him a very pleasant man ; and his house luxurious and comfortable, except that the wall decorations were strikingly at variance with the generally fine taste displayed by the furniture, being nothing but cheap lithographs and chromos.

He opened our conversation with the remark that he had for some time been trying to find a musician with enough common sense to help him in a certain plan ; but, since they all seemed to be entirely wrapped up in their "divine art," so that they lost all sight and hearing for the outside world, and considered every man a "barbarian" who could not play or sing—he concluded almost to give up his plan, and just wanted to make one more effort, for which—perfectly at random—he had selected me, although he knew nothing of me as a man.

"I am a widower," he continued ; "my only child is happily married, and I have nothing to do but to enjoy the few years I may yet have to live ; and in order to do it in a worthy and cultured manner, I have tried to cultivate my tastes ever since I retired from business, three years ago. I wanted to find something for which I could form an inclination, a liking, a passion, you might say a craze. It was, alas ! an utter failure. Day after day I would go to the art galleries, looking at the pictures and statues—mind you, always with the determination to find enjoyment, to appreciate them—and, when I returned home and looked at these cheap, outrageous things, which you see there on the walls, I could not for the world see any difference !"



My surprise at this candid confession must have been revealed by some unguarded facial movement, for he said, as if fearing an interruption :

“ Never mind ! I know what you want to say—‘ Barbarian ! ’ or something on that order—but wait a little and you will perhaps change your mind. After a while I concluded that there must be something in art which, for some reason or other, I could not see—color blindness, or whatever it might be—but I was satisfied that the people who admire art spend large sums upon it, get excited and enthusiastic over a work of art, travel thousands of miles to Rome, Dresden, Munich and other places, to see them—that these people cannot all be fools, nor can they all belong to that class of apologies for humanity who, for mere fashion’s sake, pretend to admire what they even don’t understand. The idea that there must be a real, true value in art, and that I could not find it, took so strong a hold of me that I became restless, nervous, irritable. I began to despair of my common sense and, you may well believe me, I began to feel ‘ cheap.’ At this stage a young artist crossed my path ; he had just returned from his travels. I had known his family and himself ever since his boyhood, and so, feeling sure of his discretion, I confessed my trouble to him.”

He rang a little bell, which was answered by a lackey, who brought in claret and cigars. As soon as our glasses were filled, and the cigars had been lighted, he continued:

“ What this young man has done for me defies description; he has opened a new world to me, a sphere of purest pleasure, a vast field of thought and knowledge, a never ceasing source of the keenest enjoyment, and—to make a long story short—a few months ago I gave \$50,000 to the Academy of Fine Arts, because I thought it better to leave the paintings which this money can buy in a place accessible to everybody, instead of imprisoning them in this lonely house. With my friend, the artist, I settled in a way which, as he says, was satisfactory to him, though I feel that no money can pay for the good he has done me, in showing me the way to a never-dreamed-of delight.”

“ And did you learn to paint? ” I asked.

"No, indeed! That is just the point I want you to understand. I did not learn to paint, and did not want to learn it. The fact is, I made it a condition with my friend, from the start, that he must not make me handle a brush nor pencil; but yet, I believe I know a good deal more about art now than any of these young boys and girls who *do* paint, or at least think they do. I so deeply deplore the many years I passed in ignorance about art, that I keep these dreadful things on the wall, as a sort of penance, as a personal punishment. But really, I will not stand them much longer!"

The narrative had awakened in my heart an unusual interest for the gentleman, and after having offered him my congratulation for the simple, yet ideal manner he had adopted for beautifying the evening of his life, I expressed my regret that music had not succeeded in attracting him in like manner. He replied:

"You seem to forget the wording of the invitation I sent you; let me tell you now, that for the last six months I have gone to innumerable concerts and operas, good and bad, and, I am proud to say it, I can already discriminate between good and bad music. Moreover, I have a vague idea that music, like painting, conveys thoughts, sentiments and forms, but I do not understand them, and the result is that music begins to affect me rather badly, perhaps because I try too hard to understand it without having a key to it. If I were less sincere in my listening, it would probably only bore me, as it does many other people, but, as it is, I will have to understand it, or stay away. And now, knowing my dilemma, let me ask you: Can you teach me to understand music, without compelling me to drum on a piano? without making me write music? even without learning the notes?"

The novelty of the question baffled me; I was uncertain what to say, and he seemed to notice it. But he was not at all dismayed, and as if afraid that he had surprised me all too suddenly by his question, he said:

"Do not think me eccentric, my friend; you see, I know nothing about music, and yet feel that an understanding of it must be possible without the help of executive ability. Yea, I am not disinclined to think that executive ability, if not of a

very high order, is liable to become a hindrance to musical appreciation, since it is so apt to limit our understanding to that narrow horizon within which a poor 'technic' allows us to move."

"But," I interposed, "how shall we ever become fine executants, if we do not first move within this narrow compass?"

"Let me ask you in return," he replied, "why should we be executants at all? Have we got to become rhymesters in order to appreciate poetry? Doesn't the word 'amateur actor' produce a sickening sensation in your heart?" And yet should he be the only one who could fully appreciate the art of acting? Is it indispensably necessary that one should have ruined a thousand yards of innocent canvas before he can appreciate a good picture? Little as I know about music, I think that one can become a thorough appreciator of the loftiest works in that art without making himself ridiculous by strumming on a piano, or singing; in fact, I don't quite see what execution and appreciation have to do with each other. Of course, I may be mistaken, but I thought it well to make you acquainted with my views on the subject, and now that you know them tell me frankly and without reserve, what do you think you can do for me?"

His last words had convinced me that his musical instincts were in perfect order, and that all he wanted was a closer acquaintance with the elements of music; so I proposed to see him daily for three months, after which a certain sum was to be paid to me, if he declared himself satisfied with the result of our study.

Six weeks later he sent me the whole amount, and afterward turned the tables, inasmuch as he made me his debtor for life with the lavishness of his gifts. He felt very happy; he said so, and acted accordingly. Wherever music needed the support of connoisseurs, he was "on hand," and many a word of praise was offered me by my brother artists (this affair occurred long ago) for the "good proselyte" I had made. Of course, "charity concerts," of the usual humdrum kind, had no further claims upon him; nor would he have any dealings with any of those mediocre beings whom

Wagner so aptly calls "musicians by trade." An "artist" was necessary to interest him.

How he classified his "musical Telemachus" as he used to call me, I have never known; I was soon afterward called away on a concert tour, and thus could forever retain "the benefit of the doubt" about that.

But what a queer old man he was, wasn't he?

CONSTANTIN STERNBERG.

## PIANO PLAYING AS A REVELATION OF CHARACTER.

There is no more difficult task for the critic of contemporary piano playing, than that of defining the characteristic differences between the performances of great pianists. This is true, even when one has an opportunity of comparing the playing by different artists of some one great work with which he is thoroughly familiar ; and the task is still more trying when the programmes of the different pianists are made up, as they frequently are, of varied elements, which cannot easily be compared with each other. The attempt to define the characteristics of different players must then fall back on the general character and style of the playing.

It is true, of course, that certain obvious qualities of piano playing can be reduced to well defined categories. The critic can always inquire whether a pianist has a technic adequate to the task of performing the programme he has undertaken, and of performing it with such ease as to leave him practically at liberty to express what he sees and feels in the music ; whether he understands the structure of the compositions he plays, so that he brings out its ideas into proper relative prominence ; whether he rightly apprehends the true spirit of a given composition, and interprets it to his audience.

Each of these categories, too, has its own subdivisions, requiring of the critic minute and attentive observation. Technic, for example, comprises numerous and varied elements. Touch is the first quality ; for it is by touch alone that the pianist controls the quality of tone ; and tone quality is at the very foundation of expressive playing. If the critic happens to be a piano teacher he will also desire to know by what means this, that or the other artist produces his touch, with a view of discovering the best and of improving his own methods. This will lead him to close observation of the

artist's management of arm, wrist, hand and fingers. He will inquire also, whether the player knows how to discriminate the different kinds of touch, not only at different times and with separate hands, but at the same time and with the same hand. Modern music requires this power of discriminative emphasis continually ; stress being laid upon a melody with one kind of touch, while another kind of touch differentiates the accompaniment and holds it subordinate. He will also need to observe the pianist's attainments as to speed, evenness of tone in rapid passages, equality in shading, power, endurance, etc.

On the intellectual side, one must note the degree of intelligence shown by the pianist in defining and shaping his phrases ; in correlating them into clauses, periods and period groups, so as to bring out clearly the idea of the composer. Above all, there are the relative gradations of power to be considered with reference to the climaxes, both principal and subordinate.

Higher than all this is the question of interpretation, of the revelation of content. Does the player enter fully and freely into the spirit of the composer, and reveal to us the spiritual essence of his composition? That is the prime question. Interpretation is the end to which technic and the intellectual comprehension of music from the side of construction are subservient as means.

If the task of the critic were confined to the measuring of each artist's performance by the standards furnished in their categories, it would still be sufficiently difficult. Sound judgment on his part must necessarily imply not only a clear comprehension of the criteria which he applies; not only the systematic formulation of his principles of criticism into orderly scientific shape; but also a wide acquaintance with piano music and a large practical experience of it.

But when all this has been attained and is practically at command, the best equipped critic will continually find himself puzzled if not completely baffled by individual differences in the interpretations of artists,—differences too subtle to be easily estimated or defined. These are due to differences in the individuality of artists. They are revelations of

character; and the difficulty of estimating and defining them is equivalent to the difficulty of estimating and defining personal character itself.

Let us consider, for example, the Beethoven "Sonata Appassionata," one of the great touchstones of a player's quality. It demands the application of the highest tests furnished by the principles above suggested, and it therefore furnishes so complete a measure of a pianist's ability and attainments, technical and intellectual, and also such a test of his spiritual character, that it is common for artists to seek to authenticate their standing in the world of art by public performance of it. It has been my fortune to hear it played by many pianists of rank, some of them of the highest rank—sometimes, too, as many as three or four times in a single season—so that the opportunities for comparison were not too widely separated. In the case of these artists, also, one could presuppose ample technic and complete comprehension of the structure of the work, so that one's attention could be concentrated on the quality of the interpretation. Viewed from this standpoint, the most surprising differences appeared in the matter of spiritual conception. This sonata has for its content the noblest and loftiest aspiration; it reveals the strivings of a great and unconquerable soul; it exercises upon him who rightly apprehends it a strong ethical influence; purifying, inspiring, uplifting into a spiritual atmosphere far above the common experiences of every-day humanity. It is one of the great revelations of Beethoven's genius; one of those works which has made its composer's name revered wherever music is known.

Yet I could name a great pianist of world-wide reputation whose playing made this noble work sound positively small, commonplace, insignificant. I have even heard it played by one, still a pupil whose technical attainments were yet below its level, who nevertheless felt and revealed vastly more of its uplifting, inspiring power than did this world-renowned virtuoso. I could name another pianist of equal celebrity who does not, indeed, make this sonata sound commonplace, but who nevertheless leaves out of it the most characteristic element, the ethical. After hearing him play

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it, one feels that the work is beautiful, but misses the uplifting, spiritual quality which is its innermost essence. So I might go through the list of concert pianists, finding in their interpretation of this great sonata widely varying degrees of adequacy.

So of the different interpretations of the inner meaning of Bach's "Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue," another monumental work. I have heard it played in the most perfunctory way by pianists of high standing, and much more sympathetically by players who would ordinarily be ranked as inferior, because of their less completely developed technic. On the other hand, Paderewski's playing of it was a revelation. Never have I heard from any player so vital, so noble and so delicately sympathetic a conception of it as his. Here is an artist who has all the technic of the greatest virtuoso; but who never uses it otherwise than as a means to realize his artistic conceptions.

Illustrations might be multiplied if necessary. There are pianists with ample technic and ample musicianship who can make a recital as dull and uninteresting as Mr. Dryasdust's sermons. There are others, of whom Paderewski is a shining example, in whose playing there is not a dull moment; it is all alive, aglow with the flame of imagination, full of forceful originality, yet chastened by a self-control which at once reveals the ethical quality and inspires respect.

If it be asked *how* these subtle distinctions of quality and character are revealed in the playing, I answer, This question is the despair of intelligent critics. There are writers of ability who maintain that interpretation is achieved when the player has played the notes as the composer has written them down, of course with a strict adherence to his indications of phrasing, shading, etc. But this view is wholly inadequate. It is no more true than that a poem is adequately rendered by a reader who has pronounced all the words in it correctly, observing all the marks of punctuation and following with mechanical accuracy the ordinary rules of rhetorical delivery. A man like John B. Gough would tell a pathetic story so as to bring tears to every eye in a vast audience, or a funny one so as to convulse the same audience with laughter. The



same stories told by a dull speaker would leave the audience untouched. When we can tell just what makes the difference in effect between the reading or oratory of one man and another, then may we be able to describe and define just how it is that one player's performance of a great composition gives us the impression of nobility, elevation and ethical quality, while that of another impresses us as lacking in all higher significance, both being equally adequate technically and from the standpoint of ordinary musicianship.

The difference is, as it seems to me, clearly one of individual character. Character reveals itself in piano playing as inevitably and as unerringly as in any other manifestation whatsoever. And the subtle qualities of it are as elusive of definition in piano playing as they are in the impressions we daily make on each other. One can perceive or perhaps I should say, unconsciously divine, qualities of character in his friends and acquaintances which he is utterly unable to describe in words. We are impressed by them, but we cannot define them.

(The moral of it all is that he who would be a great interpretative artist must first be a great man. No one can reveal the innermost character of great and noble art works, who has not within himself the qualities they embody. They must awaken in him a responsive chord, or their higher elements will all be lacking in his rendering of them, no matter how "correct" it may be. The coarse man cannot reveal the inner quality of refined music. The mean man or the debauchee cannot sympathetically respond to nor interpret works the essential character of which is nobly ethical and spiritual. "Spiritual things are spiritually discerned"; and only the artist who has high qualities in himself can reveal to us the high qualities embodied in the noblest art.)

JOHN C. FILLMORE.

## MUSIC IN AMERICAN COLLEGES.

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### AN OPEN LETTER.

I have read with much interest your articles in *MUSIC*, on the subject of university extension as applied to music. The scheme is an unusually worthy one, and deserves support. There is, however, an assertion made in the March issue, which, it seems to me, is entirely too unqualified; and which does an injustice to a certain class of earnest and worthy promoters of musical science and art. Full justice can be done in the matter I shall presently name, and yet cause no diminution in the need and worth of university extension methods, in spreading musical knowledge.

It is a lamentable fact that musical taste, and, what is even worse, musical intelligence, are decidedly lacking in the American public, and the need for such a work as your articles outline is apparent.

There are not enough musical (I use the word "musical" advisedly) institutions, whose object is to uplift musical science and art, to educate the musical intelligence—perhaps it were better to say, *develop* the musical intelligence—of the public, which must be done before musical taste will be elevated to any great extent, it is true; but that there are some colleges whose "professors of music" are engaged in doing just such a work by true, intelligent methods, there can be no doubt.

Of course I understand your remarks concerning American colleges to refer to the larger and greater institutions of our land, and there is a sad failure here; but there are numbers of good, high-grade colleges of humbler pretensions, whose clientage is gathered from the mass of the people, and whose work reaches quarters that the universities could not touch. The "professors of music" in these institutions—not all, but many of them—do more than to "instruct the

undergraduates in portions of the technic or science of music, and give a few lectures annually in musical history, with occasional glances at æsthetics."

The instruction they give to the undergraduates is, in many of these humbler colleges, based upon the most recent and thoughtful of *musical* pedagogic methods. The "professor of music" will be found to possess a library embracing all departments of musical research, a degree of general culture which enables him to put to a good use his musical resources, and if his instruction from day to day could be noted it would be discovered that in all its details it is *premeditatedly* designed not only to give *some* knowledge of the technic or science of music, but to make musicianly pianists, organists or singers with a knowledge much broader than the mere technic of their immediate specialty.

And further, instead of a few lectures annually on musical history, with an occasional glance at æsthetics, there will be seen and felt an uplifting with reverent and earnest mien the entire art of music in lectures, passing talks, conversations and example. It will be found that the work of these institutions is leavening the entire musical lump of their surroundings. And these are the places where the most good is and can be done. A very small proportion of our population is or can be touched by the university, but the college of humbler standing is a part of the people and in close sympathy with them, so that its influence is directly and immediately felt by them.

It seems to me the reason why music has not taken its proper place as an educational factor is easy to find. Until recently there has not been an overwhelming amount of intelligence displayed by its exponents, and as the general idea of music study is that it requires only time and a certain amount of talent, regardless of brains, the absence of such signs of intellectual power among its upholders has, of course, lowered its standing. When its worth as a developer of the mental powers becomes known it will assume its proper place in the curriculum of our large institutions. The humbler colleges are doing as much (if not more) toward this end as any other single factor.

I do not say there is as much of such work as there should be, but that there is a great deal more than you apparently believe.

University extension in music will find one of its greatest sources of assistance and promotion in the numerous colleges scattered throughout our country, where the "professor of music" does the work I have outlined.

I send you a catalogue of our institution here, which has no endowment and depends entirely upon its patronage for its support. I hope you will look through it, and I think you will find more there than at first glance you would imagine such an institution capable of doing. It is because of a conviction that such institutions as I have called attention to in this letter are entitled to more support and recognition that I have troubled you thus. Hoping they may receive due consideration and an honorable part in forwarding university extension in relation to the best interests of music,

I remain yours truly,

A. L. MANCHESTER, Professor of Music.

ABINGDON, VA.

## THE EVOLUTION OF THE VOICE TEACHER.

It is true of most professions that aspirants to their ranks have first consulted their adaptability to the requirements involved, before placing themselves in training. They are considered by professional men and the public, upon whom they must depend for their support, in no wise trustworthy and responsible until they have followed a prescribed line of promotion, each step being competitive, which with the safe law of "the survival of the fittest," are determining factors of their success and final elevation to public recognition and patronage.

The young man who aspires to become a physician, for example, has usually found his motive to be a taste for the study of medicine, accompanied, it is to be hoped, by the laudable desire of mitigating the sufferings of humanity. His first step is, if his aims are high, to secure a classical education. This is followed by at least a year passed in the office of a physician of accepted reputation, with a good practice, where his duties are to read and observe. This is succeeded by a regular course of two years or more in a chartered medical school; from which, if his standing will warrant, he is assigned to hospital practice for a year or two, where he is in frequent consultation with the exceptionally bright men, whose attainments have secured for them posts of honor as hospital specialists. This, with characteristic variations, is the rule in all professions.

No less is it true of the musical profession, exclusive of the special department under consideration. Years of drudgery in the technical field; years of discipline in theoretical work must have been spent before even the man who may honestly be called talented, can be said to show individuality, maturity, or have made a clearly defined position for himself.

But what shall be said of the vocal teacher? By what process has he been evolved? What guarantee shall the

public have of his capability in such a field? In short, what protection can we be said to have against incapacity and positive danger at the hands of the so-called teacher of voice? This is a vital question, and when examined by comparison with the protection which the preparation for other professional work receives we are forced to concede that it is very slight. Those who have followed systematic training with the avowed purpose of devoting their lives to voice development, are a striking minority. The average voice teacher is the product of necessity, disappointment, avarice or a tardy recognition of the fascinating interest centered in the study; a product of necessity when his success as a pianoforte teacher has been weakened, either by competition or incapacity, and he hopes to supply the money deficiency by adding the business of voice building to his stock in trade; a product of disappointment when he has failed to reach the goal of a successful career as a singer, and turned to teaching as the only alternative for which his artistic incapacity has capacitated him; a product of avarice when the field looks promising and he enters it from purely commercial motives. And in this connection might be added the force of its becoming a factor in social advancement. Of those who become suddenly aware that there is something worthy their interest and best efforts, even though the discovery come late, let us urge that of the four causes which combine to keep the ranks filled, those entering from this cause are the most trustworthy, or perhaps, better expressed, the least dangerous.

To recapitulate—In what possible manner can a pianoforte education enlighten a man upon the mysteries and perplexities of vocal culture? He may be able to play accompaniments and pencil the phrase marks, but that certainly has little to do with tone production. How much dependence is there to be placed on the broken-down artist or disappointed aspirant for vocal honors? Whence the cause of his failures? Presumably imperfect training. Shall we trust our voices in the keeping of those who have been trained by the methods that are responsible for their misfortune? Those who enter the field on a purely commercial

basis, if they have push and can play a good accompaniment, usually gather a clientele from the unsuspecting public, but their success with voices is usually commensurate with their motives. Of the men who are awakened to the beauties of the study, after their years of opportunity for special discipline are passed, let us say that we cordially indorse their motives; deplore the loss of years that might have made them more fruitful of perfect results and earnestly invite them to make amends by influencing some of the most gifted and intelligent of their pupils to enter upon the preparation for voice training, with an exalted ideal of its requirements and possibilities, entirely sacrificing their ambition for a career on the altar of the higher and eminently more important sphere of teaching. A wholesale condemnation of all voice teachers who have not spent a life-time preparing for the profession is not the object of the writer of this paper. For unquestionably those who have embraced the work from all the causes mentioned, and comparatively late in life have yielded to its absorbing interest, discovered within themselves unknown forces with which they are enabled to grapple with its ever varying problems, and have become safe and conservative students of the singing voice. The object is to present to the young men or women who are planning their life work an attractive, paying and honorable profession, which, from the very nature of the difficulties to be overcome, and the personal endowments necessary to success, will never be crowded.

In entering upon a recital of what constitutes sufficient preparation for the work of teaching singing; to command in the minds of the public the respect paramount to that enjoyed by the physician because of his discipline, one finds it difficult to be as succinct as the space in a periodical requires, and at the same time as comprehensive as the subject demands. The discussion is guided by a desire to encourage earnest talent and discourage superficiality or selfish ambition. The first step must be, as in the case of him who contemplates the study of medicine, serious self-examination as to his motives, and taste for this particular branch in the art of music. An analysis of his temperament is important.

He must not forget that in his own character such qualities as tact, patience, intuition, as well as musical ideas, must be found or cultivated before the considerations apart from himself can be approached. If he is not wanting in these eminently important qualities, it will then be seasonable to glance at the field and its demands. The possession of all the natural musical qualities is of course presupposed. We are outlining a career for the young who may be prompted to take up this branch as a life work, with the hope of impressing upon them that beyond the attractiveness of the profession there are serious obstacles to success that are formidable enough at least to command respect and suggest the wisdom of careful approach.

The next requirement is two years, at least, in college, or sufficiently long, when including the years spent in preparation, to insure familiarity with Latin, Italian, German and French. This will, of course, be accompanied by mathematics and literature; the former for its mental discipline, the latter of inestimable importance in every voice teacher's life. During the years of academic and college life the pianoforte must not be neglected, for it is only when the hands are in the plastic condition that sufficient technic, even for teaching, can be acquired.

During this course a practical acquaintance with physiology is important, first in its relation and in its bearing upon general health, and later in its more direct relation to tone production. Does this seem superfluous? Let the young student remember that he is facing the future. If the testimony of conscientious teachers, who have from twenty to forty years' retrospect to draw from, is worth anything, then indeed the meagerness of this table of requirements for a solid foundation will become apparent.

Upon completion of the foregoing curriculum, it would be well for him to decide upon a post-collegiate course of study on lines leading directly to a general understanding of matters musical. This could embrace musical construction, theory, acoustics, dynamics, etc., all of which will force their importance upon him at every turn in his career.



Until now his efforts have been altogether in the line of preparation for the practical work that confronts him, which is applied theory. In short, he must learn to sing. It has been denied that there is any necessity for the vocal teacher to be a singer. It is quite as reasonable to question the advantage which the teacher of pianoforte who is a performer possesses over one who is not. Mr. Mathews in a recent article on that subject in the *Etude* dwelt forcibly upon the importance of intelligent illustration in the class room. The teacher of voice must sing. There are subtle inflections and artistic graces existing in the mind and voice of the master that any amount of explanation and drill will fail of coaxing into the mind and voice of the pupil, which a moment of illustration by example will send home to the understanding like a shaft of light. He may tell a pupil that there is a difference between intensity and power, and while in a dim sense the idea may take shape in the mind, a sharp, vivid illustration of such a difference claims the fullest appreciation. The same may be said of the differences existing between sentiment and expression. The charm of a perfect legato, and the articulation of consonants without the forced and unnatural interference with the flow of tone so obtrusively employed by modern teachers, all are conveyed to the understanding of a pupil directly and comprehensively by example. And it may be truthfully said that printed or oral formulas are most discouraging and helpless aids in the hands of eloquent and earnest masters who cannot sing. Hence let us be imperative. The vocal teacher must sing. His discipline as an actual student of the voice shall be severe, direct and exhaustive, including, in appropriate order, breath control, tone formation, interpretation, rendering, etc., not omitting elocution and physical culture. After passing through the hands of the specialists in each of these branches or divisions of one branch, it is reasonable to conclude that he is ready to take his first pupil, which is, in point of fact, his first lesson in teaching; and it matters not how carefully he has theorized, or how cautiously he has made the applications to his own case, the probabilities are strong that these early pupils will furnish him opportunities for serious reflection, and he will look in vain for

anything in musical literature, or his experience as a student that will shed light upon the unexpected problems that confront him. His success, after all, it would appear, centers upon his experience. And this is the argument brought forward by the undisciplined teacher, viz.: That preparation for the work is largely superfluous, since experience can be the only school that produces satisfactory teachers. But here we differ. Experience without the careful discipline indicated in the foregoing requirements may meet with a measurable success, but not what it might have been had these conditions been complied with. The insidious, intangible essence of the true art element in singing is distinct from and superior to the technical foundation which must invariably precede it; the latter knowledge may without doubt be gained by the untrained master through experience. But simple tone production is not enough. The truly great master will be fortified on every question that may arise, be it æsthetic or technical, and with equal experience in tone formation and placing, will speedily arrive at the point where his education and special training place him at an immense advantage over his less fortunate contemporary.

HERBERT W. GREENE.

## THE PRACTICE CLAVIER AND THE MIND IN PLAYING.

Notwithstanding the contemptuous attitude of certain teachers regarding the practice clavier, the instrument is beginning to make remarkable progress. In the advertising columns will be found a testimonial from the least mechanical of pianists, Paderewski, certifying to its value as a convenient instrument for keeping the fingers in good order. To the same purpose are many similar documents from such pianists and teachers as Mme. Rive-King, Joseffy, Mason and Bowman. Lately, however, the instrument has appeared in a new rôle. The curious suggestion of that irreverent disrespector of persons, Mr. Emil Liebling, that sooner or later there would come a time when recitals would be given by virtuosi upon the technicon and the practice clavier, and the poor piano take a rest, has begun to come true, but in a different manner from the one in his mind. A pupil of Mrs. A. K. Virgil, wife of the inventor of the practice clavier, a Miss Geyer, has lately appeared in public several times at Steinway hall in programs of considerable importance, certain numbers of which were first played upon the clavier, and then upon the pianoforte. The curious part of the practical demonstration in this case lay in the fact that at least one piece upon each programme had been memorized upon the clavier and practiced there alone, the concert performance having been the first time of the player attempting it upon the pianoforte.

When in New York recently I heard Miss Geyer play quite a long programme. She is a fully grown young woman of only fourteen years of age. Within a year or thereabouts she has memorized and brought to a fine point of technical finish some thirty pieces of music, among which are several sonatas of Beethoven, a Bach fugue or two, Mendelssohn's "Rondo Capriccioso," and the like. She

works four hours a day, all at the clavier, rarely doing any practice upon the pianoforte. Her finger technic is remarkably clear, strong and even. Her tone is well produced and more expressive than usual. There is a certain stiffness in the playing, but I found it impossible to decide whether this was due to her immaturity or to the method of practice. On the whole, she is evidently a young pianist of unusual promise, and of singularly solid technic for her age and the comparatively short time she has been at work.

I had no previous sympathy with her method of work, because it has always appeared to me absurd to do the greater part or all the labor of learning to play, upon a dumb keyboard, inasmuch as *tonal effect* is the vital part of the end in view in the practice. One would say that necessarily in such a mode of practice the ear would fail to become discriminating, and the musical appreciation of *nuance* would be immature and mechanical. Nevertheless in listening to her playing I was not so sure. Quite generally an equally mechanical expression will be found in young players; it is indeed one of the symptoms of their youth and immaturity. In time it gives way under suitable deepening of musical experience, and proper care in teaching the technic of expressive touch.

On the other hand, this young girl had undoubtedly a far better technic than is ever reached by one pupil out of fifty or a hundred—perhaps two hundred would be better. And hearing her, together with certain previous experiences of my own, gave me a renewed conviction of the value of this important adjunct to the practical teacher and the industrious student. The practice clavier has certain advantages of its own. If used at least half the time of practice it will call attention to the perfection or imperfection of the action of the fingers, where the average student, especially the musical one, is indifferent, or so absorbed in the musical effect as to be unconscious of quite important imperfections of technic. Every careful teacher finds that it is more difficult to get the very musical pupils to bring their technic up to a fine finish, than to accomplish the same with more mechanical students. The reason is obvious; the musical pupil is absorbed in the

music, and when he gets this or something which satisfies his imperfect conception of it, he rests content, and, as a matter of fact, rarely brings any piece up to fine finish, except under the stress of preparing for public appearances.

This sharpening of the quality of the study I have been accustomed for several years to accomplish by means of memorizing. The close attention to the actual text of the author incident to learning his music by heart, has the effect almost invariably of bringing the musical ideas out clearer in the pupil's mind; if this is not immediately realized upon the first memorizing, it will come out later when the piece has been played a certain length of time without the notes—in other words, from the musical concept inside. Occasionally the immediate result of the memorizing was that of seeming to put a veil over the playing, so that nothing came out clear, but everything had the indistinctness of objects in a fog. The reason of this is to be found in the want of clear thinking upon the part of the pupil. A pupil reading readily from the notes relies upon them and does the least thinking possible; when such a one is thrown entirely upon the musical concept within, she finds it indistinct, and it takes quite a long time before she learns to realize it readily and without anxiety. Nevertheless, whatever the difficulty, one must persevere, for there is no way to have the playing musical but to get it subjected to the inner musical concept.

While lately in Cincinnati I had a conversation with Mr. John S. Van Cleve, which gave me an additional light upon the mental technic of learning music. Prof. Van Cleve is entirely blind. After many years' experimenting with all sorts of helps in the way of typewriters and the like, he has lately settled down to the use of the graphophone, a form of phonograph. He talks his articles into the trumpet of this instrument, which records the matter in sundry points and curves; these, by the aid of the repeating disk, are talked back to the listener whenever desired. In this way he is storing up a quantity of these little cylinders, about five inches long and one inch in diameter, each one holding about six hundred words. He wraps each cylinder in paper, upon which is noted, in the point alphabet for the blind, the subject of the

matter; these again are collected into boxes of fifteen cylinders, upon congenial subjects, the general classification of which is indicated in the point letters upon the cover of the box. Thus he is able to find his articles and read them over whenever he likes, and thus he reads and re-reads his notes.

The phonograph is much more perfect as a recorder of musical impressions than the graphophone, and I suggested that the time would come when the blind would be taught their music through the intermediation of some instrument of this kind, which would play it into their ears, leaving them in turn to reproduce it upon the pianoforte. Mr. Van Cleve thought that this would be impossible. Surprised that a blind man should doubt the capacity of the human ear, even in the most complicated combinations, I inquired how he had been in the habit of learning his music—of which he possesses a very large repertory, amounting in volume to material enough for about ten recitals of a high order. He has his music read to him by a careful reader, in the manner following: Supposing the accompanying phrase from Beethoven's sonata in A flat, Op. 110, to be the matter, the reader gives it to him as follows:



The reader gives the staff and signature: "Treble staff, four flats, third space dotted quarter; second space dotted quarter; bass staff third space dotted quarter, first space dotted quarter; treble staff second space eighth, first line eighth, bass staff, third space eighth, second space eighth." And so on through the piece. All this catalogue of places and note forms Mr. Van Cleve retains in his memory, and as the work goes on, he reconstructs the music in his mind. Later he goes to the keyboard and recalls it with his fingers, and works out the passages until the effect is attained.

Thus we see his music exists in his mind in two entirely unrelated planes: On one hand a catalogue of note places

and values; on the other a series of chords, motives and so on—the purely musical ideas. And such was the influence of long habit that, although he is a good teacher of theory, and a composer of considerable excellence, he would not consider himself safe without his catalogue of note positions.

Nevertheless he told me something very curious about his own experience with the clavier. Some time since, having to prepare a difficult piece, the Beethoven "Sonata Appassionata," or a Liszt rhapsody, I forget which, for public performance at short notice, he went immediately to the clavier and did all his working it up there. The result was that he got his fingers into better condition than they had ever been before, and prepared the piece for public performance in much less time than usual, and what pleased him most of all, succeeded better with the performance itself.

I have had a like experience with several pupils whose touch presented faults really due to careless practice, which with all the pains I knew how to take still eluded me. A few weeks at the clavier effected results which some months at the keyboard had failed to do. In addition to this immediate effect, one of the pupils discovered that her conception of the music practiced upon the clavier by heart was much clearer and more intelligent than when the same preparation had been given it upon the pianoforte.

From these and quite a number of other reasons which I have not time to go into now, I am inclined to think, therefore, that the use of the practice clavier not only facilitates mechanism and makes it more perfect, but conduces to clear thinking in perhaps an even greater degree. So that instead of being a mere machine, as Prof. Cady would have us believe, it is in piano study very much such a convenient facilitator of results as the letter symbols of algebra are in mathematical computations.

Moreover, there are certain bad results of too much practice. In the first place there is an enormous aggregate wear<sup>a</sup> of nerve, from hearing tone so many hours a day. The clavier enables us to let up on this. There is the bad result of too much sitting at the keyboard. The clavier lessens this for attaining the same results. Moreover,

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it costs so little that one of them in a family practically doubles or trebles the available practice facilities of the two or three children learning music. For these reasons, and some others, I do not think it will be long before this ingenious little instrument will be the indispensable accompaniment of every pianoforte which is used for study purposes.

W. S. B. M.



## THE PHILISTINE AND THE CRITIC.

APROPÓS OF "MME. PATTI AND THE OLD SONGS."

*Ph.*—Good morning, Mr. C——; permit me to say that I was not at all pleased with your notice of Mme. Patti's concert in this morning's *Daily Journal*.

*C.*—Indeed? I am sorry to hear it. What did you object to?

*Ph.*—I object to the whole tone of the article. You treat Mme. Patti, the greatest singer in the world to-day, as if she were unworthy of respect. And you treat the people, who pay for *your* bread and butter, as if they had no sort of right to enjoy the performances of a great *prima donna*, unless, forsooth, she will devote herself exclusively to singing pieces which nobody but you can understand, if indeed you *do* understand them. I don't care two cents for classical music; neither do people in general. We know what we like, and we are willing to pay for it. We like to hear Mme. Patti sing "Home, Sweet Home," and "Comin' thro' the Rye" and "Annie Rooney." If she chooses to oblige us with these simple songs and we choose to pay \$5 for the privilege of hearing hersing them in her own matchless style, what business is it of yours? What right have you to turn up your nose at her or at us? What right have you to turn the cold water hose on us when we are in the glow of sincere and heartfelt enthusiasm? Confound all critics, say I! Excuse me, if I somewhat overstep the bounds of politeness; but I feel very strongly on this subject; and your article outraged my feelings.

*C.*—My dear sir, I am very sorry indeed that anything I have written should have displeased you or given you pain. I assure you, nothing was farther from my intention than to do anything of the sort. Have you the paper with you?

*Ph.*—No, sir; I have not. I threw it into the grate.

*C.*—Can you remember any expressions of mine which you found offensive? Perhaps I can put the matter differently to you.

*Ph.*—I don't think I can quote anything. The whole thing was offensive.

*C.*—But, surely, I praised Mme. Patti's singing. I distinctly remember giving her full credit for a most beautiful voice, a finished style and a method so perfect that it has enabled her to preserve her vocal organ beyond the age when most singers think it necessary to retire from the stage. You certainly did not object to that?

*Ph.*—No, sir. But why can't you let her use her glorious gifts to please us simple-minded people who want to hear simple music beautifully sung? You ridiculed her selections, you ridiculed her for singing them and us for enjoying them.

*C.*—I am sure you have wholly mistaken my intention. Let me see if I can make clear to you my point of view. I was just thinking of another great singer whose life I have recently read, Jenny Lind. She was before my time; but my father knew her well. He was for many years musical critic of an important paper in Germany, and had occasion to express his opinion of Jenny Lind many times. It was her constant custom to delight popular audiences with simple music which they loved; yet neither he nor any other critic ever found fault with her for doing so.

*Ph.*—Young man, let me advise you to follow your father's example. It is an honor to a great singer, not a disgrace, to please plain people with her gift of song.

*C.*—Do you think I do not agree with you? But please listen to me for a minute. I should like to call your attention to one very prominent point of difference between Jenny Lind and Mme. Patti which accounts in my mind, for the whole difference of attitude toward the two singers on the part of critics; for you must know that I am not alone in regarding Mme. Patti with some degree of disapproval.

*Ph.*—I know you are not; more is the pity. But go on with your explanation. I should like to hear what you have to say for yourself.

*C.*—The explanation, to put it all in a nut shell, is just this: Jenny Lind did something more with her gifts than merely sing common people's songs for common people. She knew that there was more in her art than common people, engrossed in occupations remote from art, could be expected to see. She felt that she had in her voice and her capacity for emotional expression a sacred trust to be made the most of. She saw that art, in its true sense, is one of the highest and noblest means of embodying the best that the human imagination has conceived. She looked on herself as a divinely appointed interpreter of art, as she saw it. She mastered all the best art of her time, progressing steadily as the art of music progressed. She not only interpreted the simpler manifestations of musical art for everybody in this sort of religious spirit, but she earnestly strove so to interpret its higher and more complex manifestations, as to make them understood and enjoyed by as many as possible. It was this high, unselfish, religious spirit, pervading everything she did which commanded the respect alike of the connoisseur and the most ignorant of her hearers, and made her beloved by everybody.

*Ph.*—Well, and cannot all this be said of Mme. Patti?

*C.*—No, sir; it cannot. Patti's fame as a singer has no connection whatever with the enormous advances which have been made in opera as a vehicle of truthful dramatic expression during the past thirty years. During that time the world has witnessed the production and the triumphant success of the most stupendous music-dramas the human mind has yet conceived. Yet all this great art current has passed by Mme. Patti. She has been absolutely unaffected by the genius of Wagner, whose figure is undoubtedly the dominant one of our time. She "finished" her education when she was a young girl, acquired her professional capital, and has been trading on it ever since. She has added not a single idea to her stock since I first heard her sing, in my boyhood. Look at her last programmes here; two-thirds Rossini.

*Ph.*—Well, and what have you against Rossini? Why must you snarl at every composer whom we plain people

like? I adore Rossini, sir! I tried to hear Wagner's "Tannhaeuser" once, and I would rather pay \$3 to sleep in a boiler factory! Give me "The Barber of Seville" and the "Stabat Mater"! That is music! The man that wrote the "Cujus Animam" was a genius!

*C.*—He was, indeed; and the "Cujus Animam" is certainly beautiful music. Do you know what the words mean?

*Ph.*—No.

*C.*—They represent the scene of the crucifixion, and describe the unutterable anguish of Mary as she stands at the foot of the cross, witnessing the anguish of her divine Son. Now, with this awful spectacle in your imagination, suppose you hum over that familiar tune and ask yourself whether the scene and the music are congruous. Well, do you really think they belong together?

*Ph.*—I must confess, they don't.

*C.*—Rossini's imagination *ought* to have been full of the supremely solemn scene described in the words. If it had been, the music of the "Cujus Animam" would have put us in the same frame of mind, for Rossini had any amount of spontaneous creative power. But this music is wholly on the plane of sensuous enjoyment. It pleases, it excites, so long as one neither knows nor cares what it means, nor what it ought to mean. But as soon as even the most elementary intelligence is brought to bear upon it, then its utter falsity appears. It is all tinsel and glitter. It is addressed to the sense purely; not at all to the heart nor to the intellect. And this, my dear sir, is what I have against Rossini. He is a genius without a conscience; never in earnest; always false and meretricious.

*Ph.*—This is wholly new to me. I never have thought of these things, and I did not know that my favorite music was set to words so different in spirit.

*C.*—That is not surprising. You have been wholly absorbed in other matters. But please to remember that it is a part of my daily business to know such things and to think about them. I am paid for telling the public the truth in these matters. And you must excuse me for saying that no one has any more right to blame me for knowing

the truth and telling it, than I have to blame others for not knowing it.

*Ph.*—Well, we will not quarrel about that. I think I begin to understand your position; and I am certainly far from maintaining that ignorance is as good as intelligence, on any subject. But how can you expect busy men, like myself, to master such matters? Why not let us enjoy our inferior things, if they are inferior, as a means of recreation?

*C.* My dear sir, I sympathize with you perfectly. I see times when I would much rather hear a good performance of "The Mikado" or "La Grande Duchesse" than "Die Meistersinger" or "Tristan and Isolde." But that does not in the least prevent my seeing that the latter are on an immeasurably higher plane, intellectually, than the former. When I prefer the lower to the higher, it is simply because I am too exhausted to stand the strain of the great works. I need to be amused, as well as you. It was precisely on this ground that I enjoyed the Patti concerts. I admire her voice and her style. But I cannot help seeing that Patti belongs on the same plane with Rossini. It is not a mere accident that he occupies most of her programmes. Like him, she is never in earnest. Like him, she is "on the make," as the phrase is. Her voice is a gold mine to her, and she works it "for all it is worth," with the least possible expenditure of capital and labor. She perfected it as a money making instrument thirty years ago, and she has never taken the trouble to do anything since, beyond keeping it in the best possible condition. This is why she does not command the respect of critics. Jenny Lind was the very reverse of Patti in these respects.

*Ph.*—Well, I see you are not so unreasonable and captious as I thought. You have given me something to think about, and I will see whether your next criticism may not impress me differently. Good morning, and good luck to you.

*C.*—Thank you. Good morning.

JOHN C. FILLMORE.

## THE CHICAGO ORCHESTRA COMMERCIALLY CONSIDERED.

About the middle of the month of March, the readers of the Chicago daily papers were rather startled at seeing a little paragraph announcing that a private rehearsal of the Chicago orchestra would be given in Central Music hall to the subscribers. It was learned later that the project of removing the concerts next season to Central Music hall had been advised, both to save the great expense attending the use of the Auditorium, and for the further reason that the audiences would be sufficiently well accommodated in the smaller hall. When it is known that the seating capacity of this admirable little hall is only about 1,900, including the seats in the boxes, and about 600 in the upper gallery, the gravity of the situation becomes apparent. It is stated that almost the whole of the \$50,000 guarantee fund for this season has already been consumed, while the year is far from complete. The guarantors therefore not only have the prospect of being called upon for the entire sum pledged, but may also have to face the problem of an additional deficiency.

Unpleasant as this prospect is, the Chicago Orchestral Association cannot in honor shirk the issue. When these public-spirited gentlemen signed their names to a paper pledging \$1,000 each for three years, for the purpose of establishing a grand symphony orchestra for Chicago, they did so because they knew that there was not as yet a commercial demand for music of this character. This fact being realized, these gentlemen were so devoted to art as to be willing to stand in the breach for three years if need be, until the public could be cultivated up to the point where the concerts would pay their way. In four weeks more about one-third the proposed education will have been administered, yet the receipts have fallen lower and lower, and the public seems, if anything,

rather more indifferent to grand symphonies than at the beginning of the season. The question now is, Where is the blame? This is a point concerning which all parties involved in the undertaking are a little sensitive, and each seems chiefly bent on shouldering the responsibility upon some one else. Yet the truth is that all parties are to be blamed, and all have made mistakes of such gravity that any one of them might well have endangered the successful issue of the undertaking. To the nature of these mistakes, and their proper remedy, MUSIC now invites attention.

The first mistake was too narrow a scheme. There were too few concerts planned, and these too much of one kind. An orchestra, such as Mr. Thomas has brought together here, numbering about eighty-five, will cost about \$210,000 per year. The estimate is somewhat rough-and-ready, but perhaps sufficiently large. To meet this it was proposed to give twenty concerts in Chicago, with twenty public rehearsals upon an unpopular afternoon, relying upon out-of-town engagements for the remainder of the resources needed. For five weeks the orchestra was sold outright to the opera company, to the great benefit of the operatic performances, but to the great detriment of the discipline of the orchestra. The opera part of the trade resulted satisfactorily; it is to be presumed, from a business standpoint. The Chicago concerts have been simply disastrous, and the out-of-town engagements but little better. Experience has shown during more than ten years, that the Thomas orchestra could play here for five weeks at a time, seven concerts a week, to constantly increasing business, at the rate of fifty and twenty-five cents admission. It is true that the programmes were not up to the symphony standard, except upon one night in the week, and the appointment of players was not so large. Nevertheless, it is also true that the receipts of these popular concerts usually ran to about \$5,000 or \$6,000 a week; whereas, those of the present season have not amounted to more than \$3,000, if as much. From this showing it is certain either that Thomas has lost his popularity (which everybody knows is not the case), or else the management is at fault. Let us look into this a bit.

The second great mistake of the present season was in placing the tickets too high. Perhaps there should be no objection to placing the evening symphony concerts at the usual theater rates of \$1.50 for the best seats. For, while the orchestra costs far more than almost any theatrical performance, on the other hand, the Auditorium affords many more good places for hearing. And when this large and magnificent hall for orchestra was opened to the public, it was promised to be "a place for the people"; whereas experience testifies that it has been almost exclusively for the rich, the prices having averaged higher here than in any other amusement place in town. Even if the evening concerts had to be placed on the \$1.50 scale, certainly it was not necessary to place the rehearsal tickets at the absurd price of \$1 for the entire first floor. The educational intention has been balked by the absence of material to educate.

Here again we come upon a third element of dissatisfaction—the uninteresting nature of the concerts. The present writer is not one who believes that the very highest and best compositions of the greatest masters are caviare to the general. On the contrary, it is his firm conviction that when presented under proper conditions and often enough the great master works will accomplish in any community, and before any audience, the same results that they have accomplished in the world at large. The survival of the fittest will popularize a symphony in a single town just as certainly as upon the larger scale of the world's stage. All there is in the supremacy of classical music is simply this: That time and repeated hearings have sifted the wheat from the chaff. There was never a period in music production in which the entire product of musical compositions did not largely consist of uninspired expressions of mistaken intentions. Time has sifted, and the great ones now stand out like mountain peaks. This sifting has been done by repeated hearings, and professional criticism has had scarcely any productive part in the operation. It is the working of this principle in Chicago which must be relied upon to establish and foster a love for the best in art.



Yet while one has this firm faith in the ultimate success of the noblest in art, it is not to be denied that these greatest works make severe demands upon the listener. A musical work if great can be so only through the union of strong intellectuality with very strong emotionality. The latter necessitates relief in the programme. The hearer cannot for two hours be upon the stretch; his attention must be relieved by contrasting works. Especially must the strain of following long works be relieved by the intermixture of short ones; and so on. This principle has been ignored in the programmes. Hence we have had reason to observe that many of these concerts by that paragon of instruments, the grand symphony orchestra, under one of the greatest conductors of the present time, have been less interesting to the average hearer than a first-rate pianoforte recital—such as those of Paderewski, for instance; yet Paderewski did not spare the hearer from great works by the greatest masters. In nobility of names his programmes bear strict comparison with the symphony programmes of Mr. Thomas, and in length of performance they were scarcely inferior. Moreover, Paderewski made as much effect with his Bach fugues and Beethoven sonatas as with the lighter pieces in his repertory. Why then should not the orchestral concert be heard with as great delight, inasmuch as to the form and spirit of the pianoforte music the orchestra adds the charm of color?

Two answers might be given to this question: It might be assigned to the lack of proper relief in the subject matter of the programme, or it might be attributed to a different standard of interpretation. Probably the truth includes something of both. The programmes of Mr. Thomas generally lack short numbers for relieving attention; but the interpretations also of those that are given are not sufficiently inspiring. Mr. Thomas' greatest success as a leader is in general excellence of performance, with great refinement and attention to detail, without sacrificing anything of the ensemble. But the general build of the interpretation is conventional and safe, rather than sensational. His work is characterized by great repose, but also by great reserve. It is not remarkable that the tendency of public taste is toward

sensationalism, or at least toward a greater freedom of mood than formerly prevailed, since practically the standard is set by the opera conductors and the pianists. The pianist, moreover, is compelled to study the art of public interpretation under the handicap of an unemotional instrument, and with compositions of ultra-classical cast; yet he has found out the art of so combining these works, and so presenting them to the average hearer, as to pick up his public. Paderewski, who has shown greater finesse and skill in this regard than any one else, is so recent an illustration that it is only necessary to refer to him. What are the differences between his interpretation of a sonata and Mr. Thomas' interpretation of a symphony (which is the same kind of a thing, only more interpretable)? His tempos are more flexible, and his shading more delicate, especially in the softer places. The melody stands out better. All this and much more is possible in the orchestra, as the interpretations of Nikisch, for instance, show. Nor is it certain that this is so very much innovation upon Beethoven's idea. We read of his own playing that freedom of tempo was one of its peculiarities, and its emotional quality is certified by the statement of Czerny that it was no unusual thing for ladies and gentlemen to be affected to tears by Beethoven's improvising upon the piano-forte in the drawing room. The first quality of merit in an interpretation of fine music, after the indispensable prerequisites of accuracy and just tempos, is *interest*. If the music does not *interest* the hearer it is not *music* in his estimation of the term. The interpreter has to find out the secret and apply it. This is something which Mr. Thomas undoubtedly has often considered, and no doubt he has his own ideas, and, for that matter, will stick to them.

The Orchestral Association has, after all, strangely ignored the public. Take the evening concerts. Is there any reason why the houses should not be packed full? It was only necessary for these gentlemen to exercise their vast social influence to bring this about through the operation of fashion. Perhaps they found the strain too great of going as well as paying, and proposed to divide the labor by themselves paying the money, providing the public would perform the more

onerous half of the labor by doing the hearing and undergoing the education. This may be, for quite a number of the programmes have been in the style of Bill Nye's classical music, which, he says, "is much better than it sounds."

There was a more excellent way. Suppose it had been determined to educate the public, as already stated, to the tune of \$200,000 a season. What was the proper method to have been pursued? Evidently the first thing was to secure the wealthy *clientele* for the swell evening concerts. This was matter for the gentlemen of the Orchestral Association themselves. Their number ought to be trebled at least, and a subscribing list of 500 at \$200 each would have been much better than one of fifty at \$1,000 each. The first thing is for these 500 leading gentlemen and their wives to talk the thing up among their friends until they have made the swell evenings an assured success. And, not to leave them in the dreadful liability of finding the strain too great for their tender sensibilities, why might not Mr. Thomas be held to the obligation of making the music interesting to the hearers, if not absolutely entertaining?

The second point is to go out into the by-ways and hedges. Suppose Friday evening had been the swell night, and the Saturdays had been taken for wage workers' nights? Why not? The swell evenings ought to bring in at least \$4,000 each. Namely, 1,500 places at \$1.50; 1,500 at \$1, and 500 at fifty cents. On the wage workers' nights place the entire down stairs at fifty cents, to be sold at the box office; the remainder of the house at twenty-five cents, distributably through the labor circles, as the Apollo tickets now are. If there are about 20,000 applications for Apollo tickets for the wage workers' nights, is it not plain that the greater part of these tickets would be in demand by the working classes? At this price the cheap nights would bring in about \$1,400, which of course would be less than their pro rata of cost. But this signifies nothing, for it is the aggregate we are after. Then let the public rehearsal take place on Saturday morning, and we will have two or three times as many hearers as at present. In this way the concerts will reach at least 10,000 people per week. Or if doubt were had of the

value of the wage worker feature, let the popular night stand on its own merits, exactly as it does at the summer nights concerts. The programmes might be lighter. Why not?

What is the use of the out-of-town engagements? Chicago has a million and a quarter of people. Experience in the summer, and in the theaters, has shown that when the entertainments are sufficiently attractive business will always be good. Why not make them attractive, at least for a part of the time? Is there any harm in having enjoyable evenings with orchestra? But in this case the attractiveness must be in the music and in the performances, and not in solo artists engaged at high prices.

Or take it another way: Let the rehearsal take the form of a Saturday matinee at fifty cents upon the main floor and the main balcony, and twenty-five cents above. This will bring in nearly \$2,000; the evening concert on Saturday evening, and its public will be the great number of people of moderate means, music students, teachers and the like. The evenings will bring, as above estimated, about \$4,000. Let this be the rule for forty weeks. Here we have \$6,000 a week for forty weeks. There would still be a five weeks' summer business to round up with.

One point may be taken as settled: Chicago is the last place in which to succeed by practicing economy in an entertainment or educational business. The very best possible is the form which succeeds here. To cut down, to remove to a smaller house, to give up—these are all mistaken remedies. Nor is it a question of a wrong conductor. If Mr. Thomas cannot make these concerts successful there is not another in the world who would be more likely to succeed. He has prestige, experience and taste. He does not always consider the weak condition of the patient, and his doses are not always so cleverly “exhibited,” to use a medical term, as they might be. But the remedies are generally well chosen. It is only necessary to add a modicum of syrup and spice in order to hasten reaction.

There is another suggestion which Music will venture without intending to “throw a wet blanket over the meeting,” as the colored preacher said to the elder, *apropos* of his

abrupt references to chicken stealing. The daily press has not lived up to its privilege in this matter. The reviews of the concerts have followed the Saturday evening performances, thus depriving the evening concerts of the advertising resulting from notices printed in the papers of Saturday. Then, too, there does seem at times to be somewhat of an undue fastidiousness. If so much as a rose leaf is anywhere crumpled these Sybaritic gentlemen are quite deprived of refreshing repose. There is no question that in point of finish of technic the performances of the Thomas orchestra have already reached a very high standard. Mr. Thomas is one of the most diligent drill masters, and one of the most effective and capable, in the world. His sole ambition is to make here the orchestra of his life. The material is excellent, and the practice incessant. Much of the public work has been of the highest order. When therefore a single second, or four or five seconds in a two hours' performance, shows the close and unmusical observer a rumpled petal, why should this trifle stand out in the foreground of the criticism like a mullen stalk obscuring the splendid forest pines in the background, and the great sun in the heavens?

In its dealings with Chicago enterprises our daily press is a trifle too much like the big brother who, solely in the interests of the plain truth, blurts out the secrets of his little sister, to her great mortification.

## MYSTERY.

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I'm looking down where an arm of the sea  
Is encircling the land,  
And I hear its sweet monotony,  
As it moves o'er the sand,  
And its deep, mournful voice comes up to me,  
Even up where I stand.  
I can see it pour its waves on the shore,  
And hear its sad moan, its deep monotone,  
Saying, "Mystery, mystery, mystery."

I'm looking up, where a rift in the clouds  
Is revealing the sky,  
Where the mad wind is unfolding the shrouds  
That under it lie,  
And see them drift back, like frightened crowds,  
With a mutter and cry.  
Then the lightning's flash and the thunder's crash,  
And the storm comes down upon sea and town.  
All is mystery, mystery, mystery,  
In sea and air, and everywhere,  
Mystery, mystery, mystery.

I'm looking into a fast breaking heart,  
Like a cloud rent in twain,  
When the tempest has torn it apart  
And the thunders complain,  
And I see the tears of its agony start,  
Like the rushing of rain,  
And I tremble and sigh,  
And I marvel and cry,  
All is mystery, mystery, mystery!

Souls come and go, seas ebb and flow—  
One struggle more back to the shore,  
Clutch your white hands into the sands;  
When the next wave goes back  
It will wash out the track  
Where your hands were set,  
And the world will forget.,  
O, mystery, mystery, mystery!

ATHERTON FURLONG.

## A PIANISTIC RETROSPECT.

### II.

The world moves in a circle, and we are having precisely the same experiences to-day which are recorded in the annals of years ago, when men like Rellstab and Roehrlitz hurled their invectives against the new school of composition, as introduced by Beethoven, and of piano playing as presented by Liszt. It is only after the smoke of the battle has cleared away, that a full view of the field is obtained; then the dead and wounded are counted. We are now, as it were, getting a bird's-eye view of the musical doings of the present century, and pitiless indeed is the verdict of posterity. Men who in their time were giants, look now like pigmies. Liszt remains, after all, the central figure and most potent force. Some men are great players intellectually, others emotionally; he combined both qualities, and furnished the first example of genius in reproducing the works of others. It is the proper province of genius to be productive. With Liszt it was different; when a composition had passed through the medium of his musically perceptive faculties, it became a new thing, and undreamed-of possibilities were revealed to the listener.

With great artists it is not so much *what* is played, but *how* it is done; comparatively easy pieces have, under their fingers, become sources of the greatest delight; I will instance only Pachmann's rendition of Mendelssohn's "Rondo Capriccioso," Op. 14; Joseffy's performance of the "Padre Martini Gavotte, the Boccherini Menuet and Schumann's "Bird as Prophet"; they possess that undefinable quality which is called touch; as indescribable as the odor of a flower, the timbre of the voice or the violinist's bowing. It is inherent in the individual, and cannot be taught or acquired. People imagine that they can by observation get an artist's style; they consider it something external, which is put on like

a coat of whitewash, and can be removed at will. They are as egregiously mistaken as in their ideas of technic; it sounds paradoxical, but is nevertheless true, that the great players have the great technic before they start, just as a beautiful statue is hidden in every block of marble; the work done serves only to remove the shell which hides it from the view; just as Grieg (in whose works the unexpected always happens), uses harmonies that are not taught in musical theory. He never learned them; they are within him and seek and find an outlet, he being the medium of communication. It has been said that Raphael, Durer and Angelo would have been just as great artists if they had never produced one picture or statue, that they painted and worked with their brains and not with their hands only; under the circumstances the world is better off for seeing the evidences of their greatness instead of having to take their word for it.

Too often do we see high aims linked to limited ability; such people walk with their heads in the air, and stumble over slight obstacles; on the other hand, how pitiable when great ability only serves to gratify low cunning! A fifth-rate pianist may be a first-rate artist; the public will naturally prefer the first-rate pianist, though he be a fifth-rate artist. It is a pity that so much is made of the little eccentricities and peccadilloes which seem to be among the inevitable penalties of genius. Only the really great can wear too much or too little in public; the rest must conform to usage, and not give rise to the unexpressed wish that one would like to see less and hear more of them. The papers might work a wholesome reform and not feed the public with personal gossip; of course the artists could exhibit better taste in not giving cause for the same.

Even in a large audience the artist only plays to relatively few people; the rest are musically near-sighted, and for that evil the proper glasses have not yet been ground. The general influence of the average virtuoso is apt to be pernicious and unfortunate to musical students; immaturity developed minds will mistake the external for the real, and come to grief by slavishly imitating that which to another was perfectly natural; thus many strolling players are painfully



remembered by weeping maidens with as many weeping sinews. A slight increase of speed often means a tremendous increase of difficulty; it is the ability to play faster, and yet not give the impression of haste, because everything remains in perfect proportion and is done with ease, which often determines the relative rank of virtuosi; and the differences of caste in India are not more sharply drawn than the lines which separate one artist from another, and it is singular that their relative standing remains fixed.

Perhaps the most reprehensible liberties are taken with rhythms and tempos. In this regard Paderewski has much to answer for. Without desiring to apply the metronome to his performances, it yet is undeniable that he hardly ever preserves the rhythm of a movement long enough to give the listener an absolute idea of time. This was the case even in pieces of so decided a rhythmical character as Chopin's polonaise, Op. 53, which Rummel, for instance, plays much better, because in time; and yet the very legitimacy of his performance operates against his popular success. Were he more of a horse jockey or prize fighter at the piano, and less of the genuine artist, and could he punch the piano below the belt and knock it out in the first round, his success would be immense. D'Albert and Joseffy are also entirely too conservative in their method for the general public, but the last named three artists at least play in time. Joseffy's performance of the Tchaikowsky B flat minor concerto is the happiest illustration of the value of playing in time and with sharply defined yet not exaggerated rhythms; and in this connection I remember a remarkable performance of the Weber-Liszt polacca by the greatest of lady pianists, Carreno, which for buoyant effervescence and clear-cut exactness of time has never been excelled.

Gottschalk's influence on the pianists of his day was far-reaching, and can be discovered even at this late day in the compositions of many. He was a truly great artist, and certain technical peculiarities and tonal effects which he invented are still used.

Rubinstein, whose reproductive ability almost equals Liszt's, exerted a tremendous influence upon our piano

playing. Before his advent no one of his rank had ever appeared, as even Thalberg was a specialist and confined himself to a few operatic fantasias. But here was an artist who was equally at home in all schools of music, and presented all styles with fidelity, assisted by stupendous technic and a powerful musical individuality. Buelow was mainly useful in directing the attention of students to the desirability of cool analysis. He went as much too far in cool deliberation as his great predecessor in passionate abandon. Essipoff, Mehlig and Krebs, while charming and finished, were of very little service as educators. The late Max Pinner, of New York, who had been educated by Tausig and Liszt, might have been the head of a distinct school of piano playing, had he lived.

A number of lesser lights have visited our shores, whose performances did not bear out their European reputation. It is perhaps more difficult to make a pianistic success to-day in New York than in Berlin or Paris. Criticism here is independent and aggressive; and too many laudatory advance press notices are not always of service. Men like Krehbiel, Henderson and Finck, of New York, and Elson, Apthorp and Woolf, of Boston, form a phalanx of critics before whom the artist may well quail. And yet, criticism in our country is apt to be fair, and uninfluenced by outside considerations. There are a few whose motto seems to be, "With malice toward all, and charity toward none," but on the whole the artist is fairly treated, and the general reading public receives an adequate idea of his worth. To some extent eastern success is a great help in paving the way in western cities. Criticism concerns itself often too much with what a man cannot do, instead of properly crediting what he can do. He is a poor critic who only goes to bury the artist, not to praise him.

EMIL LIEBLING.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## PADEREWSKI'S PLAYING.

[In closing the forms of MUSIC for March it became necessary to omit a carefully prepared editorial upon this phenomenal artist—an omission greatly regretted from its conclusions so widely differing from those so cleverly and ably presented by that most competent of contributors, Mr. Emil Liebling, who upon piano playing speaks as one to the manner born. The *Century Magazine* for March contained quite a symposium upon Paderewski, beginning with a highly appreciative article from the Nestor of American pianists, Dr. William Mason, followed by a biographical sketch by Miss Fanny Morris Smith. To the whole a sympathetic poem was added by Mr. R. W. Gilder. The following remarks, therefore, are a condensation of the article previously written, together with extracts from Dr. Mason's beautiful discourse, which it is a great pity not to reproduce entire, and Mr. Gilder's poem, reproduced by permission.]

According to all appearance Paderewski marks a new epoch in the development of piano playing. In his eight Chicago recitals he gave the substance of his immense repertory. Of Beethoven, the sonatas Op. 53, 57, 109, 110, 111; of Bach, the "Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue" and other selections; and a general summary of Schumann, Chopin and Liszt, together with quite a number of charming pieces of his own, as well as a few by other composers of the present day.

In composition and arrangement the programmes did not materially differ from scores of other good ones which have been more or less well played here by artists of every grade. Nor is there in Paderewski's playing, at first sight, anything especially distinguishing it from much piano playing we have heard before. That he has immense technic is evident, but then so have many others. Rummell, Carreno, Joseffy, D'Albert and Gruenfeld all have distinguished attainments in the whole line of pianoforte mastery, from tone color to facility and power. All lend themselves more or less modestly to the interpretation of the composer. All please their audiences and obtain favorable notices from the press. Nevertheless there is a difference. Any one of these artists will attract a fair audience ("considering that it is only a piano recital"), but one recital or two at most in immediate succession appears to exhaust the immediate demand. Paderewski plays once; there is a fine house, great applause, and

so on. He plays a second time; there is a larger house, still more applause. A third time; the house is crowded, the applause apparently unbounded. Moreover there is a distinct enlargement of the borders of the pianoforte public seen in the attendance upon his concerts. In place of an audience made up of musicians and amateurs, we see a large leaven of business men, and these applaud as heartily as any, even after the Beethoven numbers. Moreover, there is a still better test of the hold the artist takes upon the hearers; it is in the quality of the attention. To be able "to hear a pin drop" is the classical American test of good order. This fine and serious attention, almost breathless in quality, such as a very few great prima donnas are able to control by their beautiful voices, and now and then by real pathos, Paderewski controls with that commonly dry instrument, the pianoforte. He is storming through a passage of mighty passion; the massive chords accumulate, and the room is full of the reverberations of the vast tone he commands, when lo! the end of the storm is reached; he lingers upon a single tone, the reverberations subside, a great calm ensues and the still, small voice of an expressive melody, sung with most consummate art, holds the listener spell-bound.

His manner at the piano is the perfection of absorbed attention. He sits very quietly, never coquettes with the audience, is fastidious or sensitive to a degree in keeping off the throng of admirers who but for restraints would crowd the artist's room at every intermission, and in every way gives the impression that his business is exclusively that of interpreting certain musical selections and of pleasing the audience.

The greatest element of his charm is his refined musical conception, and the thorough way in which he becomes able to bring it to realization, despite the disturbing presence of a large audience of personalities, many of them more or less antipathetic. For it is very evident that a soul so sensitively strung as this of Paderewski must possess something of the responsiveness of a galvanometer, which is affected by extremely slight currents and conditions of bodies apparently far away. In respect to sensitiveness of

personality Paderewski is apparently more exposed than any other artist now before the public. This is one of his charms. While the undue sensitiveness imposes a strain upon him when brought too near opposing individualities, it also permits his own nature to come nearer that of the more sensitive hearers, so that there is a finer sympathy established than usually subsists between an artist and his public, and this rapport it is which affords him a great vantage ground for his interpretations. Artist and hearer think together, and what one receives is music and soul together—the soul of the composer in the mood of his work, but the composer's soul as presented in the light of the quick and clairvoyant intelligence and sympathy of the magician (or prophet, ought one to say ?) who sits at the pianoforte. In this respect there is no comparison between a Paderewski recital and one by another artist. It is this combination of technical musical resources, phenomenal intelligence to perceive and occasionally exaggerate the lighter suggestions of a poetic composer, without the slightest intruding egotistical personality, but with the truly artistic psychological relations already mentioned, which makes a Paderewski recital so far removed from the usual list of entertainments of the kind, and leaves with the hearer so agreeable a recollection. From this point of view he suggests what Chopin may have been.

Should he ever turn his attention to the direction of an orchestra, there is no knowing what splendid results he would produce. For the very essence of his endowment is the clearness and depth of his musical conception, accompanied by an unrelenting patience in working it out to a complete realization—and finally bringing it to public acquaintance with all the marks of toil obliterated, and with the new-born freshness of an Aphrodite just risen from the sea. This combination worked out in Beethoven symphonies, modern tone poems and the like, would give the world a sensation the like of which has not yet been experienced. Yet there is room for this sort of thing. The symphonies might as well be interpreted in the sense in which Paderewski interprets sonatas, and in this style of treatment they

would gain as triumphantly as the sonatas do when Paderewski interprets them. Something of this sort Nikisch does. But Paderewski may have, and probably does have, a finer and deeper musical intelligence. And it would only be necessary that he work out his conception through the accustomed medium. Whatever difficulties this might at first present, the perseverance which he has shown in bringing his playing apparatus into complete responsiveness, would surely accomplish the same result with the more capable, if less manageable, material of the orchestra.

In making for the great artist so imposing a forecast one is paying him the greatest possible compliment. For it is the same as to say that his public ministrations have reached the point where it is no longer playing (phenomenal as his work is upon this side), but *music*, which is so beautifully brought to consciousness.

If one could be content to study the playing from the merely technical side, it would richly reward a vast amount of attention—since it is a complete thesaurus of the entire art of piano playing. Every possible mechanism is there present. But the distinguishing technical excellence is that of tone color, expressive quality, in which point he is head and shoulders above other artists.

It is also pleasant to believe that for the piano maker, also, "virtue is its own reward." The large contract for the Paderewski concerts is proving profitable, so that the Steinways are in a position to enjoy at one and the same moment the spectacle of a series of piano recitals with a balance on the right side of the ledger, while at the very same time their instruments have had the fullest exposition of their musical qualities that they have ever had.

## "HOW PADEREWSKI PLAYS."\*

### I

If words were perfume, color, wild desire;  
If poet's song were fire,  
That burned to blood in purple-pulsing veins;  
If with a bird-like thrill the moments throbbed to hours;  
If summer's rains  
Turned drop by drop to shy, sweet, maiden flowers;  
If God made flowers with light and music in them,  
And saddened hearts could win them;  
If loosened petals touched the ground  
With a caressing sound;  
If love's eyes uttered word  
No listening lover e'er before had heard;  
If silent thoughts spake with a bugle's voice;  
If flame passed into song and cried, "Rejoice! Rejoice!"  
If words could picture life's, hope's, heaven's eclipse  
When the last kiss has fallen on dying eyes and lips;  
If all of mortal woe  
Struck on one heart with breathless blow on blow;  
If melody were tears, and tears were starry gleams  
That shone in evening's amethystine dreams;  
Ah, yes, if notes were stars, each star a different hue,  
Trembling to earth in dew;  
Or if the boreal pulsings, rose and white,  
Made a majestic music in the night;  
If all the orbs lost in the light of day  
In the deep, silent blue began their harps to play;  
And when in frightened skies the lightnings flashed  
And storm clouds crashed,  
If every stroke of light and sound were but excess of beauty;  
If human syllables could e'er refashion  
That fierce electric passion;  
If other art could match (as were the poet's duty)  
The grieving, and the rapture, and the thunder  
Of that keen hour of wonder—  
That light as if of heaven, that blackness as of hell—  
How Paderewski plays then might I dare to tell.

### II

How Paderewski plays! And was it he  
Or some disbodied spirit that had rushed  
From silence into singing; that had crushed  
Into one startled hour a life's felicity,  
And highest bliss of knowledge—that all life, grief, wrong,  
Turns at the last to beauty and to song?

R. W. GILDER.

December 18, 1891.

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\*By permission from the *Century Magazine*, March, 1892.

## DR. MASON UPON PADEREWSKI.\*

“Paderewski is unquestionably an inspired and a phenomenal pianist. He possesses the power of interesting and arousing the enthusiasm of an audience of the highest musical culture, as at Berlin, and of giving pleasure and delight to one of less musical intelligence and simpler tastes, as in some English provincial town. This is a fact of great significance, for it shows the rare combination of the various qualities which in the aggregate make up a great and unique artist whose ardent and poetic temperament is admirably proportioned and well balanced.”

Upon the fortunate balance of the emotional and intellectual in his playing, Dr. Mason continues: “The playing of Paderewski shows a beautiful and happy blending of these essential qualities. He mirrors his Slavonic nature in his interpretations, with its fine and exquisite appreciation of all gradations of tonal effects. His marvelous musical touch, a great, mellow and tender voice, chameleon-like, takes on the color of the dominant mood. He is a thoroughly earnest and at the same time an affectionate player, and too much stress cannot be laid on the humanism of his style, which is intensely sympathetic, and so eclectic that it embraces all schools. His never failing warmth of touch and his vivid appreciation of tone gradations and values result in wonderfully beautiful effects. In addition to these qualities, his magnetic individuality puts him at once in sympathy with his hearers, and this magnetism is felt and acknowledged even by those who do not entirely and uniformly approve of all of his readings and interpretations of the great composers.”

And again in summing up the whole matter: “The heartfelt sincerity of the man is noticeable in all that he does, and his intensity of utterance easily accounts for the strong hold

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he has over his audiences. He does not give us a remote and austere interpretation of Beethoven, but one which is broad and calm, manly and dignified, while it palpitates with life and is full of love combined with reverence. On this account it sometimes fails to please those who would strip music of its outward vestments—its flesh, so to speak—and skeletonize it. Paderewski's playing presents the beautiful contour of a living, vital organism.

"Naturally, being a modern pianist, he is in close sympathy with the works of the Romantic school, his poetic personality finding its supreme utterance in the compositions of Schumann and Chopin. He plays Schumann with all the noble, vivid fantasy which that master requires, though perhaps lacking a little sometimes in his reckless humor. In Chopin's music, the finest efflorescence of the Romantic school, Paderewski's original touch is full of melancholy pathos, without sentimental mawkishness, and without finical cynicism. He has his robust moods, and his heroic delivery of the A flat Polonaise, taken in the true and stately polonaise tempo, is tremendously impressive. It possesses that subtle quality expressed in some measure by the German word *Sehnsucht*, and in English as 'intensity of aspiration.' This quality Chopin had, and Liszt frequently spoke of it. It is the undefinably poetic haze with which Paderewski invests and surrounds all that he plays, which renders him so unique and impressive among modern pianists.

"Paderewski has one quality which Chopin always lacked in some degree—namely, the power of contrast; and, as pertinent to this, I remember that Dreyschock told me that many years ago he, in company with Thalberg, attended one of Chopin's concerts given in Paris. After listening to the delicately exquisite touch of the great Polish artist, and to his gossamer arpeggios and dainty tone embroideries, Thalberg, on reaching the street, began to shout at the top of his lungs. Dreyschock naturally asked the reason for this, and Thalberg's reply was, 'I have been listening to a *piano* all the evening, and now must have a *forte*.'

"Little fear of a forte being found lacking in Paderewski's playing, which is at times orchestral in its sonority, the

most violent extremes of color being present when required. Listen to him in the Rubinstein Etude or the Liszt Rhapsodies, with their clanging rhythms and mad fury, and ask what pianist since Liszt has given us such gorgeous, glowing colors—such explosions of tone, and the unbridled freedom of the Magyar.

“Paderewski is an artist by the grace of God, a phenomenal and inspired player, and, like all persons of large natural gifts, a simple, gracious and loving character.

WILLIAM MASON.”

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## LOVE A-MAYING.

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Blow! ye water clouds high,  
Break your floods through the sky!  
Birds sing, on the wing,  
Of my love!

Pour thy light, glorious sun,  
Let the rivulets run  
With gold from thy hold,  
For my love!

Break, ye buds on the bough,  
And show my heart how  
To grow and to blow,  
In thy love!

For I've waked with the spring;  
She to blossom and sing;  
I wake for thy sake  
And thy love.

1888.

ANDREA HOFER.

## THE SOCIETY FOR MUSIC EXTENSION.

The plans for music extension have materially advanced since the date of the March number of *MUSIC*. The general scope of the organization will be understood from the articles already printed concerning it, and from the following extracts from the first bulletin, which is not yet entirely ready for publication.

"The society for music extension is an incorporated body designed to extend musical intelligence and taste. It prepares courses of study, promotes lectures, recitals and musical reading; and by means of advice, examinations and social influences fosters attention to music in its artistic aspects. The membership of the society consists of four classes:

"1. *The Central Directory, Officers and Advisory Boards*, composed of distinguished musicians, all of whom to a greater or less extent co-operate in preparing the courses of study and educational plans of the society. The government of the society is vested exclusively in this part of the membership, in accordance with the provisions of its charter and by-laws.

"2. *Traveling Artists and Lecturers* of various grades, who statedly or occasionally produce programmes before local circles of extension associates; and upon occasion act as examiners, inspectors and advisers of the work in general.

"3. *Local Examiners*, music teachers of approved standing who undertake to administer the entrance and pass-examinations assigned to them, and report the results to the central directory, according to the by-laws.

"4. *Associates*, namely, musical students or amateurs of approved earnestness, who voluntarily enroll themselves as readers and students under the regulations of the society."

It is expected that the organization of the society will have been fully completed before the date of the May number of *MUSIC*, and a few of the preliminary courses will be ready for circulation. Correspondence is invited.

W. S. B. MATHEWS.

## THE STORY OF AN ARTIST.\*

BY ELIZABETH CUMINGS.

### CHAPTER XVIII.

Huldah awoke the next morning strangely fevered and exhausted, and with darting pains in her throat. Attempting to rise, she fell back faint and giddy.

"I'm afraid she's in for a run of sickness," said Mrs. De Lion, feebly irritable, at the breakfast table. There was a limit to her patience, and illness among the boarders was very near it. "I think I had better send word to her mother. It may be something we'll have to placard, and that is the ruination of a boarding house."

"The Rawlinsons went south yesterday," said Mr. Phipps. "Only the governor's nephew is in town."

"I reckon they could be followed by a telegram," said Mrs. De Lion. "For ten dollars a week, and the prices of provisions what they are, I don't reckon I am nat'ally bound to do a mother's duty by every boarder I may happen to have. I don't, so."

"Now don't you go to borrowing trouble," interposed Mrs. Strong, who if not from Syria, was yet near of kin to the good Samaritan, "I'll take care of her, and be glad to," and she poked the false frizzes with which she hid her own pretty locks, because they were growing gray. "I like her, and when you've been alone as long as I have, it is a sort o' luxury to do for somebody you like."

"Well," said Mrs. De Lion, not unkindly, "I like her; that is, well enough. I don't, as you may say, dislike her. She's always been mighty prompt with the pay."

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"Mr. Phipps looked up quickly from his sixth muffin. He had all his life had a snug time with the world, and knew quite thoroughly how tepid friendship becomes, in the cool winds of trial, and how much dispraise can be conveyed by manner, but in his round little head and warm little heart there lurked an old-fashioned, and almost boyish respect for women. Whatever men might do, women were still in his imagination, true and tender, and when one of them failed to come up to his ideal, it wrung and rasped his spirit; and now he drew his black brows together in a scowl at Mrs. De Lion, who, however, was giving her attention to Mrs. Strong.

"Well, I like her," reiterated that good woman. "It's company for me just to look at her. And I've never mentioned it, but I went to those recitals when Farnsworth was here, not because I could understand the music, but just to see her play."

An anxious fortnight followed, when it was well for Huldah that Mrs. Strong was even more expert at nursing, than in the manufacturing of tidies and mats. The political sky being overcast, Governor Rawlinson and wife had set out hastily for Cuba. Dr. Miller came daily to give everybody, including the grave young doctor, who was doing his best, which was very good indeed, a brief scolding. The rector of St. John's made kind inquiries, and the tenor of the choir, a soft-hearted young fellow, sent costly flowers. The soprano and alto sent jellies, which was certainly all any one could expect from ladies whose fortunes lay in their throats, for a great placard announced to all the world there was diphtheria at 207 Brandt street. But these attentions, however grateful, would not have kept Huldah out of the hospital, had not Mrs. Strong come to the rescue, not with the perfunctory attendance of the hired nurse, but with the quick interest of affection, and that cool certainty of touch, nature has given the few born to comfort the sick.

"La, I had a long apprenticeship, 'tendin' Strong," she explained, when one bright day Huldah was able to be bolstered up in an easy chair, and had begun to ask

questions. "He was weakly, Strong was, when I took him. Had had the black janders, if you know what that is; but five years or more clerking at Raddles's Notion Bazaar made me willin' to take most anybody that 'd give me a good home, and I will say Strong did."

"But you did not marry for a home!" Huldah shook her head in utter disbelief, and picked up the little glass of violets at her side to inhale their perfume.

"Yes I did principally, and a home is an awful good thing to have," said the widow, calmly historical. "As I was sayin', Strong wasn't much to look at, and he had some pizen mean relations, but so had I, and I wa'n't young by no means. I did well. He was of a good disposition, and was a good provider, and we took real comfort till his liver trouble run into consumption. He was a long time a-dying, there's no denying it."

Huldah laughed. It was impossible not to. The water in the glass of violets trickled over her hands.

"You ought to know better," cried the bewildered nurse, snatching up a towel. "You'll catch cold if you're not careful. I s'pose you're so nervous you'd laugh at anything. But I can tell you the old-fashioned consumption is a dreadful tejus sickness."

"As for marryin' for a home," she continued after shaking up the pillows for her charge, "Strong married me for one, just as much as I did him, and it was all the home, real home I mean, I ever had. Father lived on a farm, and he hadn't any more idee of doin' for his girls than—well, I don't know what. There were four of us, and we had to sleep in one room, cold as Greenland in winter and hot as a furnace in summer. In the evening—we hadn't any evenings in summer, but in winter we could sit in the kitchen about one lamp. Father had it close to him to read. He would have thought it extravagant if one of us had a lamp up-stairs, had it been possible for a body to sit up there to read or work. Everything had to go as he said. I learned the milliner's trade in the village, just to have the privilege of a room to myself. One of my sisters married and went off west. The two that stayed

home died, one of pneumony, the other of consumption, the gallopin' kind, and no wonder. And when father died, will you believe it, after all those years of slavin' and pinchin' his family when there wasn't a mite of use in it, what do you think? He'd lent out his money and signed notes till there wasn't enough to take care of mother even."

"How much he cheated himself!" said Huldah.

"You may well say it," replied Mrs. Strong grimly; "and I, I wanted my own way, just as he did, and when I got it, I didn't take such comfort as I expected. I had my own room, but I missed mother dreadfully, though I never admitted it, and I missed the girls. I wanted 'em, you see, only further from me, but taking my own way, I did not have them at all. I often think if we'd take what comes, and not struggle so, we'd have a better time."

There had been a week of rain and fog, and the very walls dripped. Occasionally across the sunshine there floated a dun vapor, which as it passed away painted dingy buildings purple, and dyed the sails upon the lake, carmine or deepest blue. The great city was more impressive even, than in the uninterrupted glow of a perfect June day. The hum and roar of this great hive of human activity, pulsating with every passion, had fascinated one little unit of being, that morning landed within its confines, and there was an unusual glow of self-confidence upon his face as he rang the bell of 207 Brandt street.

The housemaid was this morning left to her own blundering devices, and when the stranger asked to see Miss Goulding he was ushered into the back parlor without ceremony.

"And who, sir, are you?" asked Mrs. Strong, turning upon the intruder sharply.

Huldah had started up, and all aglow with delight was holding out her hands.

"I am David March," said the new comer quietly. Then after an instant's hesitation he added, "the man Miss Goulding is going to marry."

## CHAPTER XIX.

Huldah was married to David March in May, but as a mere historian cannot do justice to the vanities, tears, smiles and millinery of such an occasion, the wedding will be left to your imagination. The ceremony was at Governor Rawlinson's mansion on Dorchester avenue, and the breakfast was described by the society paper that gave details of the festivities, as a "dream of beauty." Huldah's outfit, which, like many another bride's, was gotten up quite regardless of the sphere of activity she was about to enter, was pronounced both "magnificent," and "*recherche*," and the account closed with the information that "the happy pair would spend the honeymoon at Mr. March's birthplace in the state of New York."

There were some minor matters that escaped the observation of the reporter for the *Daily Gabbler*, as, that there were no musical people present save Dr. Miller, and that the middle-aged lady in lilac moiré, to whom he paid particular attention, was not, as was supposed, a relative of the family from the country, but our old friend, Mrs. Strong, of Brandt street. It escaped him, too, that the very rare and delicate flowers carried by the bride were not the gift of the groom, who, to do him justice, would never have thought of showing her such an expensive attention, but were from "the boarders at No. 207 Brandt street," and that John Rawlinson, Jr., was not present.

"It is an infernal shame," declared Dr. Miller to Farnsworth, who had come up from Boston for a series of recitals. "I could not feel worse if she had lost her hands!"

"You have yourself to thank," growled Farnsworth, gloomily. "You were always saying she should marry, and that she would never play her best till she had fallen in love, or had her heart broken, or some rubbish of the sort."

"If you fancy she married for any reason, save to please her own royal will, you are mistaken," snapped the



doctor, to whose eyes the webs of circumstances spun about Huldah had seemed of small consequence.

"The March girls," as they were called, were aged respectively forty and forty-five. A younger married sister lived at Smyrna, a village in the valley, three miles from the farm on breezy West Jordan hill.

Miss Maria wore her years lightly in spite of much hard work. Housekeeping was with her a passion, so she labored without mental friction. It was in her opinion the only suitable work for women. Men, she secretly thought—poor creatures—disorderly and helpless in the house, and prone to get into scrapes out of it. "They know no better," she was wont to say of masculine shortcomings. But she never excused a woman, save her sister Sarah, who was enshrined in the innermost cell of her heart, and who, with an injustice not uncommon, gave her warmest affection to her brother David.

Sarah was an invalid, and was commonly spoken of as having "a difficulty."

She had a lover in her youth, and he had died. Perhaps this sorrow was the cause of the strange youthfulness and sweetness in her face, and the reason she was so consecrated in her sister's love. Maria, who always selected dull browns for her own wearing, bought delicate tints for Sarah, who had also as a matter of course, ribbons, ruffles and embroidered handkerchiefs. Only the lightest household tasks fell to Sarah. To her also came the few pleasures. The sister at Smyrna sent her flower roots and zephyr yarn by the stage driver, and after his father's death, David, without giving thought to the matter, always addressed his letters to Sarah. It was she who owned the plush covered photographic album, who had adorned the walls with prim pencilings, and so called Grecian paintings, and who drew from the tiny reed organ wheezing variations on "Willie, We have Missed You," "The Cottage by the Sea," and other old ballads, besides hymns from the Moody and Sankey collections.

Too feeble to do the only work she knew anything about, Mother March entertained herself for the most

part fault-finding. When this palled upon her, she wept herself ill, wished she was dead, etc., and after much petting and the refreshment of a bowl of catnip tea went to bed. "Mother's spells" were endured in tender silence by the sisters. A woman of sixty-five was aged in their opinion, and should have the privilege of doing as she pleased. As the announcement of David's approaching wedding had brought on a severe fit of melancholy, during which the old lady retired to her bed with a hot brick, and quite refused to be comforted, when the letter came naming the day when he and his bride might be expected at the farm, the sisters did not speak of it. Huldah, they argued, might have a pleasanter welcome from their mother if she came unexpectedly.

"I hope David's got a good housekeeper," said Maria as she set out the materials for a pudding the eventful morning. "A minister needs a real capable wife, Sarah. He's so sort of public. And the dear knows he's dreadful liable to company."

"I hope he's got somebody who'll be a companion to him," said Sarah, pausing in her task of seeding raisins. "If there isn't sympathy between married folks, there isn't anything, in my opinion."

"If a man has his victuals to suit him, and a neat house, and slick shirt bosoms, it seems to me he hain't no call to lie awake nights hankering for sympathy," said Maria, dexterously beating up the whites of eggs into a snow heap. "And I will say that brother David has as quick a nose for soda, as I ever saw on a man, and as for his shirts—well, you know yourself what he used to be." Maria was intent at the moment watching a certain speckled hen, that she had long been suspecting of stealing a nest, and that now was making secretive zigzags through the currant bushes, and she did not notice that the pantry door had cautiously opened an inch. "I believe I'll write out my best recipes for her. My crusted sponge cake, and the White Mountain cake, and my way of making squash pie. David does like good cooking, though I will say he isn't greedy, like Ezra Phillips.

Persis would have to fry doughnuts for Ezra in July, if besides breaking out with her humor, she was in danger of melting straight into the kettle."

"For my part I believe in love," quavered Sarah, letting a tear plash down upon the raisins. "I don't like to think of David's marriage as just a housekeeping arrangement. If it isn't a love match, I don't want to know a thing about it."

"Of course it is a love match," said Maria, kissing her sister over the whipped eggs, "and if she makes David comfortable and does her duty, it will stay a love match."

The door of the pantry opened wider, and tiny Mrs. March peered in at her daughters. Her poor old head shook in its white cap. Her thin hands trembled, and there were fierce fires of wrath in her dark eyes. There was a perplexed look on Sarah's mild face. Things never seemed so plain and easy to her as to Maria. She could not formulate her thoughts, and now, as about most subjects, doubts assailed her. She thought not only of her brother, but of this unknown woman he had made her sister.

"Let us hope he will make her happy," said she, under her breath. "There are a great many unhappy women, Maria. She is much younger than he, and there's Mrs. Rogers down to Smyrna. Mr. Rogers is a good man, and a good preacher, but——"

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," said Maria, sternly. "Your own brother! I guess he is good enough to make any woman happy. If I were only as certain that mother would be like herself this noon, and the pudding would——"

"This noon!" screamed the old lady. "Comin' this noon, be they! And I'm not told! Pretty goings on in my own house! Ain't it bad enough 'at my only son has gone an' got married? I've lived till things are kept from me, have I? Well it's time I was dead!"

Maria, turning quickly about, knocked the big coffee canister to the floor. It brushed the old lady's skirts as it

fell, at which she broke into loud lamentations, and Nancy Hubble, "the help," told Peter Bolls, the hired man, in the privacy of the back kitchen, that "the old torment had gone this time into a regular built fit."

## CHAPTER XX.

The next day Mrs. Phillips, with her two little girls, Bessie and Sally, came up from Smyrna to spend the day at the farm. "It is a solemn event," she said to Sarah in the unaired retirement of the hall bedroom. "I hope the Lord will bless us in this new sister. It is a great thing for a minister to choose a wife. He has a good many things to think of. Has mother seen her yet, Sarah?"

"No," said Sarah nervously. "Mother had a dreadful bad spell yesterday, and she hasn't worked 'round yet. You know she has to work 'round when they are pretty bad. We've done all that could be done, though."

"A great deal of mother's trouble is in her mind," said Mrs. Phillips, smoothing the folds of her new black alpaca, and wondering that Sarah expressed no admiration of it. It was very lustrous and had cost a pretty penny even at wholesale. Mr. Phillips kept the "store," at Smyrna, and his wife enjoyed the distinction of having dresses especially selected for her in New York. "Well, and how do you and Maria like her?"

"She's lovely to look at, Persis," said Sarah flushing, and finding delineation difficult. "And she plays the instrument [Sarah always called the little old organ 'the instrument'] beautiful. I didn't know there was so much music in it. But she is different. I—well, you can't describe it. I guess she like the people in books. Any way, there's no young lady in Smyrna like her. I never saw anybody like her even in Syracuse."

"M—ah," assented Mrs. Phillips, who secretly thought her sister's judgment in most matters too lenient. "I hope she's sensible. Of course she's a pious woman, or David wouldn't 'a' married her."

Mrs. Phillips was small, brown and quick, and was always buzzing like a bee over work of some sort. She was the religious one of the sisters, and was spoken of by the Smyrna church, of which she was a prized member, as "a worker." Her ability to bring money out of church suppers was unrivaled, as was also her skill in managing a donation. Occupation was to her a religious duty. She always kept many varieties of work ready to pick up, that she might be provided with something for every moment, and be saved from the sinfulness of folded hands. Sunday was kept from being insupportable, by her husband's relations who lived on farms round about the tiny village, and who came to her house from the church to dine. She sometimes complained of "the Phillipses," not realizing that they delivered her from the temptation of spending Sabbath afternoons upon sewing, or fancy knitting. Immured in its narrow prison under the soft bands of her hair, her brain directed her automatic movements, and at very long intervals hatched out an opinion, or notion, which Solomon himself could not have convinced her was mistaken, had he arisen on purpose to argue the point. Her first impression of Huldah was that she was too large, her second that she was far too "dressy," for a minister's wife. Then, as the bride sat idly turning over the leaves of an old magazine, she received a third impression, the most damaging possible, viz., that she was not "industrious." That was the word Mrs. Phillips applied to her own habit of constant occupation.

It was a pleasant, sunshiny room. There was a bright, home-made yarn carpet on the floor. White muslin curtains fluttered at the windows, into which blew perfumes indescribable and intoxicating from the blossoming cherry trees, from the Missouri currant bushes that crowded close to the lattice shading the deep well, and from the unclosing apple blooms. Before the house the lilacs were just opening, and on each side of the graveled walk leading to the front gate were fleets of daffodils, primroses, and spikes of flowering almond. The land descended in gentle

undulations to the valley which glowed in the softest tints of yellow, pink and green, where it had been left to itself, and showed tints of amethyst, vivid umbers and deep ochre, where the plow had turned it over. Beyond, the hills rose indigo and violet, and in the distance cloud-like blue.

The three sisters sat in a row before Huldah. Little they cared for the view. Sarah, indeed, loved it because it was home, but even to her eyes the glorious picture it contained, was hidden. Maria wore a long white apron, and Sarah was smart with pink ribbons at her throat and in her hair. The three were busily knitting, and presented an odd contrast to Huldah's calm figure clad in a soft, plain gown, whose price and making it was perhaps well they could not guess, yet felt vaguely as suggestive of elegance beyond their reach. David was with his mother, and Bessie and Sallie sitting side by side on a venerable ottoman, much prized because of its ornamentation in tufted work, eyed their new aunt with open-mouthed admiration and made it plain by certain shy signs she was not blind to, that they were quite ready to give her their little hearts the moment she should say the word.

"Have you seen anything prettier than log cabin pattern for a silk quilt, Sister Huldah?" asked Mrs. Phillips after a short silence. "I have heard there are new patterns, but they haven't got around to Smyrna yet. You coming from a big city so, must have seen a good deal."

"I do not know about silk quilts," said Huldah in some bewilderment. "There may be new patterns, but I have not noticed."

"Then I s'pose you haven't got one?" Though Mrs. Phillip's voice had the interrogative inflection, it showed disapproval was ready to take possession of it.

"A silk quilt? No," said Huldah, again taking up the old magazine.

"That's a pity. Why I don't recollect a bride in Smyrna these five years who hasn't had some sort of a silk quilt. Some of 'em even went down to the paper mill and picked over the rags to get silk pieces. But I

can't say I would go that length, for there's no knowing about rags, especially them that has come from out of town."

Huldah's face showed unmistakable signs of disgust, and Miss Sarah nervously attempted a diversion by getting out a curious old autographic album, which had belonged to her father's sister in the year '48. But Mrs. Phillips was not to be turned aside from the track in which she believed lay duty, and she always felt it her duty to express disapprobation of wasting time. "You ought to have some work, Sister Huldah," she continued, with an expressive glance at her empty hands. "They make real pretty trimming out of linen thread. Now you can make it at odd times, and it is nice to have in the house. With thread only six shillin' the dozen anybody can afford to have pillow shams with lace around 'em, nice enough for the best."

Huldah had a dull headache. It always made her head ache to sit listening to, and trying to talk to people she did not understand. Her eyes smarted, and sometimes saw double. She felt too, grieved and bewildered by the disapproval in Mrs. Phillips' voice, and longed to escape from the room.

"I wish we had a better instrument," said Miss Sarah, who had more than once felt the exasperating prick of her sister's goad, and with quick sympathy had divined the cause of the heightened color on Huldah's cheeks, though she hoped what she called "Persis' little ways" had not been quite understood. "I hope we shall hear Sister Huldah play the piano before she goes out to Iowa. I dearly love the piano. When I go down to Smyrna I always stop in to see Dilly Holliday, and get her to play for me. I've cried many a time hearing her play 'Home, Sweet Home,' and 'Old Lang Syne.'"

"Dilly Holliday had better learn to be useful," said Miss Maria, rising and thrusting her needles into the ball of yarn she was laboriously converting into stout hose. There was no covert meaning behind this observation. It was not possible for her to be covert, besides she very

earnestly wanted her brother's wife to be happy under her roof. "I don't believe Dilly ever made a batch of bread in her life. But her mother is as much to blame for that as she is. Well, I've got to look after dinner. That Nancy Hubble can't be trusted as far as you can see her. No——" and she waved an authoritative hand toward Sarah, who had risen. "You stay here and visit. Brother David's wife won't be here forever, and I guess I can get the table right for once."

David came in a moment later, and somehow, Huldah never could remember how she managed it, she slipped out of the open door, out on the wide veranda, and then down among the daffodils. Bessy and Sally slid off their perch and followed her, and under their direction she was soon out in the orchard, then wandering across the south pasture, and up the hill in the grove of maples, where sugar had been made in the early days of spring. The earth was carpeted with violets, white and sulphur yellow. There were dense beds of adder tongue, the blossoms looking like fleets of tawny butterflies. In the more sheltered nooks the great white trillium lifted its lily-like head, and high above sang the bluebirds and robins, of joy and spring. The reedy music of the ground sparrows came up from the hollow where a rivulet trickled through the grass, and in some well hidden covert the wood thrush wound his silver horn. "A sign of rain," the weather-wise Bessie declared.

Love made Huldah ashamed of the ennui and pain that oppressed her, while reason whispered that she had entered a world even more strange and unbearable than the one to which her mother's marriage had introduced her, and foreboding fear suggested that Chester might contain more people like the March sisters than any other, while the finality of marriage rose before her like an impenetrable wall. She did not know how astonished the average man is, if the most dissimilar women show signs of not getting on. Such a failure indicates to his obtuseness a lack of mental sweetness, rather than a difference of intellectual plane. Nor can the average man see how much closer is



the friction of women upon each other in the family and in society, than that of men. But she felt that for her not to establish pleasant, and even intimate relations with David's sisters, would cause him surprise and distress. She felt too, that upon her alone would devolve all the responsibility, save with Sarah. It was a refreshment to be out here in the sunshine with Bessie and Sally, who gave her small opportunity to think. Now their bird-like eyes saw a hole, that might belong to a woodchuck. Now a glossy leaf revealed to their experience that below it in the soft mold were buried long strings of peppery "crinkle root." Sometimes an enchanting red squirrel whisked along the fence, brought himself up with a jerk to take an observation, and dare the whole world to catch him, then scampered on.

The children had discovered some ground nuts, and were digging them up with much ado, and no little damage to their clean frocks and aprons. Huldah had seated herself on a broad rock that was a part of the fence. Behind it a thorn bush made a white cloud. Bitter words have a peculiar vitality, and more than one of Mrs. Worden's caustic, world-wise speeches came into her mind, like unbidden, scornful guests. Always before, when disagreeable situations or questions had pressed themselves upon her attention, she had found quick relief in music. But now she had not touched a piano in a month, and for some reason the compositions that had seemed a part of her being, so entirely had they become her mental property, refused to be remembered save as dry pages of notes. She tormented herself with asking if David expected her to become like his sisters, whom he had so warmly praised, and wondering if—after many years, of course—she would. Suddenly soft and grimy arms encircled her neck, and Bessie whispered very near her ear, "I love you a million—and we wish you'd kiss us."

"And I love you a million," echoed Sally, anxious to assert herself. Then noting there were tears in the brown eyes raised to hers, she dabbed at them with her white apron, reducing it to a still more inexcusable condition.

"You are our newest aunt—but——" Sally hesitated an instant, then added with impetuous positiveness, "you are the very nicest!"

A horn piped far away. "It's dinner," cried Bessie in some trepidation. "Aunt Maria hates to wait. Do you s'pose, Aunt Huldah, you can run, that is, a very little?"

Huldah laughed. "Run? Of course I can run." And they went down to the farm house at a great pace. For reasons of their own the children made for a side door, which flew open before they had reached it, and before it stood old Mrs. March in the new silk gown and cap her daughters had prepared for her and vainly implored her to put on the day before. A malicious smile lit up her pallid face. "She'd show the girls a thing or two," she had resolved. She would see her new daughter at her own time and in her own way.

"Oh, Gram, you look lovely!" cried Bessie, clasping her about. Whatever humors she disclosed to the rest of the world, the poor soul was kindness itself to her grandchildren. "And, oh, we've been up on the hill with Aunt Huldah, and she's splendid, and, Gram, we're dirty, and we're sorry."

Huldah's heart was warm from being loved "a million." The white hair and pale face brought her grandfather's image before her. She put out both her hands, and bending down, timidly kissed the wrinkled cheek, saying gently, "I am glad you are feeling better, dear mother."

It was a rare advance for her to make, and the shrewd old woman perhaps felt it. Manner may be a slight thing in itself, but it has tremendous effects. A soft flush rose in Mother March's face, her lips trembled and her keen black eyes grew beautiful. She took Huldah's hands very cordially in her own, and said with emphasis, "You are a grand-looking woman my dear. I never thought I'd set much store by a dater-in-law, but I shall by you." And she held up her face to be kissed again. And she would not let Huldah leave her, but led the way into her own spacious bedroom, where she washed the children's hands,

and otherwise tidied them, that they might escape a part at least of the scolding always administered by their mother for "playing in the dirt"; then she astonished her daughters by going out to dinner leaning on Huldah's arm.

During the next two weeks there were tea parties at Smyrna, to which all the ministers of the vicinity, and their wives, and many church people were invited to meet the newly wedded pair, and there was a great church sociable held at the farm, that all the country side, of any consideration, might be introduced to Huldah, for the March family was an old one, and the sisters felt the pressure of traditions and position. Then there were two never forgotten days which Huldah spent with Mrs. Phillips, while her husband attended a Sunday school convention at Syracuse. He was, he explained, in duty bound to make the most of his opportunities, and the convention was presided over by the celebrated Mr. J. Howard Rattler, to hear whom was said to be a liberal education.

"How did you like her, on the whole?" asked Maria of Mrs. Phillips when David and his wife were gone.

"I can't say I like to see a woman [Mrs. Phillips always said 'womern'] sit around all day with a book, especially if she's entered a sphere where she'd ought to be an example."

"Well I don't," assented Maria. "But she's dreadful good-hearted. You saw yourself what pains she took to please the children, and mother—I never was so beaten in my life as I was to see how mother took to her. I s'pose it was because mother's grown so sort o' childish. But she must have been brought up awful shiftless, Huldah must, for when I told her I'd show her how to make sour cream biscuit, she said as cool as you please, 'thank you, but I don't like to cook.' Now I'd desire to know what she's going to do! Like or no like, she'll have cooking to do some time, if they do start off a-boarding, which I should think David had had enough of."

"I p'sume she'll get along her way," said Sarah nervously. "It may be just as good as ours, too. It seems to me if she suits David that's enough."

"Men folks are dreadful fond of their victuals." Mrs. Phillips spoke authoritatively, as a married woman feels she has a right to, when addressing unmarried sisters. "And there isn't anything suits 'em at home, if they don't get what they like to eat."

"Well I'm sorry for her," said Maria grimly. "I must say I am sorry for her."

"Well I can't say I am," exclaimed Mrs. Phillips with some emphasis. "A woman ought to fill her sphere. If she ain't handy at it at first, she can try till she is handy."

"Ma Phillips," said Bessie struggling up from her doll's cradle, "you made her cry. I see her twice with her eyes full. And Sally, she asked her when she took us a-riding, if she really truly hadn't any 'faculty,' or 'practical' as you and Aunt Maria said she hadn't, 'cause Sally and me, we'd 'greed to buy her 'em, with the money in our tin banks if she hadn't, and she laughed, and then the tears came into her eyes again, and she said perhaps she hadn't 'em. And that night I slept with her 'cause uncle was away, and I feeled her cry, and I told her that me, and Sally, and Gram, loved her a million, and we didn't care a snap if she hadn't them things, or never had 'em!"

While the sisters were gazing in speechless amazement and dismay at the terrible Bessie, David March was bending over his wife's shoulder, and saying. "You have won the love of all my people, my dear. My sisters think you a charming woman."

"I am glad," said Huldah quietly, remembering with a pang the night she had wept herself to sleep by the side of little Bessie.

"So am I," he replied, not noticing the tears brimming in her eyes. "It was Sarah herself who told me."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

# THE PHILOSOPHY OF PIANOFORTE MUSIC.\*

## AN INTRODUCTION.

### I.

"Art rests upon a spirit of deep, invulnerable earnestness."

"Art is an earnest occupation, most earnest when occupied with noble and holy ideas; but the artist is greater than the art or the ideas."—*Goethe*.

For He that worketh high and wise,  
Nor pauses in his plan,  
Will take the sun out of the skies  
Ere freedom out of man.

—*Emerson: Ode.*

Pure pianism, which is the adequate performance of pianoforte music, presents ideas which are fully as unified and free as may be rendered in any other one of the highest modes of art. It is an organism of free motions sustained among all of the parts of the pianist's mind, emotion and body, created by his will and imparted to the pianoforte as combinate forms of dynamic, for the purpose of embodying the contents of a harmonious idea, in the manifold relations of motion-organizations which constitute the Rhythm forms of effect called music.

This living, organic essence of pure pianism is also the essence of the highest art. Art is the voluntary, free expression of a passing state of the human manifestation of soul. The essence or principle of soul, as manifested in nature, that is to say, the inherent form of the motion-constitution upholding the human embodiment of soul, or any natural organism, is a harmonious inter-action among many disparate motion-parts associated as an individuality, unity or whole of being. Thus it may be said that the human embodiment of soul is an organism of relations constituted among disparate motion-parts by order of many-folded envelopments. The form-principle of this organism, or harmony, prescribes the constitution of the artist's action in the exercise of his art. The natural embodiment of soul being a correlation of motions, its phase is continually changing; consequently the essence of art, as true expression of the soul, is an ever flowing harmony of motions, for its attributes and constitution are necessarily identical with the unified and flowing nature of the soul, whose changing and complex states it is purposed to represent. The features and unity of the soul state, its aspect at any given moment, develops the contents and whole of a harmonious idea; and in order to faithfully manifest these in tone-forms, the motion organism of art producing the tones and efforming the free relation of their composite succession, must correspond

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in its parts and their envelopments, with those features or contents and their relationships. Herewith is noticed the nature of the highest modes of art. They consist of harmonies of motion, caused, efformed and upheld by the artist's will and physical organism, and rendering manifest momentary soul states in correspondently structured passing effects.

The essence of this truth of art is universally manifested in nature. The principle of all organisms or life, as embodied in the processes and law of life and nature, is the harmonic or unified spirit of cause. It is harmony working as cause. The essence of pure art is likewise realized in the free organic efformation of the human action working as cause. It is harmony embodied as a working or cause, and creating an organismal effect. In art, however, as also in nature, unified cause may create an identical effect only when it efficiently overcomes every obstacle to its working. Inefficiency of the working of unified cause is manifested, both in nature and in art, by deformity of effect. Deformed effects consequent upon partial success in the working of unified cause, are to be distinguished from amorphous results in art which spring from dissolute causes. In nature every organism or life may be regarded as an embodiment of the harmonic principle, advancing to purity according as it becomes more and more identical with the harmonic cause underlying or creating it. In art every expression will be an enactment of the harmonic law, approximating to purity according as the organ of action (human organism, mind, emotion and body) becomes more and more fluent and less obstructive to the manifestations of the unity of the soul state underlying or prompting the harmonious idea which the artist seeks to render.

From this it will be seen that the philosophy of art, or of any one of the ultimate modes of art, is divided into two general departments. First, that which is often called the morphological, and which treats of the nature and constitution of unity, the harmonic or universal principle; and second, that which is called the technological, and which treats of the embodiment of this principle, that is to say of the constitution of a unified cause, of its organ of action, and of its efficient working. The philosophy of art, therefore, is similar to the philosophy of nature. The latter, and the study of nature is prefatory to the pure expression of the soul in art; it may promote a right guidance of the discipline which develops ultimate art.

## II.

"Thou must mount  
Into vision where all form  
In one only form dissolves;  
In a region where the wheel  
On which all beings ride  
Visibly revolves."

—Emerson: *Celestial Love*.

The constitution of unity or the harmonic spirit as basis of all life and of the human manifestation of soul, is perceived in natural law, and is reflected in the form of the highest expressions of the human soul. These latter are the arts known as language, poetry,

oratory, dancing and music. The morphologic principle underlying them all is identical, and is a direct reflection of the harmonic spirit sustaining the human soul and all organisms in nature.

Nature is a world of organisms, which are manifestations by means of a common vehicle, force, of harmony, which is the universal plasmic principle, generally termed unity. In the various modes of its manifestation, unity molds with great diversity the force it employs, rendering various modes of motion, which are characterized as bodies of air, water, earth, etc., or their compounds, are generalized by the term matter, and originate the ideas of time and space. Everything in nature is found as some mode of motion, and its existence is conditioned by unity, the principle of harmony. While this manifestation, nature, is flowing or living, the spirit of unity which is the conditioning principle thereof, seems to be abiding, so that it is called the eternal. The flowing unity of nature is therefore regarded as the manifestation of the attributes of the eternal harmonic principle. This manifestation of unity in the life of nature, in the structure of the most ponderable as well as most imponderable bodies, is called natural law. The harmonic structure may seem to be more easily perceived in solid than in liquid bodies, its parts and their relation more easily fastened upon in animals than in air; but the universality of this plasmic principle is evinced by its formative presence as sustenance of everything in nature, while its identity throughout all variety is discovered by man's insight and investigation, and is confirmed by his reason. In whatever mode it is found manifested, the contents of unity are perceived in the relation by order of compound envelopment of freely-formed many-folded parts, by the ratio of whose proportions some clearly definite or more free harmonic order is embodied. They prescribe the living form or soul of an organism, in the free ordering by envelopments of compound disparities of motion, or in other words, in a correlation of motion, the unequal members being preserved in harmony—the condition of nature—which is the mobile plasmic state of free organizations. Every organism, whether known to the mind as mineral, vegetable, animal, air, tone or light, is constituted by this one identical principle of unity or the harmonic spirit in different degrees of development. Wherever manifested its contents are perceived, in the relation, by order of compound envelopment of freely formed many-folded parts. These outlines of unity, the universal form principle, which conditions the constitution of nature, are gathered from analyses of the modes and states of embodiment. Comparison of the analyses deduces a theory of unity. With this as basis, imagination develops ideas of beauty, which inspire the artist to seek to create their adequate manifestation.

Throughout all nature, in all organisms the unifying spirit of condition and being may be traced. Organisms, or embodied unities, as manifested in nature, always consist of an exceedingly complex order, their finest details and higher relations surpassing mathematical calculations. But the general principle of unity, as the spirit of nature, may be hinted by the geometrical lines and mathematical ratios which have been gathered from the easily perceived features of various bodies. The theory of the Universal Principle as basis of the

true use of the Imagination may be posited in definite scientific terms, which, however, are to be regarded as mere initiatory means, promoting appreciation of the apparently infinite combinations and developments of unity manifested in the innumerable organisms of nature.

In order to gather from natural law an outline of the simplest conception of unity, which is also the simplest unit of art \* the mind may avail itself, as aid, of the illustration of simple and combined undulations as they exist in the organisms or embodiments called tones, and, indeed, in modified characters, in all forms of life. Each tone, or sound, is not a simple undulation, but is composed of general undulatory motions, enveloping many undulations various in size and form, each of which are themselves also constituted of many disparate undulations. These compounds of motion may be decomposed or analyzed. They are found to consist of larger and smaller amplitudes of motion, creating the outlines and the details of the sense impression conveyed to the mind.

The disparate parts and the manifold whole of these motion organisms in nature and of tone, urge the human soul to reflex composite expression, and thereby create the alphabet of language, scale of music, numbers of mathematics, lines of geometry, etc., as symbols and as manifestations of their influence. Each musical tone consists of many parts of sounds. A single vocal sound or word consists of parts made up of many parts of sounds or letters of the alphabet. The systematizable number of appreciable instrumental tones and vocal (lingual) utterances are ordered in scale and alphabet. The different classes of each are named to signify distinguishing groups of disparities of undulations creating sound parts classified.

The unity, Logos or whole, however, which is gathered by the consciousness from the totality of composite effect, is impalpable to sense. The parts of the experience are held by the memory, and an image of the unity or whole thereof is gathered together by the "inner sense" or Imagination, after the sensing moment has passed. It, this Logos, or soul of unity, becomes the pure spiritual creation, possession, and, as it were, objectivation of the auditing soul. In other words, the human idea of the final Unity or Logos, the free relations of all of the parts in any selected art organism or natural phenomenon, is the spiritual imaginative creation and reality, invisible and impalpable to the human senses but not to the human imagination. It is the Logos, or the Spirit of this final unity, which, so keenly felt by the scientific imagination, guides the human perception to a clear vision of the infinite soul of harmony working as cause, and thus develops a practical intuition of the freely variable organism, or proto-plasmic Harmony of Energy, which is the prerequisite of high art and of Pianoforte Music.

Let *A* (Fig. 1) represent the largest one in a compound of undulations, the largest outline of motion, and lowest sensing in an impression of sound, creating the ground tone. Let *B* represent undulations in this same compound which are one-half smaller in amplitude

\* That is to say, a standard for the science of Unity as it constitutes Nature and is reflected in an idea, in its embodiment, and in the appreciation thereof; or, in other words, a *type universal* for pure style, in cause, effect and taste.



and consequently twice as many in number, and create the first octave above ground tone. And in like succession let *C* represent that of second higher octave, and *D* that of third octave with undulations one-fourth as ample and four times as many in number, and one-eighth as ample and eight times as many in number.

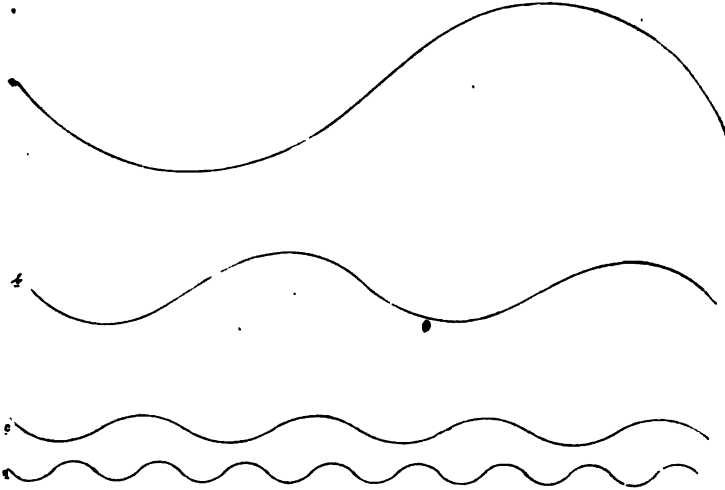


FIG. 1.

When sensed by the ear these disparate undulations are one compound undulation, a free unfolding of ENVELOPMENTS as, and graphically transcribed, appear somewhat thus (Fig. 2);

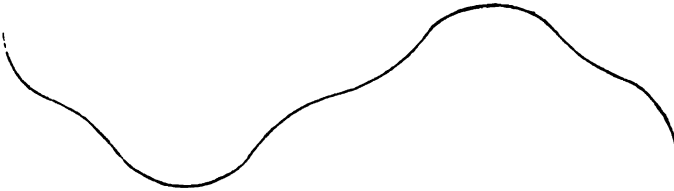


FIG. 2.

This one three-fold involuted undulation presents a harmony of curves; undulations of various amplitudes and numbers, carried simultaneously across the stage of the consciousness. It is similar to a symbolic panorama of the passing phases of the harmonious normal soul-states in man, and the consequent organizing states of the emotions, the mind, the body and the will in art. Enlarged or diminished, as may be regarded, and developed and transcribed, it is finally recognized as a geometric or unnatural symbol of the structured state of natural, intuitional motives prompting the unity of human ideas, aims and arts, or aspirations, expressions and pleasures. The larger features of the sense-perception create the idea of basis or outline of the harmonic impression—the ground tone of a musical chord or harmony—the verse line or period of poetic meter and musical form—

the outline or principal parts of ideas, and the syllogistic, logic and rhetoric forms, symbolizing them. These larger features create the principal parts of ideas in the mind as definite unities, and, of the organic working of the motion of body in the lingual, vocal or instrumental action presenting the manifestation of harmonious ideas. The smaller features, details or enveloped contents of the compound undulations create the harmonic or disparate details of the sense impression—the over-octaves of a musical tone—the feet, motives, phrases, bars or smaller rhythmical parts of poetic meter, rhetorical style or musical form—the qualities and differences on logical content of the constituents of an idea, as it exists in the mind and imagination—and prescribe the manifolded cycles of motion and their envelopments, in the action of the physique as the idea is manifested in language, gesture or music.

### III.

"Electric thrills and ties of law  
Which bind the strength of nature wild  
To the conscience of a child."—*Emerson: Wealth.*

If a unified idea, transcribed in a poetic line or a logical rhetoric phrase, be rendered in a form-embodiment of vocal expression, it will be seen that the contents of the idea, being disparate in value, or, as it is said, *logical* in relation \* are manifested, by principal, and subordinate, rhythmically ordered groups of degrees in the various characteristics of expression, the former groups, of course, surpassing the latter in time, force, etc. In some poetry, however, this organic ordering of dynamic or expression values is not united with the order of the contents of the idea; and this separation lends to the underlying organic expression a special value, which is developed and denominated as metrical and rhythmical form, and is the natural basis of expression in and of itself regardless of the contents of the idea expressed. This separation is arbitrary. It tends to mark the organic basis as limited, and to claim freedom for an alienated and confused state of thought, which is not wedded with the natural structure of unified ideas, and therefore does not build on and with this a legitimate universal free—that is to say, an infinitely developable superstructure. But in pure music the form and contents are unified; and the pure dynamic rendering of the form-disparates, form-parts or form-contents is the absolute basis of the true and direct manifestation of the idea with its contents in their proper order and envelopment.

In musical ideas and forms of expression, the precedent part is principal, the subsequent part is subordinate, in logical worth as well as in dynamic characteristics (of time, force, etc.). This order is natural. It reflects the stress and lull, as universally manifested in the expressions of nature, in the constituency of rotations, undulations and all the manifold modes of natural motion. In the rendered music, each of the transcribed or written form-parts is symbolized or

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\* The order of parts being subordinated to the Logos or forming Spirit.

manifested by some one group of many disparate tone undulations; while the ordinary unit or single line of musical form expression, like the natural organisms of light and tone, is manifested by means of a *compound envelopment* of many groups of disparate tone undulations; and the entire composition of music is manifested by extended similar envelopments of ordinary units or compound lines, of tonal form expressions.

In musical form the eight-bar line or period may be regarded as ordinary or smallest unit of form. It consists of two halves of four bars each; two groups of two bars each being contained in each of these halves; each single bar in the two-bar groups being defined by principal and subordinate parts, called stress and lull. The two four-bar halves are, however, as principal and subordinate, not equal, but disparate in value, in correspondence with the strong and weak part of each single bar; so, also the two-bar groups, and the adjacent bars in these groups, are disparate in dynamic worth, and create by their principal and subordinate values, the means of unified musical form. The entire compound form unit or eight-bar double compound Rhythm-form, is a combinate series of disparate lulls and stresses of dynamic, embraced in one unifying, that is to say, enveloping undulation.

In Fig. 3 is seen, analytically, the combinate nature of the small, ordinary unit of musical form.

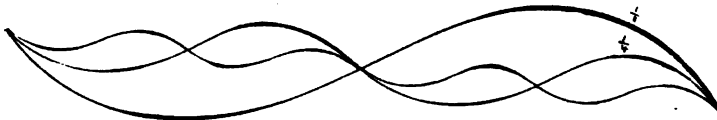


FIG. 3.

The science of the Imagination or "inner sense," discloses this structured condition of the existence of ideas in the abstract—of their presence as plasmic influence working upon the mind during the spiritual imaging of ideas. It clarifies the conception of art results, and of art action, as consisting in organisms or compounds of disparate motion parts, corresponding in structure to the states of mind superinduced by the constitution of ideas; and to the visible parts of classic form as transcribed in poetic rhetoric and musical script. The study of unity in nature is pursued by the artist as the disciplinary means of recognizing the truth; that unity or beauty in language, music and the arts does not consist, and does not originate in mere incongruous, unrelated and accidental aggregations of homogeneous parts of sense perceptions, or mental conceptions; and that it may not be created by the rendering of such; but that unity or beauty in art is created, as are all organisms in nature; as, for example, are musical tones by the compound development of definite orders of disparate parts. That is to say, unity or beauty in art is formed—from harmonic impressions—by the Artist's unifying Imagination, which is the fruit of his spirit; and it is rendered manifest by means of motions created in organic forms corresponding to the order of unity, in which the art idea exists in the Artist's mind; and this

spherical or embodied unity of the expression is the fruit of the Artist's soul. The appreciation of unity in nature acquaints the Artist with the fact that without a natural organismal constituency of action, pure, unified art-expression cannot exist; and that without a harmonically combined form of tone-effect, made up of many disparate compound tone-effect parts, upheld by a correspondently structured working cause, created by the organizing of harmonic orders of natural or free curving motion, musical form cannot be adequately presented. Its likeness to the undulations, creating the musical tone and its overtones, is easily remarked when it is known that the actual analysis of Fig. 2 passes through the idea of Fig. 3, and ultimates only, in that of Fig. 1.

FREDERIC HORACE CLARK.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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#### A DANDELION SEED.

Now higher, now thither doth float  
A glimmering, gauzy-winged mote ;  
Now high on the breeze  
It sails o'er the trees,

Then drifts o'er the flags by the lake,  
And meadows all plummy with brake  
Ah! no man can know  
The way it must go.

But somewhere is waiting a nest  
In which this wee mote shall find rest,  
And the sun shall unfold  
From it blossoms of gold.

One watches, be sure. And His care  
Guides it over the slumberous air ;  
And, heart, He doth know  
The way thou shalt go.

He knoweth thy frame and thy fear,  
And thy way in His sight is quite clear ;  
In love doth He lead  
Thee, heart—and yon seed.

ELIZABETH CUMINGS.

## REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

**"A POETIC EDITION OF BEETHOVEN'S 'MOONLIGHT' SONATA."** A series of etchings by Frederic Horace Clark. Chicago: Clayton F. Summy.

"The aim of the present edition," says the preface, "is the promotion of knowledge of the higher units of musical thought, expression and technic—the larger unitary parts of form and force which embody the unequal rhythms of free, classic music—symbolized, as they are, in disparate compound groups of bars, verses, stanzas and pages, and consisting as they do in the unfolding of compound dynamic involutions, and in the creation of compound organizations of free physiological motions.

"The envelopment of spiral double curves outlines the essential proportionment of parts in verses, and prefigures the poetic subordination of ordinary bar units of time and expression to the extraordinary time units, expression units and technic units, or compound rhythm forms, embodying trinitary verses, and free groups of these and stanzas. Within the group of pages showing the entire sonata, each page presents one of the larger parts of the music. Upon each page the stanzas, within each stanza the verses, trinitary lines, and within each trinitary line the various parts grouped by combinations of curves, bars and motives, analyze to the eye, and stamp upon the pictorial consciousness of the reader in units of scientific symbolism, the comparative values of disparate simple and compound music parts; promoting clearness in his perception, and freedom in his conception of the relation which underlies music and is suggested in the unified unfoldings of musical art.

"By means of this symbolism the morphologic essence of harmonic law, as it is manifested in the free spirit of classic music, is elucidated with an elementary definition, which becomes a living, prescient germ in the student's mind, and promotes his development upon the genuine basis of art."

For those not comprehending the above explanation, the more ordinary explanation may be given that in this edition Mr. Clark has arranged the periods and stanzas in verse form, as poetry is usually printed; and for the further clearing up of his ideas has surrounded the text with certain curves which cross the staff in various directions, to the great confusion of the typographical and commonplace eye, but as he thinks to the great enlightenment of the inner brotherhood whose interpretations could only be based upon "the morphological essence," before mentioned.

The arrangement of the material into its stanzas and paragraphs is not a bad idea; but the curves offend the eye by their "disparate" transmigrations around and across the music lines in all sorts of spiral

double-curved cuttings upon the bias. It is understood that Mr. Clark, however, is perfectly serious in considering these curves among his more important additions to the suggestions for study, since they have reference to certain ideas of his own in regard to the proper coöperation of the arm and other parts of the anatomy in expressing the interdependence of the phrases and periods. But this, as Kipling says, is another story.

"THEME IN A FLAT." For the "Liszt" organ. By J. E. Trowbridge. Boston: Arthur P. Schmidt. 1892.

A very pretty theme well treated, both in respect to modulatory structure and registration. Although written for the Liszt organ of Mason & Hamlin, it will be equally effective upon any other instrument of the class, provided the proper correspondences of register are preserved. Organists will find this a very agreeable addition to their stock of not difficult, but effective and pleasing pieces in lyric style.

"SONG PICTURES." Poems by Robert Louis Stevenson. Music by Eleanor Smith. Chicago: Clayton F. Summy. 1891. \$1.

These eight little songs are a very pleasing evidence of the good work that the enterprising young American woman is doing in the direction of finding an expression for her emotional self in the higher department of song. The poems of the present collection are from Stevenson's songs for children—full of imagination and pleasing knacks of putting things. The music is melodious and well made in every way—spontaneous and musicianly. Not one of the songs but presents its own points of novelty and cleverness. The subjects are: "Where go the Boats?" "Windy Nights," "Fairy Bread," "The Swing," "The Lamplighter," "The Shadow," "The Visit from the Sea," "Autumn Fires." The musical qualities, especially in the adherence to leading motives and freshness of modulation, shown by the songs, are the more grateful, as having been developed entirely at home under the instruction of Mr. Frederic Grant Gleason.



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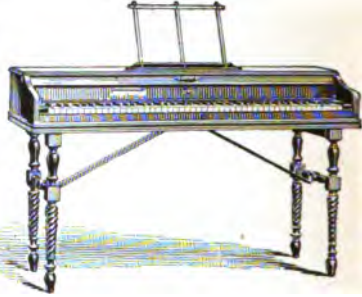
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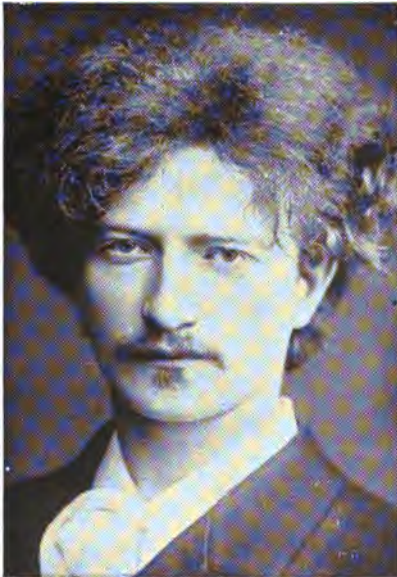
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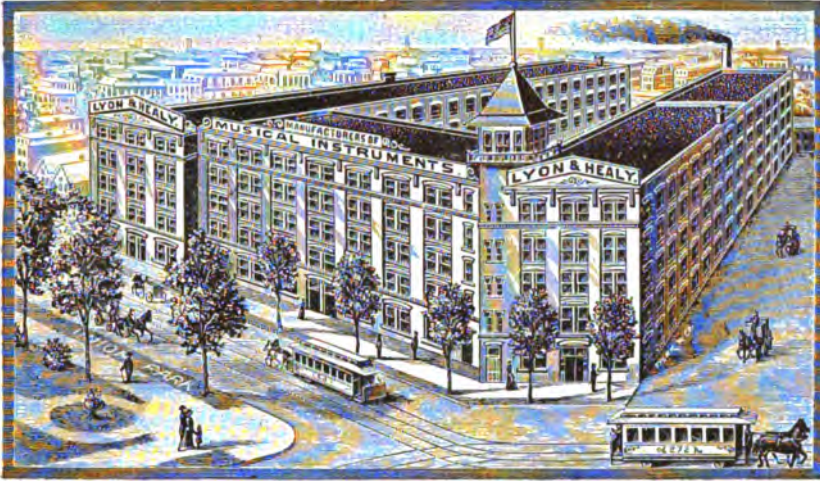
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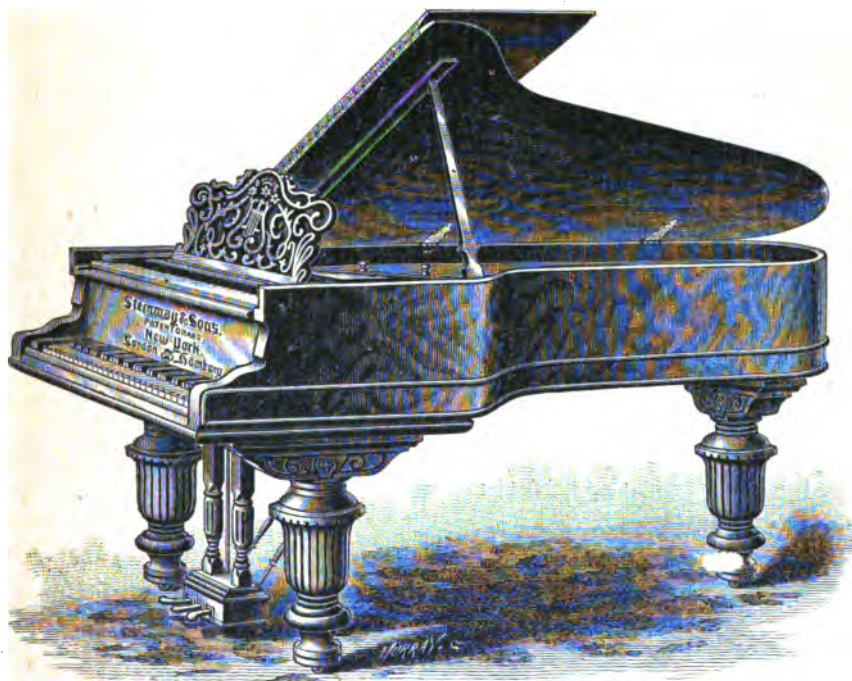
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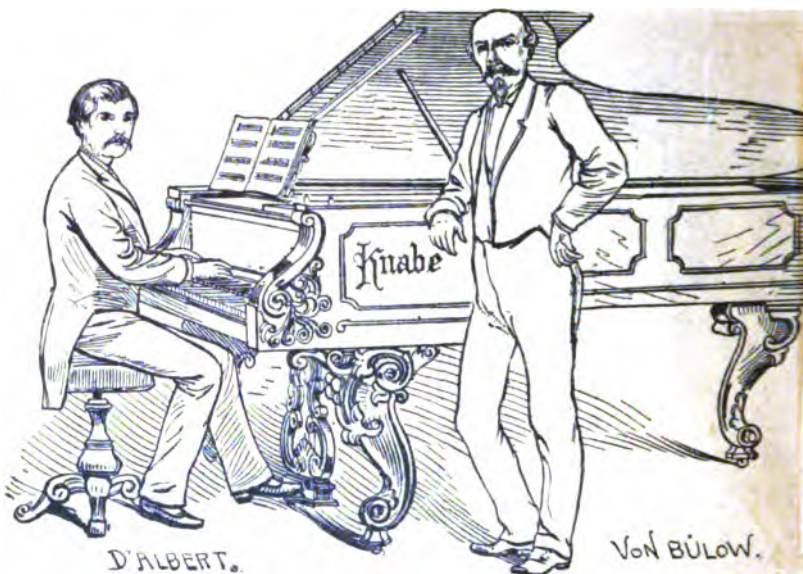
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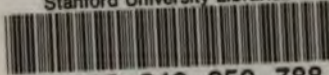
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